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Faber



Lives of the Canonized Saints.

The Congregation of the Oratory is now enabled to take upon itself and to continue the Series of Lives of Saints, which was begun some time since by the Rev. Father Faber, and has lately been suspended.

The Fathers have never yet been formally responsible for that Series ; their connexion with it being limited to the accident that, when it was already in course of publication, its Editor joined their body. On taking this step, the Editor felt, as they did, that some new arrangement was required by the altered position in which he stood, and that either they must take his work upon themselves, or he must bring it to a close. They postponed the determination of so important a question to the end of the current year ; when, by accidental coincidence, a strong opposition to the Series manifested itself in one quarter of the English Catholic body, resting for support, as was supposed, on venerable names, which necessarily commanded their most serious attention and deference. Anxious not to involve the Congregation in a party contest at the commencement of its course, the Fathers forthwith came to the decision of not committing themselves to the publication for the present ; and in consequence recommended the Editor to suspend it.

It is both a surprise and a great consolation, and they give thanks and praise to the Father of mercies, and to the intercession of the Saints, whose Lives were the subject in dispute, that they are enabled, after so short an interval, with the kind wishes of their ecclesiastical superiors,

of the heads of Colleges and Religious bodies, and of all generally whose good opinion they covet, and by whose judgment they desire to be guided, nay, at the express instance of those parties who had been foremost in the opposition, to take upon themselves a responsibility, from which, without such general countenance and encouragement, they felt themselves justified in shrinking. And they hope they may without presumption accept it in some sort as a reward for the readiness with which they gave up their own wishes to the claims of christian charity and peace, that the very suspension of the Series has been the means of eliciting an expression of sympathy towards themselves and it, so cordial and unanimous, and testimonies to the good it was effecting so decisive, as to allow of their undertaking it consistently with the edification of their brethren, and with comfort to themselves.

Accordingly they propose in the ensuing August, when the last volume promised by F. Faber is to be published, to transfer the Editorship from him to themselves; and meanwhile they earnestly beg of the good friends who have given them so zealous a support, to assist them also with their prayers, that they may continue his important work with that wisdom and discretion which become the glorious Saints to whose honour it is dedicated.

The following Lives will form the first volumes of the resumed Series:—St. Charles, St. Francis Borgia, St. John of God, St. Francis Jerome, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, St. Vincent Ferrer, Ven. Paul of the Cross.

*St. Wilfrid's,
Feast of the Epiphany, 1849.*

AD MAJOREM DEI SANCTÆQUE MARIÆ GLORIAM.

The Saints and Servants of God.



LIVES OF THE CANONIZED SAINTS,

AND

The Servants of God,

BEATIFIED, OR DECLARED VENERABLE BY AUTHORITY,

*And others who are commonly reputed among Catholics to have died
in the odour of sanctity, especially in modern times.*

1. It is proposed to publish a Series of such Lives, translated from the Italian, French, Spanish, German, and Latin, in small 8vo. volumes, of about 400 pages each, and to bring out at least six volumes in the year.

2. The Editor and Translators not making any profit on the work, the volumes will be sold as cheaply as possible. Each vol. will be sold separately, and will be complete in itself, except when one Life occupies more volumes than one, and the price not exceed 4s.

3. The works translated from will be in most cases the Lives drawn up *for* or *from* the processes of canonization or beatification, as being more full, more authentic, and more replete with anecdote, thus enabling the reader to become better acquainted with the Saint's disposition and spirit; while the simple matter-of-fact style of the narrative is, from its unobtrusive character, more adapted for spiritual reading than the views and generalizations, and apologetic extenuations of more recent biographers.

4. The objects of the friends who have jointly undertaken this task have been—1. To supply English Catholics with a cabinet-library of interesting as well as edifying reading, especially for families, schools, and religious refectories, which would for many

reasons be particularly adapted for these times, and would with God's blessing act as a counter influence to the necessarily deadening and chilling effects which the neighbourhood of heresy and the consequent prevalence of earthly principles and low views of grace may have on the temper and habits of mind even of the faithful;—
 2. To present to our other countrymen a number of samples of the fruit which the system, doctrine, and moral discipline established by the holy and blessed Council of Trent have produced, and which will be to inquirers really in earnest about their souls, an argument more cogent than any that mere controversy can allege; and
 3. To satisfy a humble desire which they feel to spread the honour and love of the ever-blessed Queen of Saints, by showing how greatly an intense devotion to her aided in forming those prodigies of heroic virtue with which the Holy Ghost has been pleased to adorn the Church since the schism of Luther, *more than in almost any previous times*, and whose actions, with a few exceptions, are known to English laymen only in a very general way, and from meagre abridgments; while the same motive will prevent the Series being confined to modern saints *exclusively*.

5. The work is published with the permission and approval of superiors. Every volume containing the Life of a person not yet canonized or beatified by the Church will be prefaced by a protest in conformity with the decree of Urban VIII., and in all Lives which introduce questions of mystical theology great care will be taken to publish nothing which has not had adequate sanction, or without the reader being informed of the nature and amount of the sanction.

Lives already Published.

S. Philip Neri, 2 vols.	S. Alphonso Liguori, vols. 1 & 2,
S. Thomas of Villanova, } in 1 vol.	to be continued.
S. Francis Solano, }	B. Sebastian of Apparizio, 1 vol.
S. Rose of Lima, }	S. Ignatius, vol. 1, to be com-
B. Colomba of Rieti, } in 1 vol.	pleted in 2 vols.
S. Juliana Falconieri, }	Ven. Father Claver, }
Companions of St. Philip Neri, }	Cardinal Odescalchi, } in 1 vol.
in 1 vol.	S. J.

Lives in hand.

S. Stanislas Kostka, S. J., 1568,	S. Francis Jerome, S. J., 1716,
S. John of God, 1550,	S. Jane Frances de Chantal, 1641,
S. Felix of Cantalice, 1587,	S. Vincent of Paul, 1660,
S. Camillus of Lellis, 1614,	S. Francesca Romana, 1440,
S. Gertrude, 1292,	S. Cajetan of Thienna, 1547,
S. Theresa, 1582,	S. Turibius of Lima, 1606,
S. Veronica Giuliani, 1727,	S. Francis of Assisi, 1226,
S. Peter of Alcantara, 1562,	S. Charles Borromeo, 1584,
S. Giovanni Colombini, Founder	S. Philip Benizi, 1285,
of the Gesuats, 1367,	S. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, 1607,
S. John Francis Regis, S. J., 1640,	S. Pascal Baylon, 1592,

- S. Catherine of Bologna, 1463,
 S. Joseph Calasanctius, 1648,
 S. Catherine of Siena, 1380.
 S. Francis Borgia, S. J., 1572,
 S. John Capistran, 1456,
 S. Francis Xavier, S. J., 1552,
 S. James de la Marche, 1476,
 S. John of the Cross, 1591,
 S. Louis Bertrand, 1581,
 The Martyrs of Gorcum, 1572,
 S. Mary of Oignies, 1213,
 S. Pius V. 1572,
 B. Bonaventura of Barcelona, 1684,
 B. Angela of Foligno,
 B. Sebastian Valfre, of the Oratory of Turin, 1710,
 B. Ambrosio Sansedoni, Dominican,
 B. Julian of Augustin, 1606,
 B. Baptiste Varani, 1527,
 B. Bernard of Offida, 1694,
 V. Maria Clothilda, Queen of Sardinia, 1802,
 B. Peter Urraca, 1657,
 B. Leonard of Port Maurice, 1751,
 B. Giambattista della Concezione, 1613,
 B. Laurence of Brindisi, 1619,
 Ven. Fabrizio d' Aste, Founder of the Oratory of Forlì, 1655,
 V. Claver, S. J., 1654,
 V. Benedict Joseph Labrè, 1783,
 V. Camilla Borghese Orsini,
 V. Margaret Mary Alacoque, 1690,
 V. Mariana of Gesù, 1645,
 V. Berchmans, S. J., 1621,
 V. Cardinal Bellarmine, S. J., 1621,
 V. Paul of the Cross, 1775,
 V. Card. Odeschalchi, S. J., 1841,
 V. Yvan, of the French Oratory, and Founder of the Order of our Lady of Mercy, 1653,
 V. Santi, Founder of the Oratory of Padua, 1650,
 Father Auger, S. J. 1591,
 F. Vincent Caraffa, S. J., 1649,
 F. Segneri, S. J., 1694,
 F. Pinamonti, S. J., 1703,
 F. Balthasar Alvarez, S. J., 1580,
 M. Olier, Founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, 1657,
 F. Licinio Piò, Founder of the Oratory of Bologna, 1632,
 F. Bini, Founder of the Oratory of Florence, 1635,
 F. Matteucci, Founder of the Oratory of Camerino,
 F. Dionisio Pieragostini, of the Oratory of Camerino,
 F. Prever, of the Oratory of Turin, 1751,
 F. Sozzini, of the Oratory of Rome, 1680,
 Sister Bernardine Roussen, of Boulogne, 1823,
 Florence de Werquignœuil, Benedictiness, 1638,
 The Fioretti of S. Francis,
 The Companions of S. Philip,
 The Companions of S. Alphonso,
 F. Prosper Airolì, of the Roman Oratory.
 Flaminia Papi, Roman Lady.

Libes contemplated.

- S. Aloysius, S. J., 1591,
 S. Fidelis of Sigmaringa, 1622,
 S. Jerome Æmiliani, 1537,
 S. Laurence Giustinian, 1455,
 S. John Cantius, 1473,
 S. Seraphino di Monte Granario, 1604,
 S. John of Matha, 1213,
 S. Margaret of Cortona, 1297,
 S. Nicolas of Tolentino, 1306,
 S. Andrew Avellino, 1608,
 S. Elzear of Salvan, 1323,
 S. Lidano, Abbot,
 S. Andrew Corsini, 1373,
 S. Delphina, wife of S. Elzear,
 S. Bruno, 1125,
 S. Juliana of Retinne, 1258
 S. Lidwine, 1380,
 S. Joseph of Cupertino, 1663,
 S. John Nepomuc, 1383,
 S. Louis of France, 1270,
 S. Bonaventure, 1274,
 S. Raymund of Pennafort, 1275,
 S. Peter Paschal, 1300,
 S. Benedict XI., 1304,
 S. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, 1336,
 S. John Bridlington, 1375,
 S. Joachim of Siena, 1380,
 S. Peter of Luxembourg, 1387,
 S. John of Pisa, 1435,
 S. Joanna, Queen of France, 1505,

- S. Bernardin of Siena, 1444,
 S. Peter Regalati, 1456.
 S. John of Sahagun, 1479,
 S. Casimir of Poland, 1483,
 S. James of Slavonia, 1485,
 S. Veronica of Milan, 1497,
 S. Joseph of Leonissa, 1612,
 S. Marie de Secours,
 S. Francis Caracciolo, 1608,
 S. Louis of Toulouse, 1297,
 S. Natalie,
 S. Francis of Sales, 1622,
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 S. Thomas Aquinas, 1247,
 S. Dominic, 1221,
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 S. Zita, 1272.
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 S. Giacinta Mariscotti, 1640,
 S. Vincent Ferrer, 1419,
 S. Catherine of Genoa, 1510,
 S. Clare of Assisi, 1253,
 S. Francis of Paula, 1508,
 S. Benedict of Philadelphi, 1589,
 S. Emidius, Martyr,
 S. Bridget, 1373,
 S. Dinacus, 1463,
 S. Colette, 1447,
 S. Antony of Padua, 1231,
 S. Peter Nolasco, 1258,
 S. Raymond Nonnatus, 1240,
 B. Peter Fourrier, 1636,
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 B. Bernard of Corleone, 1667,
 B. Tommaso da Cori,
 B. Paul Burali of Arezzo, 1578,
 B. Louis Alamanno,
 B. Bonaventura of Potenza, 1711,
 B. Niccolò Fattore, 1583,
 B. Gasparo de Bono Spagnolo, 1604,
 B. Niccolò di Longobardi, 1709,
 B. Andrew Ibornon, 1602,
 B. Catherine Tomas, 1574,
 B. Crispin of Viterbo,
 B. John Massias, 1645,
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 B. Rezzonica,
 B. d' Aguilar,
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 B. Mary of the Incarnation, 1618,
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 The Seven Blessed Founders of the Servites,
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 B. Peter of Magliano,
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 V. John d' Avila, 1569,
 V. Bartholomew de Martyribus, 1590,
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 V. Emily Bicchieri,
 V. Sybillina di Pavia,
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 V. Mary Villana,
 V. Mary Buonomi,
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 bite, 1544,
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 bite, 1584,
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 V. Baptist Crivelli, Barnabite,
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 bite, 1681,
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 Melipotamus, 1838,
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 vite, 1659,
 V. Francesca del Serrone, Fran-
 ciscaness, 1600,
 Vincent Maria Morelli, 1812,
 Cardinal Baronius, of the Roman
 Oratory, 1619,
 Livia Vipereschi, Roman Lady,
 Giuseppe Anchieta, [1675,
 Count Louis of Sales,
 F. Caravita,
 Countess Torella,
 Canonico Rossi,
 F. Zucchi,
 F. Nobletz,
 F. Eudes,
 Duchess of Montmorency,
 F. Bourdoise,
 F. Brydayne,
 Cardinal Cheverus,
 Girolamo Mazzola, S. J.
 M. de Lantages,
 F. De Rancè, 1700,
 De Renty,
- F. Saintpè, of the French Oratory,
 Sœur de la Nativité, Fougères,
 F. Girolamo Gabrielli, Founder
 of the Oratory at Fano,
 F. Francesco Cabrini, Founder
 of the Oratory at Brescia,
 F. Baldassare Nardi, Founder
 of the Oratory at Aquila,
 F. Giovanni Battista Magnanti,
 of the Oratory at Aquila,
 F. Alessandro Borla, 1592,
 F. Antonio Talpa, 1624,
 F. Trojano Bozzuto, 1625,
 F. Donato Antonio Martucci,
 F. Antonio Glielmo, [1636,
 Don Lelio Sericchi,
 Don Gregorio Lopez,
 F. Antonino Cluohe, Dominican,
 Brother Felix, Capuchin,
 Bartolomea Capitanio di Lovere,
 Francesco Picenardi,
 F. Lanuza,
 Albina Ligi,
 F. Philip Strozzi,
 Paolo Piazzesi, } Roman Schol-
 Luigi Corradini, } ars,
 Angela Pozzi,
 Felice Moschini, of the Institute
 of Charity,
 Mechitar, Founder of the Arme-
 nian Benedictines, 1746,
 F. Surin, S. J., 1665,
 F. John Chrysostom,
 Sister Maria Felice Spinelli, Cap-
 uchiness of Venice,
 John Baptist Magnanti, of the
 Oratory of Aquila,
 Charles Gianni, of Florence,
 Sebastian Pisani Patrizio of Ven-
 Alessandra Savina, [ice,
 F. Santi della Ripa,
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 Oratory of Bologna,
 Cæsar Louis Canali of Bologna,
 F. Francis d' Anna, of the Ora-
 tory of Naples,
 Sister Clare of the Angels,
 Domenico Gambera,
 Buonsignore Cacciaguerra,
 Agatha Belfiore di S. Paterniano,
 Rosa Maria Martini of Florence,
 Countess Vittoria Valvasone Bel-
 trame,
 Anna Maria Emanuela Buona-
 mici,
 F. Joseph Vaz, of the Portu-
 guese Oratory in Ceylon,

This list is not put forward as by any means complete, or as intending to exclude other Lives, especially those of the older Saints. The Editor will be glad to hear from any who may wish to satisfy their devotion, and employ their leisure to the greater glory of God and our dear Lady, by contributing translations of the Lives either of older Saints or of those mentioned in this list, or any others who have died in the odour of sanctity, and are not named here. The arduousness of the undertaking makes it very necessary for him earnestly to repeat his petition for coadjutors in his labours; and perhaps he may at the present time urge it more forcibly than before. Eight volumes of the Series are now published; the work has obtained an extensive circulation both in America and England; besides the many testimonies to its utility received from very various quarters among Catholics, not a few who are still unhappily out of the One Fold have borne witness to its attracting influence upon them; the increasing demand for books of devotion and ascetical divinity, while it proves the growing thirst after Christian perfection amongst us, shows how necessary as well as useful a Series of Lives of the Saints at length and in detail must be:—these are all so many grounds on which the Editor may rest his claim for co-operation. Although many Lives are advertised as being in hand, yet the translators have in most cases so many other important avocations that a still larger number of labourers are required to feed the press steadily, and to enable the Editor to go on keeping his promise to the public.

Circumstances have hitherto delayed the publication of Pope Benedict XIV. on Heroic Virtue, but the project has not been abandoned, and some progress has been made in the work. It is a portion of that pontiff's great book on the Canonization of the Saints, and contains a most interesting account of the tests used by the Church in examining ecstasies, visions, raptures, the higher degrees of mental prayer, and the practice of bodily austerities, and supernatural penances. It will be bound and lettered uniformly with the Series of the Modern Saints, and will be found replete with most interesting anecdotes, as well as being of immense use to spiritual directors, and to all students of ascetical theology and Christian philosophy. An original dissertation on Mystical Theology will be prefixed to one of the future volumes of the Series, in which an attempt will be made to distinguish between the heights of Catholic contemplation and the vagaries of recent heretics, and the doctrine of the most judicious and discreet Mystics will be stated and explained from the authors most approved among theologians, and such general information given on the subject as will be interesting and edifying to ordinary readers.

A number of the portraits of the Saints prefixed to most of the volumes are to be had separately, on sale at the Publishers, for those who may wish to increase their collection of religious engravings, or to distribute pictures of the Saints to whom they may have a devotion; and the Essay on Canonization, published with the first volume of St. Alphonso, may now be purchased in a separate form. The Editor will be glad to receive any suggestion which may assist him either in meeting the wishes of subscribers or in making the Series a more complete and perfect Library of Catholic Biography.

F. W. FABER,
PRIEST OF THE ORATORY.

Maryvale,

Feast of St. Alphonso Liguori, 1848

On the 24th of February will be Published, the Third
Volume of the

LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSO LIGUORI.

On the 24th of April, the Second Volume of the
LIFE OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

On the 24th of June, the Fourth Volume of the
LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSO LIGUORI;

And the Fifth Volume on the 24th of August.

RICHARDSON AND SON, DERBY.



CARDINAL ODESCALCHI
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The Saints and Servants of God.

THE LIFE
OF THE
VENERABLE FATHER CLAVER, S. J.

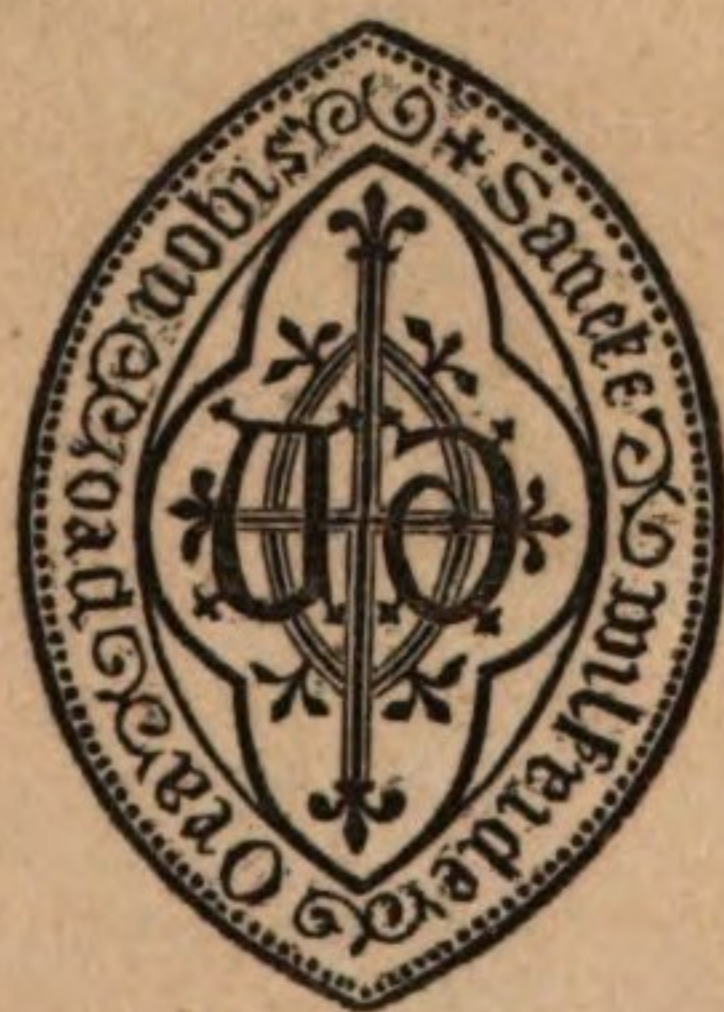
APOSTLE OF THE WEST INDIES;

AND

Memoirs of the Religious Life
OF
CARDINAL ODESCALCHI, S. J.

"Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in
universo mundo."—*Antiph. Ecclesiae.*

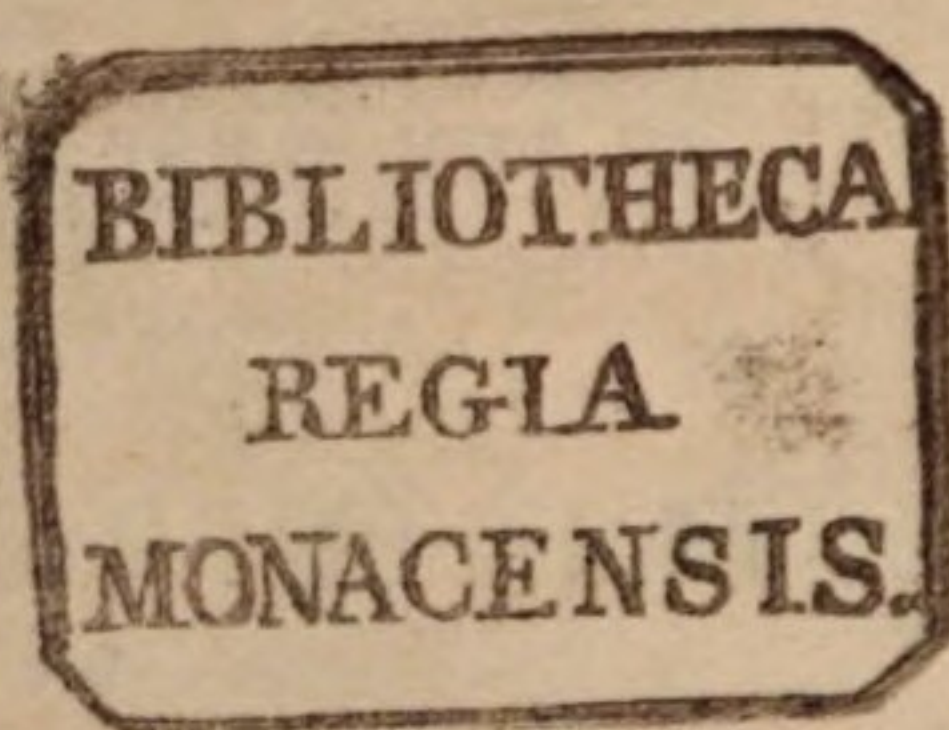
PERMISSU SUPERIORUM.



LONDON:
THOMAS RICHARDSON AND SON,

172, FLEET ST.; 9, CAPEL ST. DUBLIN; AND DERBY.

M. DCCC. XLIX.





We hereby approve of this Series of
Lives of the Canonized Saints and Servants
of God, and recommend it to the faithful of
our District, as likely to promote the glory
of God, the increase of devotion, and the
spread of our holy Religion.

Given at Birmingham, this 29th day
of October, 1847.

Thomas
Bishop of Smyrna

Nicholas
Bishop of Melipatanus



The first object of the Society is
to promote the education of the
poor, and to provide for the
relief of the sick and aged.
The Society is organized in
accordance with the principles
of the Christian Church, and
is open to all who are
desirous of joining.

James
Smith
President of the Society
1817

TO
THE REGULAR CLERGY
OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND,
THE CHILDREN
OF ST. BENEDICT AND ST. BERNARD,
ST. DOMINICK AND ST. FRANCIS,
AND THE SONS
OF THE HOLY IGNATIUS,
THE GREAT MASTER OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE,
AND THE NURSING-FATHER OF SAINTS AND MARTYRS,
WHO,
IN THE STRAITNESS AND NEGLECT
OF THEIR UNHONOURED CLOISTERS,
OR THE CHEERLESS SOLITUDE
OF THEIR HIRED LODGING,
HAVE JOYFULLY EMBRACED THE POVERTY OF JESUS,
AND EARNED BY LOVING ZEAL
THE CROWN OF MARTYRDOM,
AND WHO,
THROUGH SCENES OF AWFUL SACRILEGE,
AND TIMES OF BITTER PERSECUTION,
THROUGH THE LONG AND WEARY VISITATION
OF ACTIVE MALICE OR OF COLD CONTEMPT,
HAVE PERPETUATED,
AMONGST THEIR UNWORTHY COUNTRYMEN,
THE BLESSED LINEAGE
OF THEIR HOLY FOUNDERS.

ST. WILFRID'S,
FEAST OF ST. BERNARD,
M. D. CCC. XLVII.

TO
THE REGULAR CLERGY
OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND

THE CHURCH
OF ST. MARTIN AND ST. NICHOLAS
IN THE PARISH OF ST. MARTIN
AND THE ROSE
OF THE CITY OF LONDON
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
AND THE HONOURABLE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN THE
CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN AND ST. NICHOLAS
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PROTESTATIO.

CUM SS. D. N. Urbanus Papa VIII. die 13 Martii 1625 in Sacra Congregatione S. R. et Universalis Inquisitionis Decretum ediderit, idemque confirmaverit die 5 Junii 1634 quo inhibuit imprimi libros Hominum, qui Sanctitate, seu Martyrii fama celebres e vita migraverunt, gesta, miracula, vel revelationes, seu quæcumque beneficia, tanquam eorum intercessionibus a Deo accepta continentes, sine recognitione, atque approbatione Ordinarii, et quæ hactenus sine ea impressa sunt, nullo modo vult censeri approbata. Idem autem Sanctissimus die 5 Junii 1631 ita explicaverit, ut nimirum non admittantur Elogia Sancti, vel Beati absolute, et quæ cadunt super Personam, bene tamen ea, quæ cadunt super mores, et opinionem; cum protestatione in principio, quod iis nulla adsit auctoritas ab Ecclesia Romana, sed fides tantum sit penes Auctorem. Huic Decreto, ejusque confirmationi, et declarationi, observantia, et reverentia, qua pars est, insistendo; profiteor me haud alio sensu, quidquid in hoc libro refero, accipere, aut accipi ab ullo velle, quam quo ea solent, quæ humana dumtaxat auctoritate, non autem Divina Catholicæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ, aut Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ, nituntur. Iis tantummodo exceptis, quos eadem Sancta Sedes, Sanctorum, Beatorum, aut Martyrum catalogo adscripsit.

PREFACE.

THE biographies presented to the public in the present volume were not translated with a view to this Series, but have been most kindly placed at the Editor's disposal by the superior of a religious house. Hence abridgments have been made here and there in the translation, and where several miracles, for example, of a similar character are found in the original, the translator has selected samples for the sake of brevity and in order to avoid repetition. Nothing of any consequence has been omitted, nor are the abridgments such as to interfere with the faithful portraiture of the two servants of God, such as the original Lives represent them. The Life of F. Claver is from the French of F. Bertrand Gabriel Fleuriau, of the Society of Jesus; the edition which has been followed is the "nouvelle édition, revue avec soin, et augmentée de

notes," printed at Clermont in two 12mo. vols., 1834 and 1835. The Memoirs of Cardinal Odescalchi are from a little French 24mo. volume, published by Des-sain of Liege (no year on the title-page). The title of the volume is "Memoires edificantes sur la Vie Religieuse du Serviteur de Dieu, le Pere Charles Odescalchi, de la Compagnie de Jesus, depuis son entrèe en religion, jusqu' a sa mort arrivee le 17 Aout, 1841, par un Pere de la meme Compagnie. Ouvrage traduit de l' Italien, sur l' edition de Rome, and augmente de notes par M * * *."

The third volume of the Life of St. Alphonso will appear in February.

F. W. FABER,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY.

St. Wilfrid's,

Feast of our Lady's Expectation, 1848.

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A. M. D. G.

ABRIDGED PREFACE.

HOWEVER great the pains that may hitherto have been taken to make known illustrious men, especially those distinguished for piety, we venture to affirm, that amongst the great number of such Lives which have appeared within the last century, none will be found more likely to interest, and at the same time surprise, the pious curiosity of the Christian reader, than the one now offered to the public. In it will be seen a man, distinguished by nobility of birth, by penetration of mind, and by superiority of talent, forget in a moment all that he is, and renounce all that he may be, to go and bury himself irrevocably in the obscurity of a foreign land, to consecrate himself unreservedly to the service of the most miserable slaves, and at length exhaust himself by labours, sus-

tained with a more than human courage for nearly forty years, and this in a region where the climate alone would suffice to terrify the most austere and the most mortified. In it will be found, though in a different manner, (seeing that the Church, the only true judge in such matters, has not yet stamped it with the same seal of authority,) nearly all that is most admired in the great Apostle of the Indies and Japan, with the exception of the great variety of his evangelical journeys, and the rapidity of his conquests, events which give more lustre, though they do not of themselves impart more merit. We shall everywhere find the same zeal, the same courage, the same love for God, the same thirst for the salvation of souls redeemed by His blood, the same ardour for crosses, the same gift of miracles and prophecy, and in some degree the same success in the conversion of numerous populations of every state, of every sect, of every religion. In fine, we hesitate not to advance, that by thus giving the Life of the Venerable Father Peter Claver, we present the most ardent and intrepid defend-

er of the faith of Jesus Christ; the most zealous and indefatigable restorer of Christian piety; the most generous and tender father of all the unfortunate; the most perfect model of penitents, of religious, and of missionaries; and to say all in one word, the wonder of the West Indies in the last century, as in the preceding St. Francis Xavier had been the wonder of the East Indies.

It will no doubt appear surprising, that the memory of this great man should have been in a manner buried in a remote corner of the globe. Except in the country of his birth he was almost unknown to Europe; but our Lord, whose conduct over His saints is ever admirable, would at length, for the manifestation of His own glory, interest Himself in *that* of His servant. He has not permitted that the remembrance of so many sublime virtues and heroic labours should be lost to the Christian world; the lustre of them has spread from America to Spain, and from Spain to Italy, even to the foot of the throne of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. For some years the process of his can-

onization has been progressing at Rome: his Life, then, cannot but be interesting to all those for whom true sanctity has attractions.

In 1657, three years after Father Claver's death, Father Joseph Fernandez printed a Life of the holy missionary in Spanish; but as it was composed before the verbal process was completed, it was mostly founded on public report, on the writings of Father Claver, and on the testimony of his fellow-religious, who were so long able to admire his virtues. After the juridical informations, &c. the same Spanish Jesuit published another Life in quarto, printed at Saragossa in 1666. There is likewise another Life of Father Claver, in Italian, printed at Rome in 1748, written by Father Joseph de Lara, S. J., who was commissioned to pursue the canonization of the venerable servant of God.

Some difficulties arise in writing a Life of this description, which in some parts may appear tedious to those who seek amusement rather than instruction and edification; but zeal for the glory of God,

and veneration for the holy man, induce the author willingly to immolate his own self-love, and expose himself to the criticisms of the fastidious, in hopes of contributing to the holy gratification of the pious. In this Life the attention will not be so agreeably sustained (as in the Lives of many other great men) by startling and diversified events, by frequent and multiplied voyages, by storms and tempests encountered, religious orders established or reformed, important negociations accomplished, brilliant changes of place and circumstance, &c. In all this there is something to awaken the mind and strike the imagination, naturally pleased by a diversity of objects; but of this there is nothing here. It is a saint whose life we tell, it is true, and a great saint, but who, from early youth prevented by grace, was always a saint in the same uniform manner. It is an illustrious missionary; but he crosses the seas but once, and never quits the one country to which obedience limits him for life; it is one who always undertakes the same projects, continually resumes the same

labours, and incessantly exhibits the same virtues. His actions are heroic, his miracles stupendous (and thereby likely to interest;) but they are always the same, always performed in the same place, and generally in favour of the same description of persons. How then can we avoid tiring a reader whose chief aim is novelty? Let us say more: In the course of this long life what was done yesterday is done to-day and will be done again to-morrow; therefore this naturally gives a tone of monotony to the work. If the historian is on this account the more to be pitied, the hero becomes the more worthy of admiration, at least, to thoughtful minds. Yes, there is perhaps more heroism in enduring for nearly forty years the terrible uniformity of this crucified life, without ever faltering for an instant, and in which there is nothing for nature to cling to, than there would be in passing from one labour or employment to another, even though each of them should involve the same amount of fatigue, or in traversing, as an apostle, whole kingdoms to conquer them for Jesus

Christ. As variety in pleasures renders them more relishing, so does variety in sufferings render them more endurable. This sort of consolation was not given to Father Claver: for instance, we cannot without astonishment see him reiterate a thousand times at the feet of the negroes, the sick, and the leprous, the same spectacle, which some saints, especially the great Xavier, presented to the world, namely, that more than heroical charity and courage which led *them* ONCE to kiss and suck some loathsome ulcer. After all, if this monotony, though necessary, become wearying to some, surely forty years of a life illustrated by such acts and prodigies, is well worth offering to faithful souls who in reading seek solid satisfaction, and who seek to admire the virtues spoken of, as well as animate themselves to practise them.

In fine, to obey the decree of the holy Father, Pope Urban VIII., I protest, that when I apply to Venerable Father Claver the name of Saint, I only do it in the sense, and according to established custom, of granting this title to men, still

living, distinguished for virtue ; and that I have no intention of anticipating the decision of the Church, which alone has the right of definitively deciding on the real sanctity of those who die in her communion. May she soon grant us the consolation of publicly honouring on our altars an apostle who so long laboured for her glory on earth, and whom so many of the faithful already revere in the recesses of their hearts !

FIAT ! FIAT !

A. M. D. G.
TO
OUR FATHERS AND BROTHERS
OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS.

GOD, who in His infinite goodness and mercy, incessantly watches over our Society, and blesses it with signal favours, has deigned in these latter days to give us an accomplished model and living rule of perfection, in the person of Father Charles Odescalchi, who having scarcely spent thirty-three months amongst us, died in the odour of sanctity at our college of Modena, on the 17th of August, 1841.

To the end that all the children of the Society may participate in the edification and spiritual advantages which those enjoyed who were connected with, or who lived with him, to whom his holy life and example were a powerful encouragement to that sublime perfection prescribed by the spirit of our vocation,

and in order that in the hearts of all a lively sentiment of gratitude to God, who is the Author of all good, may be thereby excited, superiors have desired me to collect and arrange some edifying memoirs of this servant of God. I shall leave to a more skilful pen the honour of publishing a complete Life of Father Odescalchi; I shall confine myself to a simple sketch of the examples of virtue and perfection which he gave us, first as a novice, and afterwards as a religious of the Society. In whatever manner I may acquit myself of the task imposed upon me, my little work has but one pretension to merit, and that it incontestably possesses, the merit, namely, of containing the strictest truth. During twenty-five consecutive months that I lived familiarly with this servant of God, from his first entrance to the noviciate, I was eye-witness to the greater part of what I relate; the rest has been drawn from authentic records of persons who only related what they themselves had seen.

THE AUTHOR OF THESE MEMOIRS.

Rome, October 16th, 1842.

THE LIFE
OF
FATHER PETER CLAVER, S. J.

the first part of the book is devoted to a
history of the Church in the United States
from the first settlement to the present time
and is written in a simple and interesting
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THE LIFE
OF
FATHER PETER CLAVER,
SOC. JESU.

BOOK I.

WHILST the faith, which had been established in the East Indies by St. Francis Xavier, was making rapid progress through the ministry of his successors in the apostleship, Divine Providence, which has its prescribed seasons for the distribution of its favours, was preparing in Europe a new apostle destined to sanctify the West Indies, and renew some of the prodigies effected by the Thaumaturgus of these latter ages. It seems as though God, whose mercy is over all the nations of the earth, resolved that He would not leave any reason for America to envy Asia, and he therefore sent into the New World another Xavier, a man animated with his spirit, inflamed with his zeal, ornamented with his virtues, armed with the same power, and favoured with the same gifts. This apostolic man was Father Peter Claver. He was born at Verdu, in the diocese of Solfona,

in the principality of Catalonia, about the year 1581, or (according to others, 1585) in the reign of Philip II. and the pontificate of Sixtus V. Although nobility of blood has indeed nothing in common with sanctity, it helps to give it lustre and to win for it respect and esteem. This advantage was not wanting to the servant of God; his father, Peter Claver, belonging to one of the most illustrious families of Catalonia; his mother, Anne Sabocano, was of equally distinguished rank. Their wealth however was not equal to their nobility, though sufficient to maintain the honour of the family. The deficiency of riches was abundantly compensated for on the score of virtue, an advantage far more precious, because nobility depends on birth, whilst virtues are the fruit of labour and merit. His pious parents strove early to instil their own sentiments into his mind, bringing him up in the fear and love of the Lord. From his infancy he was intended for the ecclesiastical state; not so much with a view to his succeeding his uncle, who held a rich canonry in the cathedral of Solfona, as by the secret inspiration of God who had chosen this child for a vessel of election. The only motive which influenced his mother in this decision, was a holy wish to imitate those two happy women whose name she bore: Anne the mother of Samuel, and Anne the mother of Mary.

If these good Christians spared nothing for the education of their son, his docility and fine dispositions fully equalled their wishes; he may be said to have loved virtue even before he knew

what it was; a love which augmented as his reason developed itself. From his tender infancy he was remarkable for his sweetness of manner and modest vivacity, which gained the hearts of all; but more especially for his fondness for the service of the altar and his tender affection for every thing connected with piety, so that even then his life was precious in the sight of God. His manners were simple and affable, and seemed to indicate in some degree the astonishing progress he was one day to make in the paths of sanctity. In familiar conversation with companions of his own age he used to say, "What we learn in our youth is never forgotten, and that which we sucked in with our mothers' milk will remain with us to our death;" a maxim of which his own example confirmed the truth.

As his parents were solely anxious for the good and advantage of a child so dear to them, as soon as he was of an age to begin his studies, instead of sending him to his uncle at Solfona, they sent him to Barcelona, where he would find great facilities for perfecting himself in literature. Our Lord, who guided their counsels, having destined him to the Society of Jesus, used this means to make the order known to him. Although very young, his virtue appeared so solid that his father felt no fear of trusting him to himself at such a distance from home; nor was he mistaken in his opinion of him. In a city whose grand pursuit was pleasure, young Claver did not even indulge in the innocent amusements natural to his age. All the time left free from

study was consecrated to prayer, the frequentation of the sacraments, tender colloquies with God, and practices of penance, which were but a prelude to those with which he afterwards chastised his innocent body. Next to his duty to God, honour and devotion to His divine Mother formed his sweetest delight; he regarded her as his own mother, and his love for her surpassed that of the most devoted of sons. One of his most ordinary as well as most agreeable recreations, was to go to the Jesuits' college, conversing with them as often as he possibly could, and opening his conscience to them with the greatest candour: the wise counsels he received from them, joined to the great examples of holiness which he there witnessed, encouraged him to make daily progress in virtue and fervour.

Being blessed with a retentive memory and a vigorous intellect, his practices of piety, which were regulated by prudence, and the advice of his directors, caused no prejudice to his studies. A soul which seeks God in all things can always find time for every duty. In a few years his progress was such as to astonish his masters: the university of Barcelona admitted him to his degrees with marked distinction; even the bishop himself, before conferring the tonsure, and the four minor orders, bestowed most honourable eulogiums on his learning and virtue. On receiving these first marks of his oblation of himself to God, he felt new fervour springing up within him, and, as it were, a new spirit, which attracted him to the Society of Jesus. The high

idea he had conceived of the perfection of that Institute, whose sole aim is, the greater glory of God and the salvation of men, added to the lowly sentiments with which his humility caused him to regard himself, made him fear a refusal; and for some time prevented the declaration of his wishes; therefore, not daring to address himself to those with whom he deemed himself unworthy to be associated, he resolved in the first instance to treat of this important affair with God alone, who never fails to communicate Himself to humble souls. After redoubling his prayers and penances, thereby to interest Heaven in his behalf, he spoke of his design to his confessor; unveiling the inmost recesses of his soul, together with the desires inspired by God, and the motives which induced him to such a step. The father being well acquainted with young Claver's virtue and merit, was delighted at this intelligence; and being convinced that the glory of God was concerned therein, advised him to apply without fear to superiors, and they, after a few months' trial, willingly acceded to his wishes, on condition that he obtained his parents' consent. On this occasion his parents showed the truly Christian spirit with which they were animated. The fine qualifications and talent of their son had hitherto given them the most flattering hopes; they already looked up to him as the prop of their house, the honour of their family, and the consolation of their old age. The receipt of his letter astounded them: they sighed, and even wept; but grace soon triumphed over nature. Having

remained some time motionless and speechless, they both simultaneously raised their hands and hearts to heaven, returning thanks to the Lord for deigning to make choice of His victim; and offering it to Him in sacrifice, with most generous and perfect dispositions. They loved their son, but it was less for themselves and for the world than for himself and for God, and therefore, full of lively faith, and truly Christian tenderness, they sent him their consent and blessing, begging the Lord to confirm it, to make him incessantly advance in holiness, and thus console them for their loss. It is in this manner that parents show themselves to be truly parents, and really love their children, by procuring for them solid good. Overjoyed at this answer, and at receiving this blessing, which he always looked upon as the source of many celestial favours, he most ardently solicited his admission; nor was he made to wait very long for a favour of which he showed himself to be the more worthy, as he judged himself to be the less so.

Superiors sent him at once to the noviciate at Tarragona, which he entered about the twentieth year of his age, on the 7th of August, 1602. The opinion which all those who had known him at Barcelona had formed of his virtue, caused him to be received with open arms, and with every demonstration of affectionate regard. But how shall we describe his own joy on obtaining the great object of his wishes, and at being at liberty to occupy himself with God alone! As a shipwrecked traveller, after escaping the storm,

kisses tenderly the shore, so did he, on entering the cell prepared for him, prostrate himself and kiss the floor with most profound respect and most tender devotion. The more he thought himself unworthy of this favour, the more eagerly did he express his gratitude to God, often exclaiming, "Ah, Lord! what have I done to deserve to be received into Thy house? To Thy infinite mercy alone am I indebted for admission into this Paradise, and I can only repay this precious favour by the most lively and constant love. Grant me then this new favour, O my God! and since I now belong to Thee alone, let me love Thee alone, and live for Thee alone! O pleasant walls!" added he in a transport, "do I then see you, and touch you, and possess you! O sacred cloister! wherein the soul finds its true liberty, dost thou really possess me? Holy abode! more precious than the palaces of kings, from henceforth thou shalt be my only pleasure! And Thou, O God! O God of mercy, Thou, who art all my confidence, and my only support, grant by Thy grace that I may never, through my own fault, lose a treasure which from Thy bounty I have obtained!" Whilst he looked upon his admission amongst the Jesuits as the greatest honour he could receive, they too might consider themselves equally honoured; since in giving himself to the order, he gave it in his person a new apostle and a saint. Scarcely had he begun his noviciate ere he seemed to have reached the term of his career, and to have attained the highest degree of perfection. From the first day

the exercises of the religious state seemed as familiar to him as if he had practised them all his life. He had scarcely anything to learn; nor was there need of reforming anything in him. One might have said that he had been born to that state of life, and that the same spirit which inspired the founder, who prescribed the rules, had passed into the young novice, so carefully did he observe them. Never, either during the course of his noviciate, or throughout his life, varied as it was by so many different occupations and labours, did any one see him fail in the slightest observance; which made Father Provincial Gaspard, who had been his fellow-novice, say, when he saw him several years afterwards at Carthagená, "I here find Father Claver as much a novice as when I knew him at Tarragona." In fact, neither his age, or his great services, or his universally-acknowledged merit, ever lessened in him the sweetness, simplicity, modesty, humility, and exactitude which he showed when a submissive and fervent novice. In his conduct towards others he always looked upon himself as nothing but a novice.

If the beauty of the fruit can give any idea of the beauty of the flower whence it issued, we may judge of the solidity of the virtues he acquired in the noviciate from those still more heroic virtues which he afterwards incessantly practised. Persuaded that everything is of importance, that everything is precious in the service of the Sovereign Master, and that on the beginning depends the whole course of the reli-

gious life, he omitted nothing that could aid him in his efforts to attain to the highest perfection. Assiduity in prayer, the most painful and humiliating employments, severity to himself, affability towards others, prompt obedience to superiors, zeal in the service of his brethren, because in them and in superiors he saw only God; such, in short, were his chief occupations; or rather, we may say, this was the general plan of his whole life. He soon drew upon himself the esteem and love of a community in which the most perfect merit was duly appreciated.

God communicated Himself to His servant in proportion as he showed zeal and fidelity in His service, and many were the instructions he then received from his Divine Master. The reader perhaps will not be sorry to see an abridgment of them, copied from a little book which he afterwards gave to one of his most intimate friends:—
1st. Seek God in all things, and try to find Him in all. 2nd. Do everything for the greater glory of God. 3rd. Use every endeavour to acquire so perfect an obedience as to submit one's will and judgment to the superior, as to Jesus Christ Himself. 4th. Seek nothing in this world but what Jesus Himself sought, namely, to sanctify souls, to labour, to suffer, to die even for their salvation, for the sake of Jesus. It is easy to see that Father Claver's whole life is comprised in these few words, and that in writing what he intended to do, he merely marked down what he always did. To show his virtue in its full lustre, opportunity was now only wanting.

It is a custom in the Society to send the novices on a pilgrimage to some place of devotion, in memory of that which the founder St. Ignatius made at the beginning of his conversion, to our Lady of Monserrato: they always go on foot, begging alms, and lodging as much as possible in the hospitals. The pilgrimage assigned to young Claver must have pleased him much; being no other than Monserrato itself. He and his two companions set out with their superior's blessing, the staff in the hand of each being the only provision for their journey. The fatigues of the way caused no diminution of his prayer, austerities, or any duties of the rule. On arriving at a resting place, his first care was to repair to the church with his companions, to adore our Lord in the sacrament of His love. Besides the days appointed by the superior, he communicated on several other days, having permission to do so. After spending some time in prayer, he begged alms from door to door; and whatever he might receive his piety was always satisfied with it; if it was inconsiderable, he was delighted, because his love of poverty and suffering made it precious; if it was abundant, he was equally delighted, because it enabled him to relieve the poor. Thus all turns to the good and profit of a soul that loves God. When the three young novices came to a place where they were to stop, they collected the children in some public street or square, and conducted them in procession to the church, singing prayers and canticles. It was an edifying sight,

and attracted great crowds. The novices by turns catechized, and made moving exhortations on the duties of a Christian. Young Claver's zeal and powerful words produced a sensible impression on all the assistants: the fire with which the Holy Ghost inflamed his heart passed into the hearts of his auditors; and the usual fruit of his discourse was a lively sorrow for sin, and a sincere love of God. As soon as they came in sight of Monserrato, Claver prostrated himself to pay respect to the Mother of God, whose sanctuary is there. Rough as was the path, love made it sweet and easy to him; nor could the beauty of the surrounding scenery divert his mind for a moment from the sight of the celestial beauties which occupied it. But who could describe the transports of his heart on beholding that venerable image, which represents the majestic beauty of the Queen of Heaven, whom he had always tenderly loved as a mother! He spent three whole days in this holy place, as much moved by the charity as he was edified by the example of the worthy sons of St. Benedict, to whom the monastery belongs. To derive the principal fruit which the novices proposed to themselves as the result of their pilgrimage, after making their confession with lively marks of contrition, they received with most tender devotion the Body of our Lord. Claver spent all the time (that he was not obliged to spend elsewhere,) before the miraculous image of the Virgin, and he would willingly have remained there all his life. To no one did he ever relate all the favours he there

received from the Queen of Saints ; but whenever, in after life, he recalled this pilgrimage to mind, he shed such sweet tears, that it was easy to judge of the delight his soul had tasted. Obedience alone withdrew him from that sacred spot ; but he left his heart there ; and the road which had seemed so short and pleasant when going, was long and dull on the return.

On returning to the noviciate he prepared to make his vows by a retreat of eight days, according to the custom of the Jesuits. Being ready to make an entire oblation of himself to God, he considered himself as nothing more than a slave, irrevocably placed at the disposal of his Supreme Master ; having a will but only to sacrifice its every movement to the will of God ; a body, only to offer it as a perpetual holocaust by the rigours of penance ; senses, but only to subject them to the yoke of His law and of His good pleasure. It was in these dispositions that, on the 8th of August, he bound himself to God by the vows of religion, but amidst such a flood of tears as to be scarcely audible. Despoiled of all exteriorly, his interior attachment was so perfect, especially his poverty of mind and heart, that from that moment he seemed to love nothing but the poor and the slaves, wishing to become by virtue what they were through necessity. His perfection must have been very striking for superiors to keep him two months longer at the noviciate, to serve as a master and model to the other novices, instead of sending him at once to pursue his studies.

He was the only one who did not perceive this mark of distinction ; his humility made him consider it less a mark of esteem than as being caused by the necessity of allowing him more time to acquire the perfection of which he was deficient.

He would willingly have passed the remainder of his life in the humble condition of a novice, but his superiors thought it time to apply him to study, and sent him to the college at Girone, where in a few months he acquired such a familiarity with the Greek and Latin languages as to be able to compose and recite little discourses in them. The applause he received on these occasions was extremely painful to his humility. His penetrating intellect, joined to assiduous application, caused him to make such great progress that his masters often commissioned him to instruct the other young Jesuits. As it was a spirit of obedience to the good pleasure of God that guided him, rather than curiosity, or a natural desire of knowledge, his studies never interfered with his exercises of piety. He addressed himself to God when beginning them, continued them with God, and finished them quite absorbed in God, humbly praying that He Himself would be his Master, and teach him nothing but how to love Him sovereignly and solely.

A college having lately been founded for the Jesuits at Majorca, it was determined to send an able professor and some young students there. Claver was one chosen for this purpose ; secret reasons attracted him to that city, and his ap-

pointment there fulfilled his highest wishes. He was then about twenty-three years of age, and his joy was great indeed at the prospect of living with Brother Alphonso Rodriguez, whose virtue was then shining in brilliant lustre. Alphonso Rodriguez was born in Spain, on the 25th of July, 1531, entered the Society at the age of forty, and performed the humble functions of lay-brother with extraordinary piety for more than thirty years. This holy religious was beatified by Pope Leo XII. on the 29th of September, 1824; the decree of his beatification was solemnly published at Rome on the 12th of June the following year. At the time of Claver's arrival Alphonso was porter in the college of Majorca; but in this humble state, so mean in the sight of men, he was one of those great souls favoured with the most sublime gifts of God, one of those simple and docile minds wherein celestial knowledge dwells, and to which divine illuminations and revelations supply the deficiency of human science, one of those pure and upright hearts which, detached from all besides, peacefully enjoy the familiarities of Divine love, so that even whilst on earth they seem already to taste the delights of heaven. What an attraction was this for young Claver, to live with one so well able to teach him all the secrets of the science of the saints, and of the most exalted perfection! On arriving at Majorca, no sooner had he paid his respects to his new superior than he hastened in search of him whom he looked upon as his master, and whom he had loved before he had

even seen him. As soon as the two were in sight of each other the feelings of their heart alone made them mutually know one another; each immediately prostrated himself from a feeling of respect, and before either of them had spoken a word each understood what the other wished to say. If Claver was delighted at finding in Alphonso an old man already perfect, Alphonso was not less so at finding such virtue in so young a religious. It was at the school of such a master that such a disciple wished to form himself; and they both gratefully acknowledged the sweet dispensation of Providence which united two hearts thus similar, and already so united in God. With permission of the superior they arranged a time for daily conversation on divine things, choosing an hour that could neither interfere with the occupations of the one or the studies of the other. Thus from the school of philosophy Claver passed to the school of sanctity; and the same purity of intention which accompanied him to both, made both equally profitable: for the one God gave him an excellent understanding and able professors; and for the other, a heart inflamed with love and a master enlightened by the Holy Ghost, whose every word he carefully committed to writing, in order that none might be lost. The scholar, charmed with the virtue of the master, strove to imitate him, and the master, delighted with the dispositions of his disciple, concealed nothing from him that could conduct him to the most sublime perfection. Being made sensible by Almighty God of His designs upon Claver, he open-

ed his whole soul to him. Readers who seek edification will be glad to find inserted here, a few of one Saint's instructions to another; they were collected by Father Claver, and are to the following effect. — "A religious who would advance in virtue, must study to know himself: knowing himself, he will despise himself; by not knowing himself, he becomes proud. He must speak little with men, and much with God. When he speaks, let him always speak well of others, and as far as possible, ill of himself. He ought, like Melchisedech, to be without father, mother, or relatives; because he must look upon them as not belonging to him: God alone must hold the place of all to him. Let him behold God in all men, honouring them as His images. Let him above all pray for those who offend him; and let him do them more good than they have done him evil. In beginning his actions let him direct them all to the greater service and greater glory of God; whilst performing them let him unite them to those of Jesus Christ, so as to render them more worthy of the Supreme Majesty; and at the end let him offer them to Him, for the spiritual good of his own and his neighbours' souls. Let God be always in his heart, in which he should make a sort of cell, and there let him incessantly beg for grace never to offend Him; and let him never do or say anything without first consulting Him. Let him never quit his room without good reason, or without asking our Lord's permission, and also grace to do nothing that may displease Him: on his

return let him examine whether he comes back as he went. Let him use his senses only for necessary things and the service of God ; let him not regard matters of curiosity, or hearken to useless news, which only cause distractions. Let him never speak of food, clothing, or lodging ; let him eat no more than is necessary for life, and never touch delicacies : in a word, let him always act as a man dead to the world, and let him live to God alone. Let him look on praise as an outrage, remembering how little he is in the eyes of God : let him love contempt for the sake of that which Jesus Christ endured for him ; and let him humble himself under affronts, thinking that his sins deserve much worse. Let him often meditate on the end of man, and upon death, that so he may animate himself to labour and suffer, reflecting that soon he will have no more time to meditate. In his meditations let him apply himself chiefly to the virtues peculiar to his state ; and at each of these virtues let him attentively consider the greatest obstacles to be encountered in its acquirement, not leaving off till he has determined courageously to surmount them all for God. Let him often remember in detail the passion of our Saviour and all that He suffered for him, returning unceasing thanks for it ; begging for a portion of His cross, and carrying it joyfully for His love. Let him carefully avoid those occasions in which he may already have fallen, or where there may be danger of falling. Let him detach his heart from all creatures to give it entirely to God ; and let him

make frequent acts of divine love every day. Let him have a tender devotion to the Holy Virgin, serving and loving her with all his heart; and let him often visit an image of her, being exact in reciting her little office and the beads; losing no opportunity of showing his zeal for Her, but above all, let him well meditate on Her virtues, and strive to imitate them. Let him honour images of the Saints as if they were themselves present, recalling to mind the virtues that distinguished them, the shortness of their labours, and the duration of their recompense. Let him watch much and sleep little; all the time given to sleep is an abbreviation of life and of merit. Let him carefully learn what is necessary for him to know, but avoid all curious and superfluous study. In fine, let him seek God in all things and in all places, and he will always find Him at his side."

It will be seen that these short instructions include all that is most sublime in the gospel, all that is most perfect in the life of a Christian and religious; and hence, we may judge the sanctity of him who gave them, for he, in imitation of Jesus Christ, taught nothing that he had not long practised himself. This pure and holy seed, cast into the heart of a disciple so fervent and so favoured by God, daily brought forth fruit a hundred-fold. Never did he swerve from these salutary maxims; and some others which were afterwards found in a manuscript of Father Claver's, which he had given to a fellow religious, plainly show how well he had profited

by the lessons of him whom God had given him in order to be his guide to that lofty perfection to which he afterwards attained. We will now give a few of Father Claver's own maxims:—

“1. Man's salvation and perfection consist in doing the will of God, which he must have in view in all things, and at every moment of his life; the more he accomplishes this divine will, the more perfect he will be.—2. To do the will of God, a man must despise his own; the more he dies to himself, the more he will live to God; but to acquire this double advantage we must love God, and the more we purge the heart of self-love, the more shall we love God.—3. To love God as he ought to be loved, we must be detached from all terrestrial love; we must love nothing but Him; or if we love anything else, we must love it only for His sake.—4. Let a man direct all his thoughts, words, and actions, solely to the glory of God, incessantly striving for submission to His will, insomuch as to desire neither evil nor good, unless God wills it; and in whatever trials he may be placed, the peace of his soul cannot then be troubled.—5. To derive true profit from whatever happens, a man should be silent amidst reproaches, injuries, and ill-treatment, whether there be any fault on his side or not; and when people contend with him, let him prefer silence to victory.—6. To make rapid progress in virtue a man must carefully guard his tongue, and let truth, peace, and edification be in all his words. Let him say much in few words; and that he may always speak well, let him always speak

either of God or with God.—7. Let him prefer nothing to obedience, no matter who commands; submitting to all creatures for the sake of God, and doing all that is required of him with great peace of mind: if however he cannot do all, and is asked the reason, let him be content with simply saying that he could not; and for the rest to all that may be said, let him answer nothing—no, absolutely nothing: whatever reproaches may be made let him be silent, accepting all for the sake of God; provided it be nothing contrary to God, or contrary to obedience. This is indeed the way in which to vanquish self.” Such was the fruit young Claver derived from his intercourse with his holy master; but the heroic virtues of his after-life will enable us to judge still better of this. “Ah, my dear Alphonso,” would he sometimes say, in a transport of fervour, “what must I do to love Jesus Christ my God and Saviour with my whole heart? Do you teach me, you who are instructed in His own school: I feel that He inspires the desire to belong to Him alone, but I know not how to begin.” The most devoted fathers do not love their children more tenderly than this great servant of God did his spiritual son; but as his love was more solid and pure, he incessantly recommended him to God, soliciting for him the most signal and precious graces. Our Lord, moved by his charity and tears, was pleased to give the saintly old man the consolation of knowing that his prayers were heard. One day as he was praying with extraordinary fervour, he

suddenly fell into an ecstasy, (which was not unusual with him,) and was raised in spirit to the abode of the blessed; and there his guardian angel, who accompanied him, showed him those brilliant and majestic thrones described in the Apocalypse. One appeared more glorious than the rest; and perceiving it was unoccupied, he inquired for whom it was destined? The angel answered, "It is for thy disciple Claver; it is the recompense of his virtues, and of the great number of souls he will gain to God in the West Indies." The vision then suddenly disappeared. On returning to himself, it would be impossible to describe his joy; but he carefully concealed it from Father Claver, merely informing his confessor of it, through whom it afterwards became known. This revelation will not seem incredible to those who know Father Claver's life. Father Joseph of Urbina being afterwards at Carthagená, and able narrowly to observe Father Claver's conduct, frequently declared that he never for a moment doubted the truth of what God had made known to brother Alphonso; for having in a manner followed Claver step by step, he had always remarked in him a perfection deserving the brightest crown: in effect he had already merited one part of it, and laid the foundation of those merits which were to secure the other.

If Alphonso had followed the first impulse of his heart, he would have imitated St. Anthony of Padua, who learning by revelation that a certain man would obtain the crown of martyrdom, sought him everywhere to give him public marks

of veneration ; but if secrecy prevented the gratification of his piety herein, at least nothing could equal the respect he ever after felt for him in his heart. One day perceiving him at a distance with another young Jesuit, he said to one of the fathers standing near, "Do you see those two young religious? they will go to the Indies and procure the salvation of many souls." The event verified the prediction, and at the same time serves to verify the revelation already related with regard to Father Claver, who then had no idea of the employment designed for him by God, but was awaiting in peace the orders of his superiors.

Having finished his course of philosophy in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he was required to sustain a public act. He obeyed, however much it cost his humility; and having displayed as much capacity as modesty he gained a high reputation both for learning and for virtue. Caring little for this applause, though so well deserved, he applied himself to human science by obedience; for inclination led him always to that celestial learning which he acquired in the school of Alphonso, and where he made such wonderful progress.

It seems that the favours with which God blesses His servants are sometimes communicated from one to another. As Claver was once going out with a companion of great virtue, Alphonso, who was porter, stopped them for a moment, and making the sign of the cross over them, said, "Remember the three adorable per-

sons of the blessed Trinity accompany you," and then immediately fell into an ecstasy; at the same moment the holy young man felt penetrated with such love and tenderness as to be scarcely able to move: he thought of going back into the house, but reflecting that superiors had sent him, he begged of God to moderate the excess of those sensible favours, and give him the power to obey; he obtained his request, but there remained so vivid an impression of what he had experienced, that almost every step cost him an effort, and for the rest of the day he seemed to be transported out of himself. If a few words spoken casually produced such impression on the heart and mind of Claver, what may not have occurred in his more intimate and secret colloquies with God alone?

As the time fixed for his departure from Majorca was approaching, he was obliged to make up his mind to quit his saintly master; and this separation was perhaps one of his greatest sacrifices. Before they parted God was again pleased to let Alphonso serve him as a sure guide, to direct him in the path wherein he was to acquire such great merit, and to render such important service to his neighbour. If St. Gregory the Great is justly called the Apostle of England, for having sent the apostolic labourers to plant the Faith there, it may also be said that Alphonso Rodriguez has deserved the title of Apostle of Carthagen, for having sent Claver thither.

Being informed of the designs of Heaven in his regard, he went to him shortly before his

departure, and unveiling to him his whole soul, said, "I cannot express to you the sorrow that I feel at seeing that God is unknown to the greater part of the world, owing to the scarcity of priests who go to preach His name; what tears are not called forth at the sight of so many people straying in the wilderness because there is no one to guide them, so many who perish, not because they seek their own loss, but because no effort is made to save them! We see many useless workmen where there is no harvest, and where the harvest is abundant there are so few workmen! How many souls in America might be sent to heaven by priests who are idle in Europe! The trouble of seeking them is dreaded, whilst the peril and crime of abandoning them is uncared for. The riches of those countries are prized, whilst the people are despised. Cannot charity traverse seas already opened by cupidity? Whole fleets laden with their treasures enter the ports of Spain, but what a multitude of souls might be conducted to the port of eternal felicity! Why should love of the world be so much more ardent in the acquisition of the former, than is the love of Jesus Christ for the conquest of the latter? Savage as these men may seem, they are diamonds, unpolished it is true, but whose beauty will well repay the lapidary's skill. O holy brother of my soul, what a field is here opened to your zeal! If the glory of God's house concerns you, go to the Indies and save millions of these perishing souls. If you love Jesus Christ, go and labour

with Him until death for man's salvation, since you belong to His society. To be willing to go under obedience to the Indies is certainly much, but not enough for a Jesuit; that being his first and most noble vocation, he should signify his eagerness for it to superiors, and earnestly solicit such a function. Represent your own desires immediately to them; beg, urge, entreat of them to send you: reiterated entreaties are not contrary to obedience when there is reason to believe that the superior demurs only to try our constancy."

These words, uttered with the tone and manner of an apostle, inflamed, yet lacerated the heart of Claver; the mere thought of so many perishing souls so deeply wounded his own, that, for the salvation of one alone, he would willingly have given a thousand lives. Being certain of the will of God, notified by the mouth of so holy a man, he wrote to his provincial in terms dictated by zeal and fervour. He was answered that this vocation would be carefully examined on his arrival at Barcelona, whither he was ordered to repair and commence his study of theology. This departure must have been painful to both these great souls so tenderly united by charity; but their regret was only expressed by sentiments of piety and by lively thanksgiving to God for the favours He had been pleased to confer upon them. Rodriguez promised Claver never to forget him in his prayers, and gave him a few spiritual books of his own composing; this present and promise much soothed his grief at

the loss of his guide, but as superiors, to save the holy old man the importunity of being incessantly asked for his writings, had forbidden any to be allowed to go out of the college, a brother who was then porter informed Claver of this order, and was on the point of seizing the papers. Not having been aware of this before he went to tell Alphonso of it, who immediately proceeded to the superior and asked permission to give some of his writings to his disciple, adding, that the young Jesuit would soon go to the Indies, where such books are scarce; and thus easily obtained his request. Claver, delighted to possess this treasure, prepared to embark for Barcelona. On this occasion God gave a signal mark of his paternal care over His servant. There was at the time but one miserable vessel in the port of Majorca: the master and fellow students of Claver who had to make the same voyage, not thinking this ship sufficiently safe, determined to await the arrival of another that was more sea-worthy; but he, full of confidence in God, entered the former, and soon arrived without accident at Barcelona, whilst the others who followed were taken by pirates and carried into Africa.

Throughout the remainder of his life Claver never lost his sentiments of veneration and tenderness for Rodriguez. Even in his old age he always called him his holy master, and thought it a great honour to have been his disciple. Besides his writings which he carefully preserved, he collected in a little book all that he could

recollect of his sayings, marking even the day and hour when they had been said; he always carried these about with him, and was never weary of reading them; they were his oracle in his doubts, his consolation in his troubles, his refreshment in fatigue; and even when he was receiving the Holy Viaticum, he held them tightly pressed upon his breast, that they might reanimate his fervour in those precious moments.

On arriving at Barcelona he repeated his entreaties to be sent on the Indian mission. His superiors, although delighted with his zeal, which was so becoming in a Jesuit, thought proper to try him a little longer, more especially as the province (aware of his great talents,) was unwilling to lose a member that excited such great and just expectations. Father Claver began therefore to apply himself to the study of theology with the same dispositions which had distinguished him at Majorca. While he looked on himself in his humility as below all his companions by profound humility, he surpassed them all in assiduity and success. The study of humanities and philosophy had diminished nothing of his fervour; the study of theology, which has God Himself for its object, served but to increase his love, so that he was justly considered the most able and the most virtuous of all the students. This is the testimony of Father Gaspard Parrigas, his fellow-student, who after his death wrote as follows to one of his friends: "When I was studying at Barcelona I saw a good deal of Father Claver. All that I can say

of him is, that I always knew him to be a holy and perfect religious; he was modest, affable, and obliging to every one; he never complained of any person, was always speaking of God or of things tending to the spiritual advancement of his hearers. No one could be more humble in manner, more obedient to superiors, more exact in the observance of religious discipline. I do not hesitate to say that I never saw him violate a single rule. He strove in everything to imitate Brother Alphonso Rodriguez, who had given him some books written with his own hand,—the same spirit of prayer was remarked in him, the same union with God, the same mortifications; therefore I am not surprised that having led so holy a life, he should perform miracles after his death.” This intimate union with God, joined to constant study; this great austerity, joined with so much innocence, especially in a constitution so delicate, drew on him the most special favours of Heaven. If his humility concealed them from the knowledge of men, some few did escape in spite of all his caution. One of his companions was a witness of the following extraordinary circumstance. As the two were passing the spot where St. Ignatius had been so ill used by some libertines, Claver’s companion, himself a very holy young novice, stopped him for a moment, and said, “My brother, it was here that our Father Ignatius was bruised by the blows of a club; yes, this is the spot.” At these words Claver raised his eyes to heaven, became motionless, and so completely lost the use of his senses

as to be unable to proceed for some time. It was never known what he saw, or what was then revealed to him; but it is well known that the impression thereof remained so deeply engraven on his mind and heart, that when he afterwards mentioned the circumstance to some of his intimate friends, he seemed to be almost raised into ecstasy again. This one instance will enable us to judge what must have been his communications with God, and how great must have been the favours with which he was enriched.

After two years of theology, he again renewed his petition to be sent to the Indies, and he did it so earnestly, that his provincial, Father De Villegas, fearing to oppose the will of God, consented to his request. It would be impossible to describe the joy of the young Jesuit on receiving his superior's letter; he read it over several times, kissed it, and kept it all his life, that he might often enjoy the same pleasure that had been afforded by its first perusal. Having read it, he prostrated himself on the ground to return most grateful thanks to God for this honour and favour. In the fervour of his prayer he unreservedly offered his pains, his labours, his blood, in fine, his whole self, for the salvation of those souls that were to be confided to him. Then, being unable to contain his joy, he went in search of his friends, to inform them of his happiness, receive their congratulations, and beg the assistance of their prayers.

About seven years before this a new province

of the society had been formed in the new kingdom of Grenada. To equal the public expectation and correspond with the intention of the pious benefactors who had contributed towards it, Father General Aquaviva, in 1609, ordered each of the Spanish provinces to send thither one evangelical labourer of distinguished merit. Claver was the one chosen by the Province of Arragon, and in this single missionary, how much did it not contribute? With the exception of St. Francis Xavier, it may perhaps be said, that the society never sent a more illustrious minister to the Indies. He was soon ordered to Seville, to embark from thence for the Indies with other young Jesuits, and Father Mexia was appointed their superior. Full of the spirit and zeal of St. Francis Xavier, whom he chose for his model, he would begin his journey as he had done; and though his father's house was but a league out of the road, he did not go to take leave of his parents, although he had not seen them from the time of his departure for the college of Barcelona, and knew that he should probably never see them again.

He refused himself this innocent pleasure, not because God forbade it, but because his detachment from all created objects was superior to the sentiments of nature. His virtuous parents could not help complaining of this indifference in a son so dear to them; and their complaints seemed so reasonable, that one of Father Claver's companions went expressly to pay them a visit: he endeavoured to console them by extolling the

eminent sanctity of their son ; but these very praises only aggravated his parents' grief. On arriving at Seville, Father Mexia wished him to receive holy orders with the other young Jesuits destined for the missions, owing to the great difficulty of finding bishops in the Indies ; but he begged to be excused, not feeling himself capable or worthy of such an honour ; and he did it so naturally, and with so much simplicity and candour, that his ordination was deferred. They remained but a short time at Seville, and set sail in April, 1610. From that moment he so completely forgot all he left behind in Europe, that during the forty-four years he lived in the Indies, he was never heard to speak of, or inquire of what was passing in Spain. The only things he seemed not to forget, were the virtues he had remarked in some religious, to reproach himself for not having imitated them ; the sermons he had heard, of which he said he still stood in need for his conversion ; and the ceremonies that took place at the Beatification of his Father Ignatius, over which he rejoiced like a good son of such a father. The reputation of his virtue everywhere followed him ; it even augmented during the voyage. His edifying words, his angelic modesty, his assiduous and tender charity, his zeal in serving all his brethren, performing the humblest offices for them ; in a word, his whole conduct soon gained him the affection of all his fellow-travellers, who, looking upon him as a guardian angel given them by God, feared no danger so long as he

was with them. He particularly charged himself with the care of all the sick, feeding them, preparing their remedies, cleansing them, and never quitting them night or day. He prepared them to receive the sacraments, himself conducting their confessor to them. Being obliged, much against his inclination, to dine at the captain's table, his only consolation under this honour, was finding it a means of exercising charity; for he always reserved the best of whatever was given him for the sick. These attentions so completely gained their hearts, that he managed them as he pleased. At an appointed hour, he assembled them for a catechetical instruction, and to say the beads. No one would have ventured to utter an oath, or an indecent word in his presence; and to appease the most passionate, it was quite enough to threaten to tell Father Claver. After a voyage of some months they happily landed. On their arrival, Father Mexia, who duly appreciated the sanctity and great talents of the young missionary, wished to take him on to Peru, judging that province to stand most in need of such an efficient labourer; but Providence had appointed otherwise. Claver, afflicted and confounded at the esteem thus shown him, had recourse to God, and begged that he might not be removed from a country he had so long sighed after; and in the end the provincial, reflecting that the new mission of Carthagena would require a subject of tried virtue, resolved to leave Claver there. The new missionary on landing tenderly kissed the ground which was

afterwards to be watered with his sweat and tears, then raising his eyes to heaven, he thanked God for conducting him to a land where he should have so many opportunities of labouring and suffering for His glory. However, at first he remained there but a short time, for having two years more to complete his study of theology he was sent with some other young Jesuits to Santa-Fe, a town distant about two hundred leagues from Carthagena. He suffered much during the journey, but the very obstacles he had to surmount were so much the more agreeable to him as enabling him to satisfy his spirit of mortification. The sight of the negroes he met on the road awakened those sentiments of tenderness which he ever after retained for them. Wherever they stopped for the night he used to collect these poor creatures round him; and, deeming himself incapable of any evangelical function, he would request one of the priests to teach them a little of the catechism; his heart was thus already attracted towards a people so despised by men, but who, in the designs of God, were to be the chief objects of his zeal.

He found the college of Santa-Fe very different to what he had expected; it had no fixed revenue, nor was there any school of theology open; his two first years there were spent in the domestic offices of the house. He was sacristan, porter, infirmarian, and cook: he was everything he was asked to be; the more lowly and humiliating the employment, the more it was to his liking; and though his zeal made him wish to

labour for the salvation of souls, his humility would have made him content to remain as he was for the rest of his life. When it was proposed for him to resume his theological studies, he wrote to his provincial, and begged as a favour to be received as a simple lay-brother; his entreaties were so earnest and reiterated, that the superior at length told him, that he was to be guided by obedience. Here we cannot but admire the conduct of God over His servants and His elect. The same spirit which led Claver to defer receiving holy orders in Europe, led him to renounce them entirely in America; and if the holy Brother Alphonso had not excited in his heart the desire of labouring in the Indies, the idea which he had of his own incapacity would never have allowed him to think of such a thing. He obeyed the vocation of Heaven, for God knew how to reconcile these opposite sentiments of zeal and humility, and He directed both to His own glory, and the sanctification of His servant. Being obliged therefore, to resume his course of studies, the condition of the new college and the small number of religious in it, made it necessary for Claver to take charge of several offices; he acquitted himself most satisfactorily, whilst his brilliant success in theology made him be considered fit for the most honourable posts. He completely realized the expectations that had been previously raised of him in Spain.

Father Anthony Augustin, who had been his first master of theology, was then his confessor;

this holy man after having been highly honoured in Europe, and particularly in Rome, went to end his days in the West Indies, where he died in eminent sanctity. He was overjoyed at meeting Claver there: the knowledge he had of his virtues made him extremely dear to him; and his high opinion of the young Jesuit contributed to strengthen that already formed of him in America.

At the end of his theology he passed through a most rigorous examination, which he supposed was merely intended as a prelude to his receiving holy orders; so when people expressed their admiration of his talent, he with great simplicity said, "Good Heavens! is so much theology necessary in order to be able to receive ordination, and catechize a few poor negroes?" But being afterwards told that he had been thus examined to ascertain whether he was fit to be admitted to the degree of professed father, (the most honourable amongst the Jesuits, and the only one which irrevocably binds him to the order,) he could not help saying to those who congratulated with him, "If I had known this, I either would not have answered at all, or I would have answered much worse than I did, for I am totally unworthy of this honour."

Those who understand the delicacy of the human heart with regard to advantages and distinctions of mind, will be able to judge of his profound humility. It is much to refuse an honourable degree of which one is judged worthy, but to be willing to appear ignorant in order to avoid it is infinitely more.

A new house for the Society had lately been established at Thonga, and he was sent there to make his third year of noviciate, as is customary amongst the Jesuits, before they are admitted to the last vows. Before beginning his missionary career superiors were glad to give him time and means to recruit his health, already much impaired by study, sickness, and excessive austerities; they felt too how useful his example would be in forming the novices to virtue; and it may be asserted, that the presence of this holy man was not one of the least advantages conferred upon the house at Thonga. Whilst there he performed the offices of porter and sacristan with universal edification. The piety and modesty of the novices delighted him, and this residence was ever after so dear to him, that when dying he sent thither, as the most precious pledge of his affection, the little book given him by brother Rodriguez when he quitted Majorca. His expressions on that occasion give so lively an idea of his humility that the reader will be glad to find them here. "I send it to the noviciate, that the novices may profit by it, and that the novice-father may keep it carefully, as a treasure of which I myself have not known how to make good use. I entreat of those who read it to pray to God for a sinner, who having such a precious mine at his disposal, instead of drawing from it the pure gold of sanctity, has collected nothing but its rust."

After all these trials he was at length sent back to Carthagená, in November, 1615. For

some time he was the companion of Father Nugnez in his apostolic labours; and notwithstanding his entreaties and excuses he was ordained priest the year following, by the bishop of Carthagená. As soon as he was raised to the dignity of priesthood his only thought was how to acquire its true spirit and fulfil its duties most exactly. Deeply penetrated with a sense of the great purity of heart exacted by so sacred a ministry, (awful even to the angels themselves,) he prepared for his first mass by a retreat of several days, by redoubling his prayers and penances, and by a general confession, made with abundance of tears, though his confessor scarcely found matter for absolution. He appeared at the altar like a seraph inflamed with love, with pure hands and a spotless heart; and the sight of him was a subject of joy to the angels and of edification to men. He was the first Jesuit who said his first mass at Carthagená. He chose for this a chapel of our Blessed Lady, where particular veneration was shown to a miraculous statue of this heavenly Queen. To the end of his life he expressed his gratitude to her, for her goodness in lending him an altar whereon to offer the Divine Sacrifice.

BOOK II.

CARTHAGENA is one of the most considerable cities of North America. The heats are excessive, the rains so frequent, the air so unwholesome, contagious disorders so common, that nothing but cupidity or zeal could make a residence there endurable. The soil moreover is so barren, that most of the necessaries of life have to be conveyed thither from other countries; and as the neighbouring seas are very tempestuous the inhabitants are often in want of everything, though surrounded with treasures of gold and silver. All these united inconveniences have not intimidated the avarice of men. The port of Carthagena is the general rendezvous, where people from several nations repair for traffic, especially from Mexico, Peru, Potosi, Quito, and the neighbouring islands.

Vessels laden with negroes are constantly arriving there: it is they who do all the labour; they are employed in the mines and in all that is most painful. People there become rich only at the price of the sweat, and even of the blood of these poor creatures. Merchants purchase them on the coasts of Guinea, Angola, Congo, and will seek them even into the heart of Africa: they are originally purchased for about four crowns a head, and are re-sold for two hundred and sometimes more at Carthagena. They are

in such numbers that not less than ten or twelve thousand are annually imported. Being of different nations, their characters and language differ, hence it is extremely difficult to train and instruct them. The negroes of Guinea are the best made, the blackest, the most courageous and robust, they are called "the negroes of good alloy;" but they are likewise the most savage, show less reason than the others, combined with a stupid pride, which makes them intractable. There are others from Mauritania, who, without having their good qualities, have all their vices and indocility. Those of Angola and Congo are the most numerous in Carthagená, and are the most mild and tractable; they willingly embrace Christianity, and some amongst them are very fervent, but they are extremely ignorant. When they see their companions receive baptism, even such as have been already baptised will place themselves in the ranks to receive the sacrament again, and think they are performing a very meritorious action. The other negroes come from the islands of St. Thomas, Carabal, Arda, and Mina. The low price at which these poor creatures are sold proves the contempt in which they are held; they may be bought for four pieces of cow's hide, and are decidedly the most stupid and savage of all the negroes. They are so eager for human flesh, that they sometimes eat their own children: their teeth are sharp like those of a whale, and strong enough to break the bones which are thrown to them, just as they are thrown to the

dogs in Europe ; yet with all this they are the most docile, the most inclined to embrace the faith, and the most exact in the practices of religion, especially the Ardeese.

It would be impossible to describe the miseries these poor slaves undergo in the course of their sea voyage. They are thrown one on another in the hold of the ship, without beds, clothing, and almost without food, loaded with chains, and plunged in their own filth. All this, added to the heat and darkness of the place, and the unwholesome diet, produces complaints, wounds, and ulcers, which increase their natural infection to such a degree, that they can scarcely endure themselves. Even cattle on board ship are not so ill used as are these miserable creatures ; hence, many of them fall into despair and prefer death by starvation to their deplorable state. It often happens that when old age or infirmity makes them unfit for work, they are cruelly abandoned, like beasts not worth caring for ; but what is still more deplorable, their souls are not more cared for than their bodies. The merchants who sell, and the masters who purchase them, take no farther trouble than to order them to become Christians ; and as fear and ignorance of what is exacted prevent them from resisting, advantage is taken of their silence, and they are baptized without precaution or instruction, not knowing either what they ought to believe or practise. Baptism, therefore, is to the greater number a mere ceremony, of which they understand nothing ; the consequence is, with the mark and

character of a Christian, they retain their pagan morals and idolatrous superstitions, so that they themselves can scarcely say what religion they belong to.

Such was the state of Carthagena and the character of its inhabitants when Father Claver arrived there. It was here that a career was opened to his zeal by God, in which he faithfully walked for more than thirty-nine years.

On his return to the city he found the establishment of the Jesuits very different from what it had been five years before. The fathers had been obliged to remove, to avoid the inconvenience caused by some new buildings raised in the neighbourhood, which completely overlooked the interior of the college, so that Father Claver's spirit of poverty and mortification might be well satisfied in the new establishment: the church was scarcely thirty feet long, so low and damp as to be usually full of mud; the house was so small, that although there were very few Jesuits in it, they were lodged two-and-two together in very close rooms; on one side of it was the public slaughter-house, and on the other, a number of shops and drinking-houses; so that the noise, riot, and profane songs, usual in such places, incessantly disturbed the quiet and recollection of the religious. To add to their other inconveniences, they had no fixed revenue; they lived on alms, and God, to try His servants, often permitted them to be without even the commonest necessities of life. These united trials however sufficed to make the residence delightful to the

new missionary. As soon as he was established there his first attention was to procure every possible help for the negroes, towards whom God had given him a special attrait. He was well aware of all the difficulties he should meet with, both from the rough indocile slaves, and from their harsh self-interested masters; he foresaw all the rebuffs, contradictions, and insults to which he should be exposed; but his zeal overcame every other consideration, and obstacles only served to increase his ardour. He could not see so many souls in danger of perishing without using all his endeavours to save them; and although his charity embraced the whole world, especially all the unfortunate, it is certain that the negroes ever had the largest share of his tenderness and love. He devoted himself entirely and for ever to their service. He began this laborious ministry under the guidance of Father Alphonso de Sandoval. The life of his apostolic master deserves a volume to itself; so the reader will not be sorry to be made a little acquainted with a holy man so intimately connected with Father Claver: to relate the heroic labours of the one, is exposing beforehand a part of what was afterwards accomplished by the other.

AN ABRIDGMENT OF THE LIFE OF FATHER DE SANDOVAL.

He was of a family illustrious by birth and piety. His parents went to Lima in an important official capacity, and had him educated

by the Jesuits there. At the end of his studies he was admitted into the society, and from that moment became distinguished for the most eminent virtues; especially an insatiable desire of suffering for Jesus Christ. Being ordained priest, (notwithstanding his repugnance through his humility, which made him wish to serve in quality of simple lay-brother,) he was appointed to the missions of Carthagená, recently established by the Jesuits. He quitted Cusco, where he had gone through his studies and his third year of noviceship, to return to Lima, whither he was called by his superiors to labour during Lent in the conversion of souls. He devoted himself chiefly to hear the confessions of the poor, especially the negroes, who came to him in crowds, and for which task God gave him most extraordinary talents. It was wished to fix him permanently in the capital of Peru, where he produced such great fruits; but his zeal and love of suffering called him to Carthagená, and accordingly he was sent there. He undertook this long, difficult, and dangerous journey on foot, taking nothing with him but his Breviary and a few papers of devotion. On arriving, he was delighted to find a house destitute of everything, excepting the opportunity of labouring and suffering much. Poverty within and persecution without constituted its most precious treasure and most solid support. There were then but three priests, who, to procure their subsistence, were obliged to go alternately begging through the streets. Father de Sandoval was appointed to this hu-

miliating and fatiguing office, and during three years he daily paced from door to door with a wallet on his back, until at length a brother, instructed in his school of modesty and edifying comportment, was able to relieve him from it. Being freed from this employment, he undertook to be the porter, together with the care of serving all the religious; and he did this with the humility of a slave and the tenderness of a mother. He went himself to purchase the provisions, and prepared them with the greatest possible care. Whatever time remained from his domestic occupations was spent in hearing confessions, catechizing, and assisting his neighbour, so that he only changed one labour for another. The arrival of some Caciques from Darien and Uraba, bringing presents to the governor and bishop of Carthagená, gave the Father Provincial the idea of sending some of his religious thither, to cultivate those idolatrous countries. Father de Sandoval earnestly begged for and obtained this mission; but meeting with no other success than much suffering and the constant danger of being devoured by those cannibals, his superiors recalled him to devote him to other missions: his zeal was now recompensed in proportion to his labours; but he was soon after seized with a mortal sickness. As he was on the point of expiring, he was miraculously cured by St. Ignatius, to whom God had made known that He destined this excellent workman to labour for the salvation of the negroes. Father de Sandoval never forgot that his health had been

restored for this holy purpose ; and he made a resolution of consecrating himself entirely to it. From that time he conceived a most tender love for the unfortunate slaves, and they were always the chief object of his missions in the environs of Carthagená. He treated them with gentleness, instructed them with zeal, consoled them in their labours, and assisted them tenderly in their maladies ; but experience taught him that all this was insufficient, and that the moment of their disembarkation at Carthagená was the time they most needed care. Being sent almost immediately to distant residences or to work in the mines, before it is ascertained whether they have been baptised or not, it often happens that some receive baptism without instruction, whilst others receive the other sacraments without having been baptised ; to prevent these abuses, as soon as a slave vessel reached the port, the father and his interpreter hastened thither ; his first care was for the sick, for the safety of their souls : he baptised some, heard the confession of others, and as far as time allowed, prepared them for a Christian death. It often seemed as if these unfortunate beings had merely awaited this moment of grace to die in peace. When the malady was not urgent, he consoled them, and fed them himself with some little delicacies he had brought with him for this purpose ; after which he undertook to regulate their consciences ; as for those who were in health he took his leisure to prepare them for baptism. Day and night his dear slaves occupied him. Neither rigour of seasons, inclement

weather, fatigues, or sickness, could stop him ; he conceived himself obliged in zeal and charity to be unsparing of a life which had been restored by miracle. With the help of his interpreters he entered the names of the negroes (according to their different nations) in a little book with the names of their masters and places of residence. He every year provided a little banquet for his interpreters, the better to secure their services, and for the masters of his slaves, that he might the more easily obtain access to them for the due discharge of his ministry. He had also two other registers, where each nation was marked in order ; and as each negro was baptised, his name was inscribed under that of his own country ; therefore, whenever he met with any of them, he had only to consult his book, and if they were unbaptised, he instructed them, and as he always carried some water in a flask in his pocket, he finished by conferring baptism : it is computed that in seven years he thus baptised more than thirty thousand.

His great labours and success drew letters of congratulation from persons the most distinguished both in the church and in the state. Several great missionaries begged to be associated with him in his ministry ; Father Claver had this happiness, and joined the apostolic man as soon as he received holy orders ; but as Father de Sandoval was shortly afterwards recalled to Lima, his disciple was left with the whole burden to himself : he acquitted himself so well of it, that when Father de Sandoval returned, judging him

to be quite sufficient for Carthagená, he himself penetrated farther into the country, and traversed more than four hundred leagues, passing no habitation without leaving brilliant proofs of his zeal, and gathering fruits proportioned to the immensity of his labours. On his return to Carthagená he was employed in various offices : there was no sort of labour that he did not undertake ; no virtue of which he was not a perfect model ; he lost no opportunity of hearing confessions, catechizing, preaching, or being useful to any one and every one. At length, being exhausted by fatigue, covered with ulcers, overwhelmed with pain, he spent the two last years of his life stretched on a poor bed, abandoned by almost every one, because there were so few Jesuits in the college, and they so overpowered with a multitude of duties, as to be quite unable to show him the attention that they wished. When any one went to visit him, he was usually found lying on his back with his eyes raised towards heaven, his hands joined upon his breast, incessantly offering to God the double sacrifice of praise and of his life ; in this state, so afflicting to nature, his only words were, " God be praised. Blessed be God ! " and his only consolation was being able still to drag himself to the church, to say mass. He died on the morning of Christmas Day, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Such was the great master destined by God for Father Claver ; what wonder that in so holy

a school, with such perfect dispositions, he should himself become such an efficient missionary? He was only one year under the guidance of Father de Sandoval; but in that short space of time, being ever attentive to his example and instructions, and being still more inflamed with his zeal and charity, he abundantly received the double spirit of his master, whom he was soon able to surpass. It may perhaps be doubted, whether any evangelical workman, through the course of his apostolic career, ever made so perfect and generous a sacrifice. By change of country and climate ministers of the gospel find at least new objects to animate and sustain them; the pleasure of the one may in some sort compensate for the rigour of the other; even a change is itself a relief to nature. But the climate to which Father Claver condemned himself, never lost any of its rigours; there was for him a constant succession of fresh labours and fresh sufferings, though always in the same place, and this for nearly forty years. He ever needed new zeal and new courage, because the city being the resort of people from all countries, the apostle of Carthagená may be said to have been the apostle of a whole world.

As soon as a ship-load of negroes entered the port he was immediately informed of it, the governor himself and all the chief officers coveting this duty; because, besides his promise of saying a number of masses for whoever should be the first to tell him such good news, every one knew it was the greatest pleasure they could

afford him. In fact, he immediately revived, his eyes brightened, and his pale emaciated face assumed a hue of health quite unusual to it. After falling on his knees to thank God for the favour, he inquired the language of the new slaves, then seeking out his interpreters, he hastened to the ship, carrying with him a provision of biscuits, preserves, brandy, tobacco, lemons, and such other things as delight those poor savages. As the greater part of them suppose that they are only bought to have their fat used to grease the keel and sides of ships, and their blood to dye the sails, the father's first object was to remove these groundless terrors, persuading them that this idea was an artifice of the devil, who sought their perdition; that they were brought to Carthagena to be freed from his slavery, and to be taught the path to heaven, and that several of their own countrymen would tell them how much happier they were at Carthagena; assuring them that he would ever be their protector, advocate, master, and father. His look of tender compassion was even more effectual than his words: kindness shone in every action, and was more eloquent than anything that his interpreters could say; there seemed to be a sympathy between his heart and the hearts of those poor creatures which attached them to him, even at first sight. The distribution of his little refreshments completely gained them, and hence, when alluding to the subject, he often said, "We must speak to them with our hands before we try to speak to them with our lips."

To be able to do this he usually went to one of his friends, (a very virtuous and charitable man,) to whom he would smilingly say, "A ship-load of negroes has just arrived, I must have a bait to catch them with." This was easily understood, and all the provisions he needed were soon procured. When by his charity he had won them to himself, he strove to gain them to God; first inquiring how many had been born during the voyage, to baptise them; he next visited those who were dangerously ill, that he might prepare them either for baptism or confession, as the case might be. Many of them died immediately after receiving this grace, so that it seemed as if Divine Providence had preserved them to give His servant the consolation of saving them. Such favours animated him to redoubled exertion, persuaded that so great a happiness can never be too dearly bought. He caressed all the sick, one after another, cleansing their filth and wounds, feeding them himself; and when taking leave he tenderly embraced each of them, leaving them as much surprised as delighted with a kindness which they had so little expected; and they felt convinced that slavery at Carthagena was preferable to liberty in their own country. When the day of general disembarkation came he was punctual to the moment, and was there with his usual stock of provisions, and accompanied by some slaves from the same country; he gave them his hand to help them ashore, received the sick in his arms and placed them in carts he had procured expressly for them; there was

no one to whom he did not show affection, inso-much, that all who witnessed it were struck with admiration; nor did he quit them till he had conducted them as it were in triumph to their lodgings; feeling more honoured at entering Carthagera in such company, than formerly conquerors did when they triumphantly entered Rome. When they were safely lodged he visited each one of them, promising to come again soon; and recommended them most earnestly to their masters.

It was his wish to unite them all to God without delay; but his greatest difficulty was to find good interpreters. What obstacles had he not to vanquish! What persecutions had he not to undergo on this account! It cost much to pay them and to form them; but his courage accomplished the one and Providence took care of the other. Having obtained leave of his superiors to collect alms for this holy purpose, he went from door to door, appealing to the charity of the faithful; and God, who was interested in the salvation of these souls, inspired several pious persons to supply him abundantly with all that he required. These resources enabled him to get interpreters, to regale the poor and the sick, to redeem some slaves that were reduced to despair, and even to pay all the substitutes engaged to work in place of his interpreters so long as he employed them. God having given him this desired success, he resumed his apostolic labours with renewed ardour. He proceeded in the following manner: having arranged with

his interpreters the most convenient time and place to instruct his negroes, he went to their lodgings, which were a sort of magazines, or rather long prisons, damp, dark, and unfurnished, in fact, four bare walls. Although large enough to contain several hundred negroes, their great numbers oblige them to be, as it were, piled one on another, with the ground only for their bed. The hot and empoisoned air exhaled from so many bodies already infectious of themselves, makes it insupportable to be long amongst them, and there are few strangers who do not faint after even a short stay. But if the small-pox or some epidemic disease be added to their miseries, the poor negroes themselves are unable to endure it.

Before setting out the zealous missionary implored the divine mercy by fervent prayers offered in presence of the blessed Sacrament, by additional austerities, and by other works of piety as the ardour of his charity suggested; he then set off with a staff in his hand, of which the upper part formed a cross, a bronze crucifix upon his breast, and a bag upon his shoulder containing a stole and surplice, the holy oils, some biscuits, flasks of brandy, and odoriferous waters, together with all that was necessary to arrange an altar or to solace the sick. Although so heavily laden he walked on with such courage and agility, that his companion could scarcely keep pace with him. On his arrival he proceeded to the quarters of the sick, and began by washing their faces with scented water, to diminish the infec-

tion, giving them a little wine or brandy to strengthen them, he regaled them with biscuits and preserves, and then administered such sacraments as they were in a condition to receive, and never left them till they were as much consoled as they were delighted with his goodness; he then repaired to those who were in health, and collecting them all together in some spacious place, he erected an altar, on which he placed pictures suited to give those uncultivated minds some idea of the mysteries of religion. The most conspicuous of these was the representation of Christ upon the cross, and was a very striking picture. Streams of blood flowed from each wound into a precious vase; a priest collected it with reverence to baptise a negro with it, who was kneeling to receive this grace. Popes, cardinals, kings, and princes, assisted at the ceremony, joyfully adoring the mercy of God our Saviour, who thus shed His blood for the whole world. On one side of the picture several negroes were represented very richly adorned and shining with glory; these were such as had been already baptised, whilst those who had refused this blessing, appeared on the other side, all deformed and surrounded by hideous monsters, whose open jaws were ready to devour them; this picture, so consoling, yet so terrible, taught these poor creatures to value a benefit, honoured even by the powers of this world, and to dread the misfortunes destined to those who will not profit by the mercy offered them; it excited the desire to avoid sin by vir-

tue of that divine blood joined to the water of the sacrament; and above all, to love that God who had suffered so much for such miserable beings. Paintings of this sort, seconded by a few short lively sentences, animated by zeal, are often more efficacious than the most eloquent discourses. Matters being so far arranged, he himself placed seats for his interpreters; and that the negroes might be able to hear the word of God at their ease, he fetched benches, boards, and matting, which he carefully placed round the altar; he did all this so cheerfully, and with such amiable fervour, that the poor slaves knew not how to express their gratitude. He placed the men on one side, and the women on the other; he attended to everything, and seemed to have nothing else to do there but to serve and be the slave of the slaves themselves. If amongst them he perceived any the sight or infection of whose ulcers made them disagreeable to the rest, he would throw his cloak over them; indeed, he frequently made a cushion of it for the infirm, fearing they were not comfortably seated. On these occasions it was often withdrawn so infected and filthy, as to require washing seven or eight times over; but the ardour of his charity seemed to purify all, and he himself was so engrossed with the work of gaining these souls to God, that he would have put on his cloak immediately it was taken from under the most filthy and disgusting objects, if his interpreters had not prevented him.

Before he began his catechetical instruction,

he took each negro and inquired of him whether he had been baptised, doing it in a manner that the others should not hear the answers. Those who gave sufficient proof of their baptism he placed on one side, and to distinguish them, he put a leaden medal round their necks, on which the holy names of Jesus and Mary were engraved, desiring them to wear it all their lives, both as a mark of the grace they had received, and as a preservative against the dangers to which they would be exposed. He gave those whose answers left him in doubt as to their baptism a particular token by which he might recognise them, and baptise them conditionally some other day. After these preliminaries he at length began his instructions in the following manner. Holding his staff, which was in the form of a cross, in his hand, he knelt down in the midst of the negroes and prayed for some time, his face burning with the fire of the Holy Spirit. He then, with a loud tone, and a tenderness of manner which drew tears from the hardest hearts, made the sign of the cross, repeating each word and action two or three times, in order that all might be able to follow him. After this he went round with his interpreters the whole set, desiring each negro to make the sign of the cross, praising those who recollected how to do it, and gently reproofing those who did not; but never passing on to a second until the first had perfectly learnt it. This was as yet but a slight specimen of his labours. He pursued the same plan in explaining the principal

mysteries of the faith, showing the same devotion ; and to make them better understood he used comparisons suited to the uncultivated intellects of his hearers. Moreover he not only inculcated what they were to believe, but taught them how to practise it. The exposition of each mystery was followed by an act of faith, which he was careful to impress strongly on their minds ; he excited their hope by the prospect of the happiness and glory which the mercy and the blood of God Himself has prepared for Christians. This consideration naturally excited reiterated acts of love towards so good and great a master who deigned to draw them out of their darkness into light ; who from being slaves of the devil had made them children of that God, who having delivered them from damnation which they had so often deserved, offered them an eternity of felicity if they would observe His law. As in him all these various acts sprung from a heart full of faith, hope, and love, the fire which inflamed him was communicated to all those who heard him, and he availed himself of these good dispositions, to excite in them a sincere detestation of their infidelity, together with an ardent desire of receiving baptism.

To make them better understand the efficacy of the sacrament, he would say, " My children, we must be like the serpent, which throws off its old skin to receive another more beautiful and brilliant ; " and then drew his nails across his hand as if he would tear off the skin : the poor slaves, watchful of his slightest motions, did the

same, to show him that they understood his meaning, and that they would cast off their old superstitions in order to be renovated in the saving waters of baptism. During these instructions he sometimes stood, sometimes knelt, or occasionally leaned against some old useless barrel, whilst in the meantime his interpreters and the negroes were comfortably seated on the benches which he himself had prepared for them. It often happened that the slave-masters, (wishing to witness this edifying ceremony,) surprised at the humility of the holy man, and provoked at what they thought want of respect in their negroes, attempted to punish their insolence, but the father instantly ran to their assistance, earnestly trying to explain to the masters that the slaves were in the right, because everything there was done for them, whilst he was but a mere cypher. In effect, as he esteemed himself far beneath them, it is not suprising that he sought their comfort in preference to his own.

When he thought them sufficiently instructed, he appointed a day for the administration of baptism; he arranged them in tens, giving the same name to each ten that they might better remember it. He baptised the children first, then the men and boys, and lastly the women and girls; before beginning the ceremony he knelt down and prayed fervently for those poor souls redeemed by the blood of God, to whom he presented them all, conjuring Him to purify them. This being done he arose, his face inflamed like a seraph's, and approached those to be baptised,

accompanied by an interpreter and a Christian negro and negress, to act as god-father and god-mother. The one to be baptised knelt down with his hands joined upon his breast, and the father showing him the baptismal water in a silver vase, said, "Behold this saving water, which in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, washes and purifies the soul, rendering it brilliant as the sun: behold the source of grace which makes men the children of God, and gives them a right to the kingdom of His glory; but to obtain this favour we must repent of our sins, renounce the devil and the maxims of the world: will you not do this with all your heart? Do you not believe in Jesus Christ? Will you not enter His Church and receive baptism?" He repeated these words two or three times; and when the negro had answered properly, he was immediately baptised. After this he put round his neck one of the medals which he had caused to be made, bearing the names of Jesus and Mary in order to distinguish him from the non-baptised. Whilst he was employed in these functions, if he was informed that any one of the sick was in danger, he left all to go and help him, and afterwards returned to his interrupted labour; it is impossible to say how many souls he snatched from the devil by this prompt and timely succour; for many of these slaves died instantly after their baptism, on which occasion he immediately knelt down to thank God for deigning to employ him in the salvation of those

unfortunates who without this grace would have been irretrievably lost.

When the ceremony of baptism was over, he made a pathetic exhortation to the newly-baptised, reminding them of the great benefit they had just received and of the obligations they had contracted. He then exhorted them to observe faithfully the law of Jesus Christ, whose members they had become, and to die rather than violate it by a single sin; adding, that if unfortunately they should commit any, they would find a salutary remedy, a secure and ever-open resource, in contrition and confession; after which, he explained to them the way in which Christians should receive the sacrament of penance. To strike them the more forcibly, to give them a greater horror of sin, and to incite them more efficaciously to the practice of virtue, he drew a picture to them, on the one hand, of a lost soul, with the eternal punishments God has prepared for sinners, and on the other a beatified soul, resplendent in glory; saying to them, "Behold what you will one day be, if you are faithful in preserving the grace of baptism." All these exercises finished with a fervent act of contrition and love of God. Taking in his hand the crucifix which he wore upon his breast, he held it up so that all might see it, and exclaimed, "Behold how our sins have treated our great God and loving Father; see to what a plight He is reduced by our exceeding malice and His boundless love for us! Yes, it is for us that He died upon this cross;—for us that He was

plunged in this abyss of ignominy and suffering!" These words were accompanied with such deep sighs and bitter tears, that the poor savages replied with sobs and cries that would have moved the hardest hearts. Finding them in the dispositions he wished, he taught them to say and repeat often these beautiful words: "O Jesus Christ, only Son of God, Thou art my Father, my Mother, my Treasure, my only Good! I love Thee with all my heart, and I am grieved beyond measure that I have offended Thee: yes, I love Thee with all my strength and with all my soul." Then, at length, looking upon them as true children of God, purified in the blood of the Lamb, he tenderly embraced them all; showing a heart so affectionate, and a countenance so loving and full of joy, that these poor slaves, delighted with his goodness, and animated by that new spirit which baptism gives, knew not what return to make for so much love. In order to show their consolation and joy, they raised their eyes to heaven, clapped their hands, and threw themselves on their knees at his feet, that they might kiss at least the border of his cassock; each one uttering redoubled shouts of gladness, and in his own language and manner overwhelming the father with a thousand blessings. Wherever they met with him afterwards, they always showed the same demonstrations of love and respect. They ran in crowds to meet him, and prostrating themselves on the ground called him their master, their protector, their father; never thinking they did enough to express their

gratitude. This labour alone would have sufficed to occupy several missionaries ; yet to Father Claver it was not the labour of every year, but of every week, and almost of every day. At the arrival of each fresh set of negroes he was obliged to recommence the same exercises, with the same care and renewed trouble ; so that he often had but short intervals to devote to other labours. He had the greatest trouble with the negroes from the coasts of Guinea, and it cost him much to prepare them for baptism, and engage them to embrace and practise Christianity ; for they were naturally proud and unyielding, and besides this were attached to a multitude of Mahometan superstitions. For them he redoubled his zeal and charity, acting like a tender father, yielding to all their caprices, and bearing everything at their hands : in fine, his prayers, patience, and meekness triumphed, where the severity of their masters failed. The holy missionary was ever watchful over all that concerned his dear flock. Besides the negroes, marked in the public registers, he knew that to avoid paying government duty, pilots and sailors often landed great numbers on the neighbouring coasts, and then had them secretly conveyed to Carthagená, where they were carefully concealed and sold to merchants, who sent them to work in their sugar-plantations, where they passed for Christians, though they had never been baptised. His zeal contrived to surmount all the obstacles thus raised by cupidity. He sent to all the houses of the people connected

with the sea, trusty interpreters, who under pretext of relationship or acquaintance, asked to see the newly arrived negroes. The poor slaves, delighted to see one of their friends, hastened in crowds; then the interpreters inquired of each one in private whether he had been baptised? If the answer was no, they told them that they had come to procure them all this happiness and to make them thereby children of God. They then instructed them by degrees, and taught them what was necessary to be believed and practised, in order to obtain this grace. When the emissaries thought them sufficiently disposed, they informed Father Claver, who immediately hastened thither; and, not to exasperate their masters, he promised them inviolable secrecy, as to their evasion of the law, and never to do anything contrary to their interests. The masters, therefore, relying on his integrity, and touched by his kindness, willingly permitted him to instruct and baptise their slaves, as well as to exercise freely all his ministerial functions.

He was not satisfied with making Christians of his negroes, he would have them good and virtuous Christians; but what additional trouble did not this occasion him! To win their confidence more and more, and to make them docile to his advice, he spared himself in nothing. He daily visited them in their huts, consoled them in their afflictions, assisted them in their necessities, succoured them in sickness, carrying them remedies, or whatever he thought they liked: night and day he was occupied about

them. He often spent whole hours in the market-place collecting alms ; and after obtaining from the venders different sorts of provisions he packed them in a basket, and carried them on his back to his dear negroes. Before distributing them he explained the commandments of God and the Church, taught them how to pray, hear mass, approach the sacraments of penance and the eucharist, and perform all their actions holily ; he reminded them again of the recompense promised to the just, and of the terrible chastisements reserved for impenitent sinners ; and he always concluded his visits by causing them to make acts of contrition and of the love of God. On festivals he went himself to bring them to mass, conducting them to the church of the college, where he had previously prepared mats and benches, to protect them from the damp. If he had too many confessions to be able to go himself, he sent some zealous negroes possessed of influence with them, who brought them in crowds. The sight of all these slaves was extremely annoying to the Spaniards, especially the ladies, who could not endure the scent of these assembled negroes, and loudly complained of it ; but Father Claver modestly answered, that these poor people being Christians, were obliged to comply with the precept of the Church ; and he being their pastor and their chaplain, it belonged to him to say mass for them, and to take care that they heard it. At length people were obliged to yield to his zeal. After mass he had refreshments given to the

aged and infirm, who were then conducted home by sure and charitable guides. Whilst he thus sacrificed himself for them, he omitted nothing to keep them within the bounds of duty, and to prevent them from forgetting their obligations. He went about wherever he thought they could be met, and if he found any one swerving from the maxims of Christianity or propriety, he assumed a tone of authority which they could not resist. He never met any one without giving him some salutary counsels suited to his age, condition, and wants. To such as were young, he said, "Take care, do not rely upon your youth, seeds are often destroyed in the earth, nor do blossoms always produce fruit." To others of mature age, he said, "Recollect, the house is already old, and threatens ruin, confess whilst you have still time and opportunity." If he met with some libertine more intractable than the rest, he would say, "God counts thy sins, and the next that you commit may perhaps be the last." These admonitions were usually effectual; fear of God's chastisements sufficed to maintain in virtue or withdraw from vice many of those savages who had been till then insensible to everything else. Moreover, the authority he had gained over their minds, and their affection for him, made them obey without reply or difficulty; the mere sight of him would check the most unruly, and even the vicious when they met him, knelt down to ask his blessing.

The slaves have a strong passion for dancing; so long as the father saw there was nothing com-

mitted against propriety or moderation, he allowed it, being persuaded that people so perpetually overwhelmed with labour, need some innocent amusement. But at the least symptom of indelicacy he hastened amongst them with animated look, his countenance on fire, a crucifix in one hand, and a discipline in the other, with which he struck both dancers and musicians; the instruments were quickly abandoned, which he took possession of as trophies wrested from the devil; he confided them to the care of some zealous Christian, with an order not to restore them till the owners had bestowed some alms on the poor in the leper's hospital. He could not endure to see a negress alone with a negro, even in the streets; and when sometimes a plea of relationship was urged in its defence, he would sharply answer, "Everybody is not aware of this relationship, but everybody sees the scandal." On such occasions as soon as he appeared, the parties instantly separated. One day an immoral negress endeavoured to stop a negro in the street, who twice said to her, "Go away, in God's name go away, don't you see Father Claver coming?" Upon which the girl ran off in a fright. A monk of St. John of God's Order, who happened to be near enough to hear these words, looked round in all directions for the father, but could neither see him or any other ecclesiastic; so he always considered there was something miraculous in the circumstance. If he found a negro speaking too freely with a saleswoman in the market, he

always gave them a reprimand, and sent the slave home to his master; it sometimes happened that the woman ran off too, leaving her stall behind, and then the holy man put it under some neighbour's care, who was only to give it up on payment of a trifling alms, or some other work of piety. One of his chief cares was to prevent their working on festivals under any plea or pretext whatever. If in consequence they were in real want, he procured alms for their subsistence, saying, as he gave it them, "Never fear that fidelity to God will make you lose your bread." Nor was he less exact in making them observe all the fasts of the Church, and in admonishing them to spend holily the seasons of Advent and Lent. During these times he absolutely forbade dances and games, strongly representing to them that these were periods set apart to weep for their sins, to punish illicit pleasures by the privation of such as were lawful, and that Christians could not without shame and ingratitude employ themselves in amusements at the time that God had suffered for them.

His zeal was particularly directed against drunkards and blasphemers: if he heard that any one had yielded to excess in these matters, after a severe reprimand, he made the person lick the ground with his tongue; and then to humble him more before all the rest, he placed his foot lightly on the offender's neck, saying, "Who art thou, miserable creature! that darest thus attack heaven, and outrage the divine Majesty?" On going away he left directions to be informed

whether the delinquent amended or not, and he never rested until he had obtained from him what he sought. With regard to immoral connexions, when every other remedy had failed he insisted on the marriage of the parties ; and if their masters objected, he boldly told them, that faults committed after marriage would be imputed to the negroes themselves, whilst the masters would be held responsible by God for such sins as were occasioned by refusing to allow their marriage : that moreover, their dominion did not extend over the soul ; and that whatever their rights might be, they could not supersede divine and natural law.

One abuse which cost him most trouble was a sort of festival called the Tears of the Dead. At an appointed time, men and women met in the night to weep for all their dead connexions ; many superstitious ceremonies took place, intoxication and other disorders prevailed ; his zeal could not behold without indignation such excesses, nor would he rest till the whole affair was abolished. He had even recourse to the ecclesiastical authorities for this purpose, and he obtained from the magistrates an order forbidding any kind of intoxicating liquor to be taken or sold there. God Himself aided his pious endeavours by extraordinary interpositions bordering on the miraculous.

In proportion as he exerted his zeal and severity to check sin amongst his negroes, so did he show gentleness, tenderness, and charity in everything else. If he met with any who were in

dread of being punished by their masters for negligence in the purchase or sale of the goods entrusted to them, he either went to ask pardon for them, or if refused by their masters, he begged everywhere alms to indemnify them himself for their losses. When he learned that his poor negroes were too cruelly treated, his heart was torn with sorrow; he hastened to the masters, sparing no remonstrance or entreaty to awaken their compassion. If he heard while passing the lamentations or shrieks of the punished he rushed to them, and with extended arms strove to check the blows. In fine, he undertook to re-conduct home those who from fear of punishment had fled away, soliciting pardon for them, promising every satisfaction, and willingly offering himself as bail for them. A negress exasperated by the harsh treatment of her mistress, resolved to run away and hide herself in the mountains, but would not set off till she had asked Father Claver's blessing. The holy man did all he could to calm her, representing to her the madness of thus exposing herself to eternal torments for the sake of obtaining a slight alleviation of transitory sufferings, and he gained such complete ascendancy over her, that he brought her back to her home; and then on her behalf he spoke so effectually to her mistress, that the poor slave was never exposed again to a similar temptation. He was particularly attentive to such as were in prison loaded with chains: he often visited them, and knowing how much they were neglected, he was careful to bring them tobacco, and other

such little comforts: he spent hours with them, trying to soothe their sufferings, and to make them sensible to their value, telling them (with a sweetness that moved the most obdurate) that whatever they suffered was the effect of God's mercy, who, to spare them the eternal torments they had so often deserved, permitted this temporary severity on the part of their masters, and that for himself he would willingly share their sufferings, and if it were possible remain in prison with them to console them. By these discourses, with his tender and sympathizing manners, he saved many from despair, to which they were on the point of yielding. On quitting them he repaired to their masters, that he might induce them to proportion the punishment to the faults, and not drive those poor creatures to desperation; promising that for the future they should have every reason to be satisfied: and on these occasions the poor slaves did their best to repair their previous faults, in order not to fail in what was owing to their good father.

All the pains and trouble of the holy man to instruct and baptise the negroes, was nothing compared to what he did to teach them how to approach the sacrament of penance properly. It was here that he was able to satisfy to the full his zeal and mortification. The Jesuits' church was small, very damp, excessively hot, and swarming with musquitoes, attracted there by its vicinity to the sea. Father Claver's confessional was close to the door, exposed to a

broiling sun till midday. He entered it as soon as the first mass began, and remained there till eight o'clock, hearing the confessions of all who presented themselves. At the slightest sign of the sacristan he returned to it immediately, and did not leave until he had satisfied every one who wished to come to him. On the approach of any great festival, or particular indulgence, he took a turn through the city, saying to those he met, "Such-a-day will be the feast of our Lord, or of our Blessed Lady; there is an indulgence to be gained; we must think of cleaning the house, and purifying the heart." On these days he entered the confessional at three o'clock in the morning, and remained there till called away to say the last mass. So long as there were any negroes for confession, he would hear no others; but after them, he received the poor and the children belonging to the charity schools. If, as it often happened, persons of rank mingled in the crowd, he gently sought to send them elsewhere, telling the men they could easily find other confessors; and giving the ladies to understand that his confessional was too narrow for the compass of their gowns, being only suited to poor negresses. There were many, however, who would not be thus repulsed; concern for their salvation, and confidence in so holy a director, led them to surmount all obstacles; though to obtain the desired favour they were obliged to wait till all the negroes had finished.

In the midst of all these occupations, arising from the painful career which his zeal and char-

ity had opened to him, he received orders to prepare to take the last vows of Professed Father, towards the end of the year 1622. As this degree presupposes great learning and virtue in those of the society who are judged worthy of it, he was deeply afflicted thereby, because he saw nothing of this sort in himself. He accepted it only on condition of being allowed to add another vow, viz. to consecrate himself for ever to the service of the negroes. His profession began in this manner: "Love, Jesus, Mary, Ignatius, Peter, my Alphonso, and all ye patrons of my dear negroes, listen to me!" He then pronounced the vows of the Professed Fathers, which he thus signed, "Peter, for ever the slave of the negroes." After his first vows he looked upon himself as the slave of God; but, after the second, he would for His sake become the slave of the slaves themselves. He knew that the more he loved those unfortunate beings, the more should he testify his love for his Lord; by loving Him in that which is least loveable to man; so that from that time, they constituted his best delight. It was his pleasure to bury amidst poor negroes those natural talents which would have drawn public admiration, either in schools, or in the pulpit: henceforward, his greatest wisdom was to despise that which he had acquired by long study: he even affected to know nothing, but what was necessary to the worthy performance of the humble ministry he had chosen. To render every possible service to these coarse uncultivated creatures, afforded him at

once joy in his trials, consolation in his afflictions, and support in his labours. In a word, we may truly say, that the tenderness of a mother for her cherished babe, could not equal that of this holy missionary for his dear slaves. It was in these dispositions that he first entered the path traced out for him by Providence; it was in the same dispositions, (though daily rendered more perfect and sublime) that he persevered even until death. However excessive may appear the labours already described, they but served as a prelude to those which overwhelmed him during Lent; of which the following may give some idea.

He took care to have the church floor covered with boards which he had scrubbed every day in order to defend the negroes both from damp and from the stench which the wood might have contracted. At the back of his confessional he hung up a quantity of beads, disciplines, and hair-cloths, which he distributed from the first day: opposite to it was a little table, on which was a book full of pictures, representing the mysteries of our Saviour's life and passion: above was seen a picture of a lost soul amid the flames of hell, in order that this sight might inspire his penitents with a greater horror of sin, and a more lively contrition. He did not forget the aged and infirm for whom he had always some little luxuries. These preparations being completed, he entered his confessional before day-break, spending eight whole hours there, and returned again at two in the afternoon, being the hour appointed for the negresses. Before he be-

gan confessions he gave a short explanation of the gospel of the day, finishing with acts of contrition, uttered with so much tenderness and devotion as to draw tears from the eyes of all; thus disposing them for the sacrament of penance, which they approached with a piety and fervour that might have shamed the Spanish Catholics. The fatigue of these labours, aggravated by the heat, the unpleasant smell of the negroes, the stings of the musquitoes, and the hair-shirt which reached from his neck to his feet, often made him sink from exhaustion: the only remedy he would then use, was to wipe his face with a linen steeped in wine: this weakness sometimes occasioned a complete fainting-fit, and then his fellow religious who happened to be in the church were obliged to carry him away, and reproach him for his excessive mortifications. Towards six in the evening he heard the men's confessions until the college gate was closed, when he was often so exhausted as to need assistance to enable him to reach the refectory, where a piece of coarse bread and some fried potatoes constituted his meal. On retiring to his room he refreshed himself after his labours by taking a severe discipline, and by two or three hours of mental prayer. In this holy exercise the vigour of his soul seemed to renew the strength of his exhausted body; and if sometimes, being but man, he felt overpowered with fatigue, he courageously surmounted it because he was so closely united to God. On the Sundays of Lent he assembled the negroes and mulattoes by ring-

ing a little hand-bell, and conducted them in procession to the public square, singing prayers and canticles. He there taught them the Christian doctrine, and made a touching discourse, which he ended with an act of contrition: he next conducted them to the church, where he immediately entered his confessional to reap the fruit of his instructions. His thoughtful attention on these occasions was quite extraordinary: not content with having the aged and sick carried in sedan-chairs, he supported them on his knees, or seated himself on the arm of their chair, to be able to hear their confessions more conveniently to themselves. He then conducted them to the altar, and after seeing them make a proper thanksgiving he gave them a breakfast together with some little delicacies, which he usually presented to them on his knees. The reader must not be surprised to find the same thing so often repeated: a mother is never tired of perpetually renewing the same acts of kindness, and he most certainly was a truly tender mother to his negroes and to all the unfortunate. From Passion-Sunday his discourses were entirely devoted to the sufferings of our Blessed Saviour. Opposite the altar of our Blessed Lady, he placed pictures representing the dolorous mysteries of our Lord's life, and as the negroes came in he made them look at these pictures, in order to excite them before their confession to a more lively sorrow for their sins, which had cost Jesus Christ so much. On Maundy-Thursaday, he displayed a picture of the same Saviour washing the

feet of his apostles, hoping by this moving sight to teach his negroes humility, obedience, and fraternal love. Confessions and exhortations succeeded each other almost without intermission, and during the two weeks of Easter so continual was his labour, that several other missionaries together could scarcely have got through what he did. Credible persons who observed him have declared, that during one Lent he confessed more than five thousand negroes; from whence we may form some idea of the extent of his labours, especially if we consider the time and trouble it must have cost him to prepare so many ignorant beings for the due reception of the sacrament. He often met with self-interested masters, who (not reflecting that in proportion as their slaves became better Christians, they became more docile, more laborious, and more faithful,) complained of Father Claver for making them lose so much time; but this never checked his zeal. Others, more reasonable, sometimes brought him little presents, in testimony of their gratitude; but so far from accepting them, and judging himself wholly unworthy of them, he frankly said to the donors, "Take it to your parish priest, he has much more trouble than I have, and deserves it far more than I do." He always thought that he did nothing, and that others did much: he even looked upon himself as one utterly useless, who ate his bread without earning it, and who was maintained only out of mere charity.

After the Easter festivals, being less occupied in his confessional, he went about the town in

search of the sick who had been unable to comply with the precept of the Church, and then his zeal made him piously curious; he penetrated into the remotest corners, the most obscure huts, and even into old stables, to see whether any aged or decrepid negro might be there, for he well knew that these unfortunate creatures were abandoned like brute beasts, as soon as they became unfit for labour: besides many of them having been long at Carthagená, yet not baptised, would have thought themselves dishonoured by receiving baptism at their advanced age, and therefore contented themselves with practising a few exterior duties of Christianity. He spared no pains to withdraw these from their danger. God often gave him special inspirations in this matter, and not unfrequently, when least expected, he met, as if by accident, some of these living skeletons, who seemed to be forgotten by death, and who only awaited the coming of the holy missionary to be baptised and die. There was in the city a negress more than a hundred years old, who had long passed herself off as a Christian without being one. The father called on her, intending to hear her confession; but before beginning, he asked her, (as if by inspiration,) whether she had been baptised? Not daring to tell a lie, she owned that she had not, and added, moreover, that the night before Jesus Christ had appeared to her on the cross, accompanied by His Holy Mother, and had severely reproached her for her negligence. The father immediately instructed and baptised her,

and as she died a few moments after, he had the consolation of sending her to heaven.

When broken by age he knew the worst ought always to be looked for, so he regularly went his rounds in this manner twice a year; always repeating on these occasions his familiar remark, "You see the house is old and tottering, it will fall when you least expect it; make use of the present opportunity, it may perhaps be the last." His prediction was but too often verified to the misfortune of those who rejected his charitable admonition.

During the rest of the year, when not engaged in the missions, of which we shall speak hereafter, one of his chief occupations was to assist the sick negroes: he kept an exact list of them, and commissioned trusty persons to give him timely notice if they were in danger. For the good of those poor souls, and for the consolation of His faithful minister, who was sensibly afflicted if any of them died without help, God often gave him special light on this subject. To be always secure of companions for these occasions, he used to help the brothers in all that he was able, even doing the greater part of their work, that they might have leisure to accompany him if needed. No inclemency of weather or difficulty of road could for a moment deter him; there was something quite remarkable about him in this respect; for whilst he was studying at Santa-Fè the heat of the sun was so prejudicial to him as to make him ill, nor could he even cross the court without screening his head from the intensity of

its rays ; yet in his labours at Carthagená, he was constantly exposed to the greatest heats without being incommoded thereby. Nothing seemed to fatigue him ; his companions could scarcely keep pace with him, and weakened by lassitude sunk under the fatigue, insomuch, that he has been obliged to change them as often as three or four times in the course of one afternoon ; but on returning home, he desired the porter, (as if he had as yet done nothing,) to let him know at any hour of the night if the sick wanted him ; saying, “ They who work hard require rest ; as for me who do nothing, I require none.” His room was immediately over the gate ; and as he never undressed, and spent the greater part of the night in prayer, he hastened down stairs instantly at the first sound of the bell. Those persons who attentively consider the succession and continuity of these labours, will unhesitatingly agree that such fatigues, so courageously sustained for so many years, afford one of the most striking proofs of the charity and divine love recorded of this apostolic man. His care was not limited to visiting his negroes in their sickness ; to give them the spiritual helps they needed he became the physician of their bodies as well as of their souls ; his room was like a shop, open to all the sick, and the numbers who applied there for relief would have furnished full occupation to any one. He made ample provision of whatever could gratify the sick poor, and when he went to see them he always carried a bag well stocked with remedies, and such little luxuries

as he knew they liked. The hospital appropriated to the blind and crippled negresses attracted his chief attention, and however long their infirmities might continue, his charity was still more lengthened. During three whole years, he continued visiting a poor old negress, and supplied all her necessites; he did the same for another during ten years. In fine, having heard that a negro broken down by age and infirmity was left abandoned in a miserable hut outside the town walls, he undertook the care of him till his death, that is, for the space of fourteen years. He went to carry him a supply of provisions every week, and often sent charitable persons to visit him. He repaired his cabin, and used to make his bed for him, lifting him very carefully out and in, with other such tender demonstrations of charity; to provide for all his wants, he used to go from door to door, recommending the poor negro to the care of his neighbours, and when he received an alms for him he would return most humble thanks.

God was pleased to sustain and recompense the zeal of His servant by signal favours, which remunerated him for all his trouble. As we have before remarked, many of these poor slaves seemed only to wait the arrival of their charitable father to die happily, as happened to two negroes belonging to two Spanish captains: they were insensible and at the point of death; when the father arrived, he put himself in prayer, and they revived; he baptised them, and a moment after he had the consolation of seeing them die, clothed with the

robe of innocence, just imparted by the sacrament of baptism. The same grace was conferred on a pagan negress who was abandoned and dying without help in a wretched cabin; the holy man entered as if by accident, and found her without motion, without pulse, and quite cold. In this extremity he addressed himself to our Lord: consciousness returned to the sick woman, he had time enough to instruct and baptise her, when she immediately expired. In the house of a Spanish lady there was a negro who passed for a Christian without being one; and who, after a few days' illness, was reduced to extremity. Father Claver was called to him, and found him already in his agony; he began to pray for him, upon which his reason was restored, he owned that he had never received baptism, he received it, and expired.

It would be endless to attempt to relate all the wonders performed by Almighty God for the consolation of the holy missionary, and the salvation of his dear slaves; two others, however, which are very remarkable, must not be omitted. After spending a whole afternoon visiting the sick, he was returning home exhausted and weary, when he suddenly stopped, and with a deep sigh said to his companion, "Brother, let us enter this house, we shall not be detained long." He entered, and found some poor women, who thought they saw an angel from heaven when they saw him. "Where is the sick woman?" he eagerly inquired; they, astonished at the question, led him to a little back-room,

where he found a woman at the last gasp; he spoke to her, heard her confession, gave her absolution, and saw her calmly expire. On another occasion as he and the same companion were engaged in an act of charity, the father said with great emotion, "Wait a little, there is a soul in need of succour;" he immediately left what he was about, and went to a poor hut beyond the city walls, where he found an old negro in his agony, who, having made his confession and received Extreme Unction, died in the holy man's arms. The weather at the time was so unpropitious that before he reached home he was drenched with rain and covered with mud, but unmindful of himself, he thought only of his companion to make him change his clothes. This good brother has since declared on oath, that the father, guided by the same interior spirit, had assisted so many others in similar circumstances, that he could not enumerate them. Passing one day along a street, he observed a negress seated quietly at the door. He immediately inquired for her mistress, whom he desired to take care of the slave, and see that she made her confession without delay. "But, father," replied the lady in surprise, "why such haste? she is in good health." "No matter," said the holy man, "let her confess, otherwise both she and you will have reason to repent it." His advice was followed, the slave made her confession, and died that same day.

If Almighty God, to furnish new causes of labour to his servant, thus enlightened him with

regard to the dangers of some, He would also recompense his charity by revealing to him the happiness of others. He had induced a virtuous negress to receive into her house, and take care of, another negress, paralyzed and covered with wounds. One day when he went as usual to visit her, hear her confession, and give her some little delicacies, the charitable hostess told him in a tone of affliction, that Ursula, (the sick woman,) was at the point of death. "No, no," answered the father, "she has still four days to live; she will not die till Saturday," on which day he said mass for her, and then went to prepare her for death. After spending sometime in prayer, he said confidently to the hostess, "Be consoled, God loves Ursula; she will die to-day, but will only be three hours in purgatory: when with God let her remember to pray for me and for you, who have been as a mother to her." It was as he had predicted, she died at mid-day, and the accomplishment of one part of the prophecy gave every reason to believe the other. Here we may observe, how well the holy missionary could unite the most signal favours of God with the most profound humility. Confused at having allowed this secret to escape him, he humbled himself by begging her prayers whose happiness he was announcing. Going another day to hear the confession of a person he was in the habit of visiting, he was informed that she had just expired; her parents were in deep affliction, and he who had not expected her death so soon, was exceedingly grieved not

to have assisted her in her last moments. He knelt down by the side of the corpse, then suddenly rising, he said with a composed countenance, "The deceased deserves our envy rather than our tears; this soul is condemned to purgatory for twenty-four hours only, let us strive by the fervour of our prayers to abridge her term of suffering." Having uttered these few words, he hastily withdrew to avoid being obliged to say more. To a man thus called to the labour and to the success of the apostleship, it is not surprising that the gift of light should be sustained by the gift of miracles. The number he performed in favour of his slaves is so great, that a few only can be specified. One day as he was surrounded by these savages, he was told that a negress was at the point of death, being unable to give birth to an infant; he immediately hastened to her, threw his cloak over her, gave her a few drops of some perfumed water, and left her perfectly well. This miracle, of which no one doubted, led all the slaves that were still pagans, to wish to embrace a religion in which such wonders were accomplished. Once whilst he was catechising, he heard that a negro, an idolator, was dangerously ill, whereupon he left his companion to continue the instruction, and set off himself to the unhappy man; as he was already delirious, his master tried to prevent Father Claver from going any further, declaring that the negroes never recovered when in that state; but in spite of all opposition, the father went to the negro, animated with strong con-

fidence in God; at the expiration of a few hours the sick man returned to consciousness, asked for baptism, received it, and then went and placed himself amongst those who were assisting at the catechetical instruction.

A Spanish lady had a young negro, who in a short space of time was reduced to extremity. As his complaint could not be ascertained, remedies augmented instead of relieving it: Father Claver went to hear his confession, and as he was going away the sick man seized him by his beads, placing all his hope in that remedy: the cause of his illness was soon discovered, he vomited a prodigious quantity of worms, and the next day was in perfect health.

A negress belonging to Captain Gaspard de los Reyes was so near death that the blessed candle was already in her hand: the servant of God arrived at that moment without having been sent for: appearing to know nothing of the matter he inquired after the sick woman; he was shown the melancholy state to which she was reduced, and was asked as he quitted the room what he thought of her, "Let her drink a little mint infused in water," answered he. Although the remedy appeared extraordinary, and even contrary to the nature of the disease, it was given her with full confidence; the next day she asked for something to eat, and felt no farther inconvenience of sickness. Almighty God proved the reality of the miracle, by the very means the humble missionary employed to conceal it; for no one could doubt the miraculous nature

of a sudden cure, preceded by a mortal agony, and effected by a remedy which naturally would have retarded it.

The same Spaniard, witness of the foregoing prodigy, deposed to the following. Having called on a friend, named Ortiz, he found him in great distress, because a negress who managed his household, was dying. Whilst the two friends were speaking at the door, Father Claver passed by, and asked Ortiz the subject of his affliction; being informed of it, he said, with a smile, "Pray to God for her, and she will soon be delivered." He continued his walk, praying for her as he went. He had scarcely proceeded twenty paces, when some one from the sick woman's room hastened to tell her master, that she was actually out of danger: the two Spaniards, astonished at the little time that had elapsed between the prayers of the holy man and the cure of the slave, attributed it to him.

Emmanuel Lopez had a slave named Antoinette, of whom Father Claver took especial care, because she belonged to the hospital of St. Lazarus, where she was very useful: she once fell so dangerously ill, that he spent three nights assisting and preparing her for death. On the vigil of St. Lazarus, which happened to be at that time, he raised her arm, as if to feel her pulse, saying at the same time, "Antoinette, to-day is the resurrection of Lazarus; thank God for the health He restores you:" then, as if he feared to have said too much, he slipped out of sight. The sick woman was perfectly cured that same

day; and ever after, on the feast of St. Lazarus, she brought all her year's gains to the hospital out of gratitude for her cure.

Notwithstanding all his zeal and diligence, the holy man could not be everywhere at the very moment his help was needed. It happened that a negress belonging to Don Vincent de Villalobos died without his assistance; her master was giving orders for her burial when the father arrived; he stopped the ceremony, and with a loud voice, called the negress by her name, but without her giving the least sign of life: he began to pray by her, and in a few moments she began to move: having vomited a great quantity of blood, she distinctly said, "Ah Jesus, how fatigued I return!" "From whence, and what with?" inquired the father. "I was walking to a delightful garden," said she, "and as I was going to enter, a child of exquisite beauty stood before me, forbade my entrance, and desired me to return, saying that I could not as yet reach the charming place I saw. I returned here, therefore, without knowing how, or by what road, and this occasions my extreme lassitude." Then the father sent every one out of the room, that he might hear her confession; but ascertaining that she was not a Christian, he prepared her for baptism, which she earnestly solicited. Her mistress, who had seen her frequent the sacraments during twenty years, opposed this; but at length yielded to the authority of the holy man. Scarcely was the negress baptised, ere she expired. In the informations taken for the canonization of Father Claver, Don Vincent attested

this miracle on oath; he was so well convinced of it, and so much astonished, that he never after met the father without kissing his hand; and he revered as a relic whatever had belonged to him.

Something of a similar nature happened in the house of Don Francis de Silva. A poor slave was found stretched on the ground apparently dead; the master and servants were particularly afflicted because she was unbaptised. On learning this accident the father hurried to the house. "Ah, father!" said they, "what a misfortune! who could have foreseen this!" "What," rejoined he with composure, "is the arm of God shortened? He is a good Father; have a little faith and confidence in Him: where is the slave?" He was shown where she was, and approaching her, (after a short but fervent prayer,) he called her by name, and asked her if she wished to be baptised? She opened her eyes, and answered distinctly that she wished it with all her heart. It would be impossible to describe the joy, surprise, and holy terror of the spectators; but their wonder increased when they saw her immediately after baptism rise and walk away perfectly cured. The wonder did not cease here: the father had desired that water used to baptise the negress might not be thrown away; a servant who was not aware of this, poured it over some plants which had been withered for five or six months. In a few days all these plants became green again, and produced very beautiful odoriferous flowers; whilst others which were near, and had been

watered with common water, remained sterile, and soon perished. A still greater prodigy will serve to conclude these details. As he was giving his ordinary instructions at a negro habitation, he heard there were two at the last extremity, but extremely obstinate in their infidelity; he went to them, spoke to them, and redoubled his efforts, but without success. Exhausted and overwhelmed with grief, he withdrew for a moment, and raising his heart and voice to God, conjured Him not to let these souls perish, redeemed as they were by the blood of Jesus Christ. He promised his penances and a great number of masses for them. Whilst he was still in prayer they came to tell him that one of these unfortunate men had died in his obduracy. The father returned in haste, and found the people going to throw the body into a pit, but he desired it to be retaken to the place where he had expired. The people of the house followed in a few moments, and found the father with his crucifix in his hand exhorting and instructing the miserable man, who thus snatched from the arms of death publicly implored baptism. The fame of this miracle spread through the whole country, which made the provincial wish to know the particulars from Father Claver himself. The holy man, not to disobey his superior, who questioned him juridically, answered with admirable simplicity, that it was true he had been told a negro was dead—he had hastened to him, and after remaining a short time with him, God had permitted that the slave should be found alive.

These wonderful effects of his power with God, surprising as they may appear, are perhaps less so than the heroical excesses of his charity towards his negroes. To appreciate them aright we need only reflect for a moment what his labours for these savages must have cost him. The smell of them even when in perfect health becomes insupportable in a short time ; but diseases, fevers, dysentery, imposthumes, cancers, ulcers, and small-pox, to which they are very liable, their abodes no better than wretched garrets or prisons, where air can scarcely penetrate ; all this, joined to the excessive heat of the climate, would suffice to damp the most ardent zeal ; it so powerfully impresses the senses, that the priests who are called on to assist these unfortunate creatures give way after administering the sacraments to two or three, and are obliged promptly to withdraw. Nothing of all this could intimidate our charitable missionary ; the most infectious holes and huts were like delicious gardens to him ; the most loathsome wounds and the stench issuing from them supplied the place of most exquisite perfumes. He constantly visited those who were thus afflicted, spending whole hours with them, making their beds, cleansing their wounds, and what seems incredible, and can scarcely be conceived to be less than a miracle, he applied his mouth to these wounds, to extract the pus and filth therefrom. We know what was formerly done by a St. Catherine of Sienna, a St. Francis Xavier, and some other saints who had the courage to

apply their mouths to horrible ulcers, the first sight of which had caused them to recoil; but without seeking to diminish their merit, we may say, that what they did once Father Claver did more than a thousand times, and this not only amongst the negroes, but in all the hospitals, especially that of the Lepers. A young Jesuit who came from Santa-Fe to Carthagena for ordination, once accompanied Father Claver in his visits to the sick; but he was so startled by the spectacle he witnessed, as to own candidly, that he would never have gone if he had known the real state of the case. The same happened to another Jesuit who spent a few days at Carthagena. Before setting out for Rome he wished to be an eye-witness of the miserable condition of the negroes, and of what the father did for them; he offered therefore to be his companion, but was so overpowered by the sight and smell of those loathsome abodes, that he soon fainted, and was obliged to be carried out. On recovering, full of admiration of Father Claver's extraordinary charity, he declared that he would publish it everywhere, even in the capital of the Christian world.

As for Father Claver, whatever pleasure grace might impart to him in the performance of such services, it is certain that nature often recoiled at them; but his zeal made him triumph over his repugnance. The following is a remarkable instance. Being called to the house of a rich merchant, to hear the confession of a negro who was covered with ulcers, he found him extended in a

corner, where he had been thrown to save others from the insupportable infection arising from his body. The master of the house and four other Spaniards followed him at a distance, curious to witness his extraordinary charity, of which they had heard so much. At the first sight of this putrid body he felt tempted to turn back, but the next moment, confounded at his cowardice, he retired into a corner and took a severe discipline, reproaching himself for not having courage to serve a brother redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. He then returned to the sick man, approaching him on his knees; he devoutly kissed all his wounds, applying his tongue to the most loathsome. Not satisfied with hearing his confession, he remained a long time consoling him. Those who were watching him then withdrew, full of astonishment and respect; but he, when he had quite satisfied his charity, went away with as composed a look as if he had done nothing extraordinary. Don Augustin Ugarta, who had formerly been Inquisitor of Carthagena, and afterwards Bishop of Quito, felt a similar curiosity; and knowing that Father Claver was called to confess a negro attacked by a contagious disorder, placed himself where he could conveniently watch him; and having seen what passed he retired, unable to speak a word; but afterwards he everywhere published the prodigies of charity and mortification he had witnessed in Father Claver, which he never could have believed if he had not himself seen them.

This practice of kissing, and even licking, the

most infectious ulcers, was so familiar to the holy missionary, that Don Francis de Cavaillero, Consul of Carthagená, who had frequent opportunities of witnessing his heroic acts in his treatment of the negroes, hearing that juridical information of his life and virtues was being collected, came of his own accord to the rector of the college, and amongst many other things related the following. In 1628 this officer arrived at Carthagená with ships laden with negroes, amongst whom the small-pox was raging furiously. As most of them were in danger of death Cavaillero inquired for some confessor who understood their language. As Father Claver's zeal and charity were much eulogised, he sent for him, but first he caused all the places where the negroes were confined to be fumigated and sprinkled with aromatics. Father Claver found them stretched on the floor; and after saluting them with tenderness he knelt down, successively embraced them all, kissed their wounds, and then, having completely gained them by his cordiality, he heard their confessions, after which he distributed some refreshments among them. Cavaillero (as he himself relates) was so struck with the sight, that he ever after looked on the father as a man full of the Spirit of God, and never addressed him but with feelings of profound veneration.

Almighty God must no doubt have supported him in a most especial manner, because what he used to undergo quite surpassed the powers of nature, as the two following incidents will prove. Being called to a troop of negroes from Biafara,

suffering from violent dysentery, he begged a free negress of the same country, called Magdalen de Mendoza, to go with him and act as interpreter. On reaching the place he began by lifting the poor creatures up from the ground on which they were laid ; but the first that he took in his arms covered him with such infectious filth, that the negress, unable to bear the smell or sight of it, actually ran away. The father, being thus left alone, and in despair at not being able to understand these poor creatures, cried out, "Magdalen ! in the name of God, return ; these men are our brethren, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ !" At these words she returned, somewhat ashamed of her precipitate flight, and astonished to see the holy man, who, having embraced them, wiped and kissed their wounds, instructed them all, and disposed them for baptism.

On another occasion, having gone in haste to confess a negro swollen and covered with ulcers, and almost speechless and senseless, he was soon abandoned by his companion and by the interpreter, who were unable to endure the pestiferous air of the place. Full of courage and confidence in God, the father approached the sick man, placed his crucifix on his mouth and heart, then prayed for a short time, and called him by name in a loud voice. Upon this his two companions immediately returned, and were much surprised to find a sweet fresh air in the very place from whence they had been so lately driven by the most intolerable smell. They found the sick man so far restored as to make his con-

fession. After inspiring sentiments suitable to his situation the father gave him Extreme Unction, and then left his interpreter to assist him, saying that he would soon die, as in fact he did.

It was chiefly in epidemic and contagious disorders, that the holy eagerness of this zealous missionary presented a spectacle well worthy of the admiration both of angels and of men. Most of the other ministers dared not approach; the most courageous after a few efforts were overpowered; he alone was unshaken; and as the greatest confidence was placed in him, so the greater part of the labour fell to his share. He took the most loathsome in his arms, cleaned their wounds, fed them, and performed the most menial services for them: his example sometimes gave courage to the most delicate. "Look," said a virtuous mother to her daughter, "see that holy man kissing wounds that we scarcely venture to look at; is it not shameful in us to do nothing for the service of our brethren!"

The handkerchiefs provided for him at home, were used much more for the poor negroes than for himself, but it was his cloak that was principally used in his deeds of charity: he covered the sick with it, used it as a cushion for them to sit more easily, wiped their ulcers with it. and yet what is most of all surprising, it never contracted any unpleasant smell; on the contrary, it was always fresh and pleasant. In effect, Almighty God seems to have attached some special virtue to it, in reward for the charitable purposes to which the holy missionary applied it. In

1633, when the small-pox devastated Carthagená, a slave belonging to Donna Maria de Maza, was so severely attacked by it as scarcely to retain the appearance of a human being. Father Claver, seeing the extremity to which she was reduced, approached her, and showing his crucifix, said to her, "Courage, daughter, here is Jesus come to cure you!" At these words her senses returned, and recognizing her good father, she made her confession with great piety. As she complained of the violence of her pain and the hardness of her bed, he desired his interpreter to lay her on the ground upon his cloak, whilst her bed was being more comfortably arranged; he then left her almost entirely cured.

In the same manner, or nearly so, he assisted a negro belonging to Don Francis de Cavaillero, whom he found in a most deplorable state, and at the point of death. He first ordered him to be carried out into the garden for better air, [he then cleansed his wounds himself and gave him some remedies, but finding these had no effect, he contrived to form a sort of tent with his cloak over the invalid, sprinkling the place with scented water, upon which the man recovered consciousness, and was able to thank his benefactor.

We may almost say that nothing was impossible to him, whenever his dear negroes were in question. A crowd of them being assembled at a well, to draw water, a sudden storm arose, and the electric fluid fell in the midst of them, with terrific force; the wheel to which the rope was attached was shivered to pieces, and the slave

who was in the act of drawing water was precipitated into the well, whilst all his companions were thrown upon the ground in a swoon. People hastened from all quarters to assist the sufferers, and a skilful doctor was called; yet with all his endeavours not one of them showed the least sign of life. In the meantime the negro was drawn out of the well, and was thought to be dead, as well as all the rest. In the midst of the confusion Father Claver arrived, no one could tell how, nor could any one guess by what means he had heard of the accident. At a sight so afflicting to this tender father, his heart was moved, tears rolled down his cheeks, and he raised his eyes to heaven, and begged the Father of Mercies to give life to his dear children. At length taking off his cloak, he successively covered all the negroes with it; at this salutary touch, the spirit of life seemed to re-enter those bodies, which were almost as insensible as the mysterious bones shown to the prophet Ezechiel. At the same instant they began to move, they arose, walked, and stood on their feet, as sound and vigorous as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

We cannot be surprised at finding that his tender and generous charity gained the confidence of all those unfortunate slaves. The love he felt for them glided into their hearts; they hearkened to him as their master, obeyed him as their father, and looked upon him as an angel sent from heaven in their behalf; consequently, they entered willingly into whatever he suggested. All that can be said in general of his surpassing

charity, (for it would be impossible to give it in full detail,) is this—that it was unbounded. Even after their death he did not abandon his negroes. When any one of them expired, he wept for him as for a son, begged alms in order to have him decently buried, said mass for him, and went to visit and console his parents, mingling his tears with theirs.

His grief was scarcely less acute when obliged to separate from the slaves whom he had instructed. As the greater number brought to Carthagena are not destined to remain there long, as soon as he knew they were to be removed to other countries he redoubled his solicitude, visiting them more frequently, and, if possible, instructing them more carefully. He tried to console them by telling them that the country they were going to was more agreeable and fertile, that they would perhaps meet with kind masters, and have the consolation of seeing some of their own countrymen, who after having been baptised at Carthagena lived more happily in their present homes: he taught them how they might best approach the sacrament of penance; and especially he urged them to make acts of contrition frequently, desiring the best instructed to recite them to the rest, in order to make use of them in need, and in their last illness, when perhaps no confessor could be found. At the moment of embarkation he was sure to be there, accompanied them to the port, embracing each one most tenderly, and giving them his blessing; and after recommending them earnestly to the captains he

remained motionless on the beach, like a man plunged in sorrow ; his heart seemed to be torn from him, nor did he quit the sea-shore till the vessel which carried off his treasure was quite out of sight. On his return to the college, he offered the sacrifice of the mass for them, and never ceased recommending them to God.

BOOK III.

OCCUPIED as the holy missionary was in the conversion, sanctification, and consolation of the negroes, he did not find therein sufficient to satisfy the whole extent and ardour of his zeal. Heretics, Mahomedans, Catholics whose lives dishonoured their religion, hospitals and prisons, offered a new career to his apostolic labours. To succeed in his generous designs, he had many obstacles to surmount, persecutions to suffer, and even injuries and calumnies to endure ; but his charity and courage were more powerful than the efforts of men and devils ; and God, by the miraculous success with which He crowned his combats, knew how to indemnify him for all he undertook for the promotion of His glory.

There were two remarkable hospitals in Carthage : one called of St. Sebastian, served by the religious of St. John of God ; the other of St. Lazarus, for lepers and such as suffered from the complaint called St. Anthony's fire. These were

the two principal theatres of Father Claver's charity, but to observe order in such a multitude of occupations undertaken at the same time, we will begin with the former, to which he first devoted himself, though without ever losing sight of his dear negroes, the principal objects of his care.

The hospital of St. Sebastian, though without any fixed revenues, was crowded, especially in war time, with such a prodigious multitude of sick, that the religious had great difficulty in procuring necessary alms and remedies for their subsistence. Father Claver, delighted with their charity, undertook to assist them, and wherever he met them offered his services with a humility and zeal which they could not fail to admire. Throughout the year, when not engaged in his missions in the country, he went there at least once a week, dressed in an old canvass cassock, and with a broom in his hand. On reaching the hospital, he visited all the sick in succession, presenting them with his crucifix, and exhorting them to prepare for the sacrament of penance; when any of them wished to confess, he always arranged the place conveniently for them, and the reverse for himself. He particularly devoted himself to the most miserable, for whom he performed the most painful and lowly offices with incredible ardour. As we have already remarked, there was always a great number in war time, and then he did not limit himself to an ordinary care of them, he spent the entire day in the hospital, said mass

there, and applied himself to all that his charity could suggest, without ever being known to take anything himself, not so much as a glass of water. This prodigious abstemiousness, under such fatigues and in such excessive heats, so astonished the good religious of the hospital, that they publicly declared the life of this indefatigable workman could only be sustained by miracle. He was ready for everything, swept the rooms, made the beds, changed the clothes of the sick, served round the broth, prepared the meat, washed the plates, and yet did nothing but by direction either of the prior or infirmarian ; when thus occupied, if he was called to console or assist the sick, he humbly asked permission to go, and as soon as he had discharged his ministry he resumed his interrupted work. Never had such fervour, zeal, and courage been seen there, and it was fearlessly said that he alone was worth more than forty workmen. Whenever he appeared in the hospital, the sick knew not how to testify their joy, and the privation of his presence was a cause of general desolation ; his return was celebrated with acclamation, rejoicing, and a sort of public triumph ; as if every one felt he had again found his liberator and father.

After what we have seen him do for the negroes, we shall not be surprised to find that here the most disgusting and repulsive offices constituted his greatest delight. A hundred times he renewed the heroic acts so familiar to him in the huts of the slaves. Amongst the sick there was one so disfigured, putrid, and infectious, that the

others were unable to endure the sight or smell of him, and the religious had caused him to be removed to a separate lodging. Father Claver sought him out; and after saluting him with great tenderness, seated himself in such a position that his face nearly touched the sick man's arm: as a virulent matter oozed from it, he begged the holy man to change his place, but he answered that he suffered no inconvenience from it; and after devoutly kissing his wounds he spent two hours with him, consoling him, and inspiring him with Christian sentiments. He continued visiting him daily for a long time; and on taking leave he always begged the poor man to remember him when he should be with God. One day when the invalid thought himself dying, he offered some money to the father, to get a mass said for him by any priest he chose, because the Jesuits receive nothing for those services. Father Claver, however, desired him to keep his money, and not be uneasy, for he himself would offer the holy sacrifice for his intention. After saying mass the next day, he returned, and said, as he entered, "Be composed, brother; God loves you, and I hope we shall again see you in full health in Carthagená; but never be unmindful of Him, from whom you receive this favour, and above all, sin no more; for the rest, He will have the goodness to withdraw from you the occasion of offending Him, because He loves you." From that moment the man's health improved; but in proportion as his wounds healed his sight failed, and he ultimately became quite blind. Whenever the father met

him afterwards in the town, he begged he would pray for him when in Heaven, and from thenceforward the man's life was as holy as it had formerly been irregular. Such is the fruit of the calamities sent by God to His elect. In His hands, the loss of health, abused for criminal indulgence;—of beauty, employed to ensnare modesty;—of money, made the instrument of guilt, is a precious favour, from which it is easy to profit. A father truly loves his son when he deprives him of the sword with which he would commit self-destruction. It was with this solid reflection, that the holy man consoled his invalid; and, (for his own consolation,) Almighty God seems often to have sent these trials to sinners under his care. In the same hospital, there was a man who suffered from violent head-ache, and who was also distressed by the loss of his sight. Hearing Father Claver pass along the room, he eagerly called to him, and complained of his double infirmity. "Bear your blindness patiently," answered the father, "as a grace to which your salvation is attached; and for the rest, confide in God." At the same time he put his cloak over the man's head, and gave him the kiss of peace: his pain was instantly removed, but he always remained blind.

In the midst of all the care he took of the poor and infirm, his principal object was to cure their souls, often much more in need of pity than the body; for this he neglected no means likely to insure success. He sought out those whose shameful irregularities had obliged them to undergo

dangerous and violent remedies. To gain their confidence, he began by procuring them a thousand little comforts, such as he knew they liked; he paid them particular attentions, and when at length he found them disposed to listen to him, he powerfully depicted how wretched was the shameful satisfaction of a pleasure which was followed by such cruel evils. "If," added he, "the remedies are so painful, what will be the chastisements prepared for such sins? The pleasure soon passes; but the pain of the body, and even of the soul, only finish with this life to recommence far more terribly in eternity. It is true," continued he, "it costs something to abstain from vices which gratify for the moment, but at least the difficulties attached to virtue are noble in the cause which produces them, sweet by the consolations which accompany them, precious by the recompences which follow them; whereas the enjoyments of crime leave nothing but bitterness and shame. His words animated with zeal and unction were so deeply impressive, that many of these unfortunate sinners determined to embrace the religious state, and to suffer for the salvation of their souls, at least as much as they had suffered for the cure of their bodies.

Notwithstanding all these external occupations, such was the exact regularity of the holy missionary at home, that after a few years the rector of the college at Carthagená wished to have him for Father-Minister. This is an important office amongst the Jesuits, requiring equal charity and exactitude; obliging the one who holds it

to watch over the observance of regular discipline, and over the different offices of the house. For this it was necessary to offer violence to the humility of a saint who wished to be under the feet of all, yet was about being placed in some measure at their head. A man who made it his pleasure and duty to obey the very negroes, could not undertake without pain to command religious whom he deemed infinitely better than himself. He forcibly represented all this to his superiors; but at length submitted to obedience, accepting the charge imposed, only to perform most of the other offices; so that making him minister of the college, was in a manner making him the slave of all its inmates. He began with the most lowly and laborious offices, sweeping the filthiest parts of the house, helping the cook in whatever was most disagreeable; in a word, supplying for whatever the others could not do: these were the fruits of his new office. All religious persons, however well inclined, are not equally perfect, and for one who can give up what is necessary and gain merit by so doing, we may find two who cannot without risk. Necessity insensibly leads to a custom but little conformable to exact discipline; yet often, when the necessity no longer exists, the custom remains. To prevent this abuse Father Claver took care that every one was abundantly provided with all that was necessary, and even comfortable, in order to prevent all pretext for dispensation from regular observance. Towards the infirm in particular his tenderness and charity were displayed. He then

almost entirely supplied for the infirmarian, or rather, he was himself infirmarian to all the sick. Once on the feast of St. Ignatius, having found the sacristan very ill, he took him on his shoulders, carried him to bed, and after providing him with all necessary remedies he went off to the church to supply his office during the rest of the day. The Father-Rector, perceiving that as minister he charged himself with all the offices of the house, appointed him Novice-Master of the lay-brothers instead, a duty that could never be better confided than to a man of his eminent virtue. Persons of all ranks flock to Carthagená in hopes of accumulating a large fortune in a short time, expecting to roll in riches there; but discovering their mistake, and seeing their friends return home poorer than before, many, undeceived as to the allurements of the world, determine to seek in the religious state a fortune more holy, more secure, and more durable; for this purpose they offer themselves to different communities in the town, but being usually men of no education, and somewhat advanced in age, they can only be received as lay-brothers. To facilitate the execution of these good designs, (besides the common noviciate at Thonga,) the Jesuits opened a separate one at Carthagená for these persons, that they might be there formed to the sanctity becoming apostolic men devoted to the service of their neighbour. It would have been impossible to choose a man more suited for this task than Father Claver. He was careful to inspire them

with a spirit of recollection, prayer, mortification, humility, and a prompt and blind obedience to the orders of superiors. Perfect detachment from all that keeps the soul back from God, and from remaining united to Him; an ardent desire of the most elevated perfection; the means to vanquish and subdue self, so as to have no other will than that of God, furnished the ordinary subject of his instructions: but whilst he thus taught them their duty, he was himself always an example of it, and never did he exact from them anything which they did not see practised by him in the most perfect manner. Nothing could be more simple, plain, attentive, or kind than his behaviour to his novices, so long as they were weak and tottering in virtue; but as soon as he found them strong and fervent enough not to be easily overcome, he spared them in none of those trials which tended to confirm their souls in virtue. Sometimes he led them through the streets clad in old coarse habits, with brooms in their hands, to go and serve the sick in the hospitals, to make their beds, and clean away their filth; and to encourage them to do this, he himself first embraced all the sick. At other times, filling an enormous basket with provisions, he made his novices carry it to the poor of St. Lazarus; he bearing on his shoulder the end of one of the poles which supported the basket, whilst his companions bore the others. The youngest and most robust were often extremely fatigued, by carrying so heavy a weight for a considerable distance; yet he always went

on at the same even pace as if he carried nothing. At other times he took them amongst his dear negroes, and made them lend their cloaks to be used as cushions, or to cover the wounds and ulcers of the sick. Often after sending them to beg alms through the town, he would make them stand at the door to distribute them; and the more effectually to make them overcome their natural repugnance, he desired them to eat with the poor out of the same dish. As he never spared them when in health, so did he in like manner neglect nothing that could comfort them when sick; the prudent severity of the master was then changed into the tender affection of the mother. He carried them in his arms, placed them in comfortable beds, prepared their food himself, as well as the remedies prescribed by the physician; nor would he allow himself any rest until they were entirely restored to health. This happy mixture of kindness and firmness soon enabled those confided to his care to make such progress in the highest paths of perfection, that no noviciate could show greater fervour.

The high reputation of this holy master drew to him two disciples, who gave him much consolation. They were two brothers, from Biscay, distinguished for nobility and talent, who had gone to the Indies to make their fortune, relying on the powerful protection promised them. In vain did their relatives and friends strive to divert them from their pious design by representing the brilliant advantages they were renouncing, and the lowly state of simple lay-brothers to which

they were binding themselves. God, who had views of mercy and salvation in their regard, sustained them against all the attacks of the senses and the flesh. They courageously offered themselves to Father Claver, made their noviceship under him with most edifying fervour, and two months afterwards our Lord called them both to Himself, to recompense the sacrifice which they had made for His love. They died as much regretted by the whole community, at the loss of the examples of virtue they had given upon earth, as envied for the happiness which every one believed them to be enjoying in heaven. Nor was this the only consolation of the sort afforded him by God in his new office. An officer, highly respected for his valour and services, came to make the spiritual exercises under the father's direction. After his general confession he found himself so much moved by grace that he earnestly begged to be received into the house. Objections being made to this from fear lest it might be too precipitate a resolution, of which he would afterwards repent, he protested that he would remain there as a servant, if they would not admit him as a religious. His vocation was well examined and proved, after which he was received into the Society, where he lived and died like a saint. The servant of God had not the same satisfaction with regard to a young Jesuit already in holy orders. One day, as they were walking together from Carthagená to Santa-Fe, the father said three different times to him, "Alas! brother, I know you will not persevere in the Society!"

The other, who had never had the slightest temptation on the subject, began to laugh and joke at the prophecy; yet the event but too well proved its truth. Five months later the young man fell into a profound melancholy, occasioned by a severe illness. He sought to dissipate it by a variety of amusements and pleasures incompatible with the religious state. To supply for these the father provincial sent some religious of very agreeable and cheerful disposition to keep him company day and night, in order to comfort and divert him. It all proved ineffectual; he went away, to find in the world a more easy life, one better suited to his inclinations.

Whatever employment was assigned to Father Claver he usually undertook almost all the others; so that the same reason that induced his superiors to take from him that of minister, made them remove him from the noviciate. But the attentive charity of his superiors, who sought to lighten his labours, only multiplied those which zeal led him to undertake. He now made up for the labours not allowed at home by doing more abroad. Having more time at his own disposal, he resumed his former functions with redoubled assiduity; idolators, heretics, Mahomedans, libertines, the poor, the sick, the prisoners, his charity embraced them all.

Great as was his love for the hospital of St. Sebastian, that of St. Lazarus, as soon as he became acquainted with it, had still stronger attractions for him, because he there found greater opportunities for the exercise of his heroic

charity and mortification. There were lepers there whose flesh was putrid even to the bone ; the violence of the disorder deprived some of them of their nose, their ears, of half the face, and occasionally even of their legs and arms ; others were covered with ulcers and imposthumes, presenting a horrid spectacle to the sight, and exhaling an almost insupportable smell. This was quite enough to gain all Father Claver's affections. When he first began to attend this hospital, it was almost without succour, and even without a priest to take care of the sick. A mass was hastily said on festivals, after which every one withdrew, to escape from the contagious air. A place so odious to others, soon became the delight of our charitable missionary. The days allowed to the community for recreation were his favourite days, because they gave him more time and liberty to visit his dear lepers ; they were truly his festivals, on which he made it his pleasure to deprive himself of his own meal in order to carry it to the hospital. Some time before Lent a Spanish officer met him beyond the town walls, and noticing his cheerful countenance, asked him where he was going to. "I am going," answered he, "to keep my carnival with my poor at St. Lazarus." The Spaniard followed him, out of curiosity, and was strangely surprised at what he saw : nothing in fact could be more deserving of admiration. On his arrival he assembled at the church door all who were able to walk ; then kneeling in the midst of them he recited some prayers, which they repeated after him ; he

next exhorted them to endure patiently this purgatory of theirs in this life, to avoid that of the next, by carefully shunning the hideous leprosy of sin; then seating himself on a stone, he heard their confessions, carefully wrapping his cloak round them when the weather was at all cold. He took upon his knees those who could find no easier position, although the mere sight of them made his companions retire. From thence he repaired to the more secluded cells where those were confined whose frightful condition made them insupportable to the other lepers. He handled their wounds with as much complacency as if they had been the most delicate flowers; he tenderly kissed them, and even wiped them with his tongue. He washed those who could not use their arms, fed them, and if he saw any one disgusted with the food, he would take a piece out of the dish and eat it himself, in order to encourage the invalid. One of these poor creatures, having gone to the door to beg alms of the passers-by, he had not strength enough to get back again: the father happened to see him, and immediately took him in on his shoulders. Naturally the load was too heavy for him; yet the strength of his charity made it light; and he carried the man apparently without difficulty to his bed. Don Peter de Mardono, who saw this, always ascribed it to a miracle. It might be said of him as of Job, that in that melancholy abode he was the eye of the blind, the arm of the maimed, the foot of the cripple; in a word, he was everything to those

poor lepers. After hearing their confessions he gave them some tobacco, scented water, preserves, and whatever he thought could please them. He procured for them an abundant supply of linen, sheets, rags, perfumes, and remedies; and when unable to beg alms in person, he commissioned some one else to do it in his name. His charity was not restricted to bare necessities; he endeavoured to procure them every comfort that was in his power. To protect them from cold, and from the musquitoes, which are extremely troublesome, he provided them with strong cloth curtains, and went to arrange them himself, accepting no other remuneration than the humble consolation of embracing the poor objects of his benevolence. As no surgeons would venture to go and bleed them, they were obliged, when it was necessary, to perform this service for each other. The holy man, being unable to do it for them, took care at least to provide them with the best lancets he could get. He had induced several pious persons to undertake some extra charities on the principal festivals of our Lord and of his Blessed Mother, and to provide him with a sort of little banquet, for those who came to the college to beg; he carefully gathered up all the remnants, which he sent to the hospital, together with some musicians, to amuse and cheer the sick during their meal. In fine, notwithstanding his own poverty, he knew how to find such resources, that a religious of the order of Mercy publicly declared that the poor would perish if they lost Father Claver. We might a

hundred times repeat the same things, if we were to relate all he did for the sick, because his charity was everywhere the same. Here, as in the hospital of St. Sebastian, there was a man so covered with wounds and ulcers, that he had more the appearance of a putrid corpse than of a living being. To save others from the infection he had been thrown into a kind of shed, at a considerable height from the ground, and it was necessary to climb an unsafe ladder to carry him his food. This difficulty only gave new strength to the charity of this servant of God: as soon as he heard of the miserable condition of the poor man, he undertook the charge of him. It was a sight worth the admiration of angels, and well calculated to move others to compassion, to see this venerable old man, already very infirm, and scarcely able to support himself, climbing this ladder several times a day to go and instruct, console, give food to this sick man, and clean his wounds; and he continued to do this during several consecutive months. He became greatly attached to a place which gave him so many opportunities of succouring the afflicted; and his care was extended to all.

The old church of the hospital was in ruins, and no one would undertake to rebuild it; so the servant of God took charge thereof himself; and putting his trust in God, who never abandoned him in need, he collected alms, materials, and workmen: it was admirable to see the pains he took for the accomplishment of his enterprise: from morning till night he watched over the

work and workmen, encouraging the latter, and carrying clay, water, and wood for them. He took his meals in the hospital, and gave to the poor whatever was sent him from the college; only eating what they left, and out of their dish. In his labours here he found means to satisfy his piety, charity, humility, and love of mortification all at once; and this it was that made the hospital so inexpressibly dear to him: he regularly visited it two or three times a week, besides going whenever his assistance was asked for, which very often happened, because those poor creatures, finding no consolation elsewhere, were never tired of seeing him and sending for him. When any of the sick died he said mass for them the next morning, and God often gave him the satisfaction of knowing that his prayers were heard. One day as he was going to the hospital for this purpose, he met a Spaniard who was going to an estate he had at a little distance from Carthagená: the father begged he would accompany him to St. Lazarus's, because he was going to say mass there, but had no one to serve it: the Spaniard complied and followed him. As soon as they arrived, Father Claver threw his cloak over the deceased in place of a pall; he next went out and procured some loaves, oranges, and four wax tapers, which he sent as an offering to the parish priest. When he had finished all the functions of his ministry, he humbly thanked the Spaniard, assuring him that the soul of the deceased was very much relieved. His cloak, which was employed in a thousand offices of

charity, was also used to cover the dead, yet it never contracted any infection; and the poor who so often saw him take it up covered with filth, could never comprehend how it always retained its first condition.

We need not be surprised if these poor people, like the negroes, and the sick at St. Sebastian's, regarded him with profound veneration, and as an angel descended from heaven. From time to time moreover God was pleased to illustrate his person with rays of glory. The Archdeacon of Carthagera, going to the hospital to distribute some alms, found the father there in the midst of the sick, with the look of a seraph, his face brilliant as the sun, and a circle of light around his head, which completely dazzled the archdeacon: he stood for some time gazing on him with admiration and respect, and resolved to wait till the instructions were over, and then to recommend himself to the holy man's prayers, and kiss his hand; but he, as if aware of what had happened, quickly escaped from the other's sight, who could never explain how, for he had kept his eyes attentively fixed on him the whole time. So many prodigies of zeal and charity gained him such respect and confidence in both hospitals, that there was nothing which he undertook for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls in which he did not succeed; insomuch that when the religious at St. Sebastian's had in vain used all their efforts to convert some hardened sinner, they sent for the holy man, feeling assured that he would triumph. A man was carried there,

attacked by an extraordinary and unknown disorder; his eyes rolled in his head; his limbs stiffened suddenly and violently; he had more the appearance of a demoniac than of a sick man. Every remedy, both natural and supernatural, was tried, but without effect. If relics were presented to him, he threw them away in a fury; if confession was mentioned, he only answered with abusive words; if a crucifix was shown him, he turned aside his head like one in despair. After a day and a night passed in this state, Father Claver was applied to, as a last resource. He hastened to the hospital, old and infirm as he was, and he had scarcely been a few moments with the sick man, ere he became as gentle as a lamb; he asked for, and received, the sacraments with strong marks of repentance, and died in the sentiments of a sinner sincerely converted to God. His presence was useful in corporal as well as spiritual cures. A sick person had a great wish for a certain fruit peculiar to the country, and very wholesome, but which that year happened to be extremely scarce: the prior of the hospital sent everywhere in search of some, but none could be procured. He mentioned his difficulty to Father Claver, which was quite enough to arouse his industrious charity. "Depend on me," replied the holy man, "I will go in search of some, and I hope, with success." He immediately went out, and returned in half an hour with a large basket full of the wished-for fruit, the most ripe and beautiful that had been seen for a long time. The surprise at this sight was both great

and general, for he was supposed to have obtained the fruit by miraculous means.

Doctor Adam Sobo, physician of this hospital, juridically declared, that when he visited the sick in company with Father Claver, he usually asked his opinion of them; and that when he answered, "Sir, do your part, and for the rest let us confide in God," it was a certain sign of the sick person's recovery, as he had always observed. Hence the doctor conceived so high an opinion of his sanctity, that he always referred those to him who stood in need of any extraordinary help. One instance of this nature is very remarkable. Sobo was alone with a patient, more diseased in mind than in body; a suspicious, restless, agitated, taciturn, melancholy man, who would neither hear of confession nor of God; suddenly this miserable being, touched by grace, asked for a confessor; "but," added he, "he must be skilful and discreet, because my malady is a hundred times greater than you can imagine; and it is not every one that could effect my cure." "Well, well!" answered the physician, "I have already found the man you want; you will tell me afterwards whether I have satisfied you." In a few minutes he conducted Father Claver to the hospital, whose tender and cordial manner at once gained the sick man. He was a religious, who for several years had preached with great success; but had afterwards apostatised, and had since led a most profligate life. The zealous missionary, after hearing his general confession, opened his eyes to the greatness of his crimes, and animated

him with a salutary confidence in the Divine Mercy, which was greater even than his iniquities ; and so well did he know how to alarm, and at the same time to reassure him, that he soon had the consolation of seeing him perfectly converted. In proof of his repentance and gratitude, this man, now become penitent, publicly declared that he was the greatest and most worthless of sinners, and that no one but a Father Claver could have thus withdrawn him from the depths of hell and placed him in the path of heaven. Nor was he the only one to whom God granted a similar grace through the ministry of His servant. There were several who had apostatized five, seven, and ten years before, and had indulged in all the excesses that occasion and accompany such a step, and who, though they had resisted the advice and reproaches of others, could not withstand the sweetness and force of Father Claver's zeal and words. They all returned to their monasteries, where they became models of perfect penance. So true it is, that in a minister of Jesus Christ it is not by severity and harshness, but by tenderness and charity that hearts are gained to God.

It was in this same hospital that he displayed the talent which Heaven had given him of bringing back heretics to the bosom of the Church. He converted a very great number of these, few being able to resist him. Amongst many examples which might be cited, we will select a few of the most remarkable. In one of his usual visits to the poor sick at St. Sebastian's, he found one,

a Calvinist, who was so obstinate in his errors, that after trying for several days to convince him, he determined to leave him alone, as one past hope. Thinking that his endeavours might be more useful elsewhere, he accosted another invalid at a little distance, whom he found animated with such an implacable hatred against an enemy, that he was determined to kill him whenever he could meet with him. To all the persuasions of the zealous missionary to induce him to forgive, he received no other answer than this, that he would abandon his designs of vengeance when the man he had just quitted renounced his heresy. At these words Father Claver fell on his knees, addressed a fervent prayer to God, and at that same moment a person came to tell him that the Calvinist was converted, and wished to make his confession before he died. At this happy news he turned to the other man, and said to him with much kindness, "Do you not see, my son, that God will have you, no matter at what price? Yes, He intends to save two sinners at once; let us go to His feet and thank Him!" The man was astounded, and scarcely believing what he heard, he ran to the heretic to be assured of the truth of it. This prodigy completely changed him: he humbly threw himself at the feet of the holy man, placed all his affairs in his hands, and became sincerely reconciled to his enemy.

But the most illustrious conversion (because it led to so many others) was that of an English prelate. To make this circumstance more clear

we must revert to an earlier date. For several years back English and Dutch privateers had infested the seas of America. Having long threatened the new kingdom of Grenada, they at length took possession of the islands of St. Christopher and St. Catherine, where both of these nations established colonies, from whence they incessantly attacked the Spaniards, capturing their vessels laden with negroes, Mahomedans, and other slaves, whom they employed to cultivate their own lands. His Catholic Majesty being informed of the injuries done to his subjects by their troublesome neighbours, sent out a fleet against them, with strict orders to Don Frederick of Toledo, to expel them from those islands, no matter at what cost. This officer executed his commission so well, that he not only made himself master of the islands, but made prisoners of nearly all the English and Dutch, together with the slaves whom they had carried off. He put them in ships and conveyed them to the Bay of Carthagen; but fearing lest they should ascertain the strength and fortifications of the place, or spread their heresies in the country, he obliged them to remain on board, permitting none of them to land. Full of confidence in God, and animated with his usual zeal, Claver asked leave of his superior and the commandant to visit the fleet; having obtained it he repaired thither, carrying with him the proper requisites for the celebration of holy mass. He entered a ship in which were more than six hundred English guarded by some Spaniards; the latter received him with

great joy, and begged him to say mass for them, which they had not heard since their departure from the islands. No request could have been more agreeable to him. His devotion and modesty whilst celebrating, together with the majesty of the Church ceremonies, struck the heretics, who flocked in crowds to witness a spectacle so novel to them. After mass the Spaniards invited the father to dine with them; he accepted the offer with pleasure, and this was the only time in his life when it was not necessary to press him to accept such an invitation, because he hoped to gain souls to God; and he had the example of Jesus Christ, who, in order to win sinners, made no difficulty of eating even with publicans. At the end of the repast, some of the English, already half gained by his mild and amiable manner, asked him whether he would like to see their prelate, as they called the Archdeacon of London, who was with them. The holy missionary hoping to gain the head, and thus to gain all the rest to the Catholic faith, answered that he would very willingly see him, and should even consider it an honour; whereupon a venerable old man appeared with a serious and modest air, and with a long beard and long hair. The father arose at his entrance and saluted him with much respect, and being apprized of the English custom by the captain, he very politely drank the prelate's health, who was evidently pleased with his courtesy, and asked in Latin to have a private interview. Whilst the other Jesuits were conversing with

the English on matters of religion, the father and the prelate remained together until evening, discussing all those points controverted between Catholics and Protestants. The Englishman often saw the truth in spite of himself: he was convinced, but there were obstacles too difficult to surmount to admit of his conversion; he had his wife and children with him: if he changed his religion they would be left without resources; so that not having courage enough to make so many sacrifices at once, his temporal interests overbalanced those of his religion. All that the father could gain from him was a protest, that for the rest of his life he would be a Catholic in heart, and at his death he would publicly declare himself, and be reconciled to the Church; but for the interests of those so dear to him he must exteriorly profess the Anglican creed. Grieved at this obstinate resistance of the heart to the clear conviction which enlightened his mind, the father was on the point of quitting him, when he suddenly recollected that the festival of St. Ursula occurred on that day; he immediately turned to the prelate, and like a man inspired, thus addressed him, "Sir, this day is the feast of an illustrious virgin, the honour of your country; who with her companions signed with her own blood that Catholic religion the truth of which you yourself acknowledge. St. Lucius, King of Britain, the model of a truly Christian king, sent annually to the Holy See presents worthy of a monarch, as a tribute of gratitude and as a mark of his attachment to

the Church. From his time, all your sovereigns followed his example and his piety, up to the unfortunate Henry VIII. And had not this very prince written in defence of the Church, and of the primacy of St. Peter's chair? What then induced him to forsake the ancient religion and establish a new one? Was it not to contract a scandalous and adulterous marriage with Anna Boleyn, after repudiating his lawful wife, in defiance of all laws, both human and divine? These were the abominations that produced your religion: judge then of the effect from that which was its cause. Ah! how can a man of sense who fears God prefer a law, the offspring of incest and adultery, to that announced by the Apostles, to that which so many martyrs have confirmed at the expense of their lives; which your illustrious virgins defended with so much courage, to which so many virtuous princes are submissive, and which your ancestors honoured for so many ages? Shall the authority of a king, notorious for vice, outweigh that of so many others, distinguished for their piety? What! can the religion introduced by the piety of a Lucius be false, and the one founded on the adultery of a Henry be true? If this prince could not sustain his new crimes, but by the support of a new religion, why must you, who are not guilty of the same crimes, adhere to this same religion! You say, that on your death-bed you will repent and declare yourself: it will then be with you as it was with him. Are you not terrified at the awful words with which he

expired? ‘*Omnia perdimus!*—We have lost all!’ exclaimed he. He sought to be reconciled with the Church, but the opportunity was wanting! Who has assured you that it will not be wanting to you, as it was to him? Will not your property, your wife and children, present the same difficulties then as now? Blush, that you have not courage enough to sacrifice such things, while so many young virgins had the courage to sacrifice their lives. Your first interest, Sir, is yourself: do not expose yourself to eternal torments for a few transitory goods which you must soon leave to others.” Penetrated to the quick by a discourse in which the truth was urged with such zeal and charity, the aged prelate, with tears in his eyes, besought him to pray for him; the father promised this, and they separated with a thousand marks of mutual affection. The holy missionary redoubled his prayers and penances, and the week following the festival of All Saints, as he was entering the hospital of St. Sebastian, he perceived a sick man shut up in a sedan-chair, being carried thither: it was the English prelate! At the sight of Father Claver he exclaimed, “It is time, father, it is time for me to accomplish the promise I made to God and to you, of embracing the religion of my ancestors, by being converted to the faith of the holy Roman Church.” He begged him at the same time not to abandon him, because he felt very ill. No words could express Father Claver’s joy at a conversion so much desired, yet so little expected. The prelate made his abjuration publicly in his

hands ; and from being an obstinate teacher of error, he became at once both a submissive disciple and an enlightened doctor of truth. In the most lively and moving terms he exhorted all around him to imitate his example, often repeating that no salvation could be hoped for out of the Roman Church. He made his confession with abundance of tears, received the sacraments with exemplary piety, and died soon after, whilst sweetly conversing with his Saviour. The father, who assisted him throughout his illness, did not abandon him after death, but performed his funeral obsequies in the most honourable manner possible.

This wonderful conversion was soon followed by several others amongst the English who were sick in the same hospital, who wished to follow the example of their leader ; and being persuaded that the religion embraced at so critical a moment could not be otherwise than true, they all died good Catholics, fervently exclaiming, " Saints of Spain, assist us !" thereby giving to understand that they died in the religion of the Spaniards. After so many consoling examples, the fear of seduction yielded to the hope of gaining those who still remained on ship-board, and they were allowed to land. The affection which they insensibly acquired for the Jesuits, added to the impression caused by the extraordinary conversion of their prelate, induced them to converse from time to time with the fathers. A few days before Christmas they asked to see their church : it was adorned as magnificently as pos-

sible, and when all the masses were over they were admitted into it. They were delighted with what they saw, respectfully knelt down before the high altar, and even listened very willingly to a discourse on the Catholic religion given by means of an interpreter. Struck with what they had seen and heard, they expressed a wish not to return to their ships that night; but it was difficult to find lodgings for so many persons; however, Father Claver's zeal overcame all. Delighted with his gentle and amiable manners, they spoke of him with admiration when they rejoined their companions; so that every day fresh strangers landed, and returned with the same sentiments as those had done who had preceded them, and in a very short time more than six hundred were converted. The holy missionary in the fervour of his joy suggested to the commander of the fleet the propriety of separating the English converts from those who still remained obstinate in error, because communication with heresy is always dangerous to faith: he added, that it was adviseable to procure honourable appointments for them, to prevent them if possible from returning to their own country with evident danger of perversion. The general, who was as pious as he was brave, easily agreed to these suggestions: he immediately provided lodgings for the English Catholics, and afterwards took them into the Spanish service, in a manner suited to each one's rank: by this means he acquired at the same time, subjects for God and soldiers for the king.

The same facility did not always attend Father Claver in the other conversions which he undertook. As soon as he approached some of these heretics to speak to them, they either stopped their ears or insulted him; some of them in their fury attacked him, tore his cloak in pieces, and threatened to do the same to himself; but his zeal and mildness eventually triumphed over these obstacles, and he had the consolation of seeing more than a hundred of these obstinate heretics sincerely converted. Amongst the poor who crowded to the Jesuits' college for alms, there was one of these heretics, who, moved by the father's patience and charity, determined to embrace the Catholic faith, and appeared publicly with his rosary round his neck; the others, enraged at thus daily losing one or other of their companions, threatened to murder the poor man if he did not return to their religion; the father being informed of the tumult, rescued him out of their hands, put him in a place of safety, and provided for his subsistence. The new convert was soon freed from his troubles, for God called him to Himself, to recompense his generous fidelity. He died calmly, thanking Divine Providence for timely withdrawing him from the perils of eternal perdition.

In the hospital of St. Sebastian, there were also crowds of Dutchmen from the island of St. Catherine. The father hearing that one of the most obstinate among them was dangerously ill, hastened to him; and after many exhortations and much fatigue he induced him to embrace

Catholicity, in which religion he died soon after. He took charge of his funeral obsequies, which were performed with all possible decency. This mark of attention drew many more of the Dutch to the faith, and their conversion was so sincere that they themselves asked to be separated from the rest.

A great number of negroes had been taken with them, whom they had infected with their errors, though without eradicating their idolatrous superstitions; this gave the good father double trouble, as he had to contend against paganism and heresy at the same time; but zeal for his dear negroes gave him double strength, and as many of them had not even been baptised, he had to instruct them in the manner already described; when they were sufficiently prepared he caused a magnificent altar to be erected, and to give greater splendour to the ceremony, he engaged a fine choir of music. All the principal nobility of the city assisted at this edifying spectacle, several of whom offered themselves as sponsors. The wonderful devotion with which the new converts received baptism and the other sacraments, convinced every one that the finger of God was there, and contributed much to the honour of religion. All this, however, made no impression on one obstinate invalid. To all the attentions and entreaties of the holy missionary, he returned only insult and blasphemies against the Catholic Church. Whilst the father, almost in despair, was continuing this fatiguing and apparently hopeless task, fourteen

other Dutchmen in danger of death were brought to the hospital: he thought he would try if he could succeed better with them; he accosted them mildly, and after tenderly embracing them, he prepared some remedies for them, arranged their beds, offered them food, and performed the most humble services for them: in a word, he omitted nothing that the most attentive charity could suggest. In the meantime he often spoke to them of the Catholic religion; and these poor creatures, already delighted with his kindness, listened to him with pleasure, and he so effectually gained them one after the other, that thirteen of the number died good Catholics. One more obstinate than the rest, still held out; seeing that his illness increased, and that he was likely to die in his heresy, the father redoubled his prayers and efforts with such success, that he ultimately made his abjuration with all due solemnity, and afterwards expired in most lively sentiments of faith and contrition. Overjoyed at this unexpected change, he resolved to have the poor man buried with great honour; drapery, lights, music, nothing was spared; the obsequies were attended by the most respectable inhabitants of Carthage, who were glad to let the heretics see how much respect is shown to those who die in the communion of the Catholic Church.

Notwithstanding all this success, the zeal of the holy man was not satisfied, so long as he saw the unfortunate man, for whom he had taken so much trouble, remaining as obdurate as ever. Moved to compassion at his miserable condition,

he returned to him again, and embraced him ; but the other roughly repulsed him, calling him a hypocrite and impostor, and telling him that he should not deceive him as he had already deceived so many others, who were weak enough to be imposed upon. True zeal however receives humiliation and contempt as willingly as it does glory and success ; the father was not disheartened, and the satisfaction of suffering something for Jesus Christ, helped to moderate his grief at the heretic's continued obstinacy. Like an intelligent and charitable physician, who, without minding the waywardness of his patient, watches the favourable moment to apply his remedies, he tried by attentions, services, and, above all, by fervent prayer, to move the heart of this wretched man.

On the day after the funeral of the last converted Dutchman, he returned to make a last attempt : his prayers had obtained what his words could not effect. As soon as the heretic saw him he exclaimed with deep emotion, " O my father, come to me, my father ! " at the same time stretching out his arms to welcome him. The father in a transport of joy, ran to embrace him, and for some moments tears choked the utterance of both ; at length the invalid drew a deep sigh, and said, " Hearken, father, to a surprising fact : the Dutchman whom you buried yesterday, with so much ceremony, has appeared to me this night, and given me to understand that there is no other path to salvation but the one you teach, and that by it alone have he and his companions been

saved; he then reprehended me very severely for the wrongs I have done you, desiring me to beg your pardon, and to believe your words. I cast myself at your feet then, my dear father, and place myself in your hands; do with me whatever you please, during the two days I have still to live: the time is short, let us not lose it; help me, I beseech you, with your prayers and counsel." The holy man in the height of his joy even surpassed himself in the care he took of this penitent sinner: he was the son of his most bitter sorrow, and therefore became the child of his most heartfelt joy. After making his abjuration, he asked to receive the sacraments; and whilst they were being administered, he begged the father not to bury him with honours of which his crimes rendered him unworthy, but to cast him unburied into the fields, for having so long outraged the Divine Goodness. His last words were fervent and reiterated acts of faith, of hope, and love, which filled all who stood by with consolation, and led them to bless God, whose mercies are infinite.

The conversion of heretics, however, cost the holy man much less trouble than the conversion of Mahomedans. It is well known that of all people in the world they are the most obstinate in their errors. The permission which their law gives them to indulge in sensual pleasures, together with the prohibition to treat of religious matters otherwise than by force of arms, make it almost impossible to convert them. Great numbers of them land at Carthagená in merchantships, and they are also employed by government

to guard the coasts. As soon as ever Father Claver heard of the arrival of any vessels with Moors and Turks on board, he went in search of them everywhere, and tried to gain their friendship, showing an interest in all their affairs, inquiring about the voyage, whether they were well treated by their masters, and if they wanted anything. At the same time he gave them to understand that he was quite at their disposal, and ready to help them in any way he could. In fine, his attentions and kindness succeeded so well, that he gained them by degrees to Jesus Christ.

Amongst the poor to whom he was in the habit of giving alms, was a Turk of so harsh and ferocious a character, that any other person would have despaired of his conversion; but the holy man, far from being discouraged, only redoubled his kindness to this miserable being; the best part of the alms was always for him, and the father always showed him most tenderness. This sort of combat, of insults on the one hand, and kindness on the other, continued during several years, until at length, overcome by the meekness and patience of Father Claver, the Mahomedan begged to be instructed, received baptism, and became as gentle as he had before been haughty and intractable.

A Moor, aged about sixty years, fell dangerously ill: his companions fearing that he would not be able to resist the zeal of the Apostle of Carthage, went every day to see him, to encourage him to remain firm. To remedy this, the gov-

ernor, Don Pedro de Zapata, had him conveyed to his own house. Father Claver having been told this, immediately hastened thither. Scarcely had he spoken to the Moor ere he became softened and asked for baptism ; he received it, and with it at the same time the health both of his soul and body. The governor, who knew his previous obstinacy, stood sponsor, and always declared, that, considering all the circumstances, this conversion must have been miraculous. This was followed by another, still more remarkable. A person living in the neighbourhood of Carthagená, had a very useful Moor ; and, what is unusual with those people, of a very sweet temper ; but strongly attached to his sect. His master, more anxious for the slave's salvation, than for his own interests, often exhorted him to be a Christian : after many useless attempts, he took him to Father Claver, and at the first sight of him, the Moor resolved to be converted. A few days later, he declared that in truth he sincerely desired to receive baptism, but before this, he could wish to learn Spanish, that he might be better able to understand our religion. The father approved the plan, and finding that he had advanced as far in two months as if he had studied for years, he understood thereby that God intended to make use of him for His own glory. It happened that one of his brothers arrived at Carthagená in the same fleet with himself, though without either of them knowing that the other was there. After some time they casually met in the town, and the eldest, who was now a Christian, hoping to make

the younger doubly his brother by making him his brother in Christ also, spoke to him with great energy on the grace which God had shown him by calling him to the true religion. The other, surprised and indignant at such discourse, answered contemptuously, that his brother might live as he liked, but for his part, having been born a Mussulman, he would die a good Mussulman. The Christian went off to Father Claver, and after relating his adventure, expressed his grief, and the little hope he had of gaining his brother. The holy man consoled him, promised to have recourse to God, and desired him to bring his brother to see him as soon as he could. An opportunity soon offered, for the brothers met in a few days, when the convert told the other that there was no one in Carthagená to whom he was under such obligations as to Father Claver, and as their interests ought to be mutual, he begged he would go with him and thank his benefactor. The Mahomedan, who was cunning and suspicious, saw through the plan, and said he could never consider that to be a benefit, which was treason against his faith, and that he would never submit to hear what it was impossible for him to endure; but being somewhat gained by all he heard of the holy missionary's goodness, he consented to go with his brother to see him. The father (as if he had heard their conversation) spoke to the Mussulman with angelic sweetness, and not to provoke him seemed not to hint at religion. After tenderly embracing him he inquired about his affairs, how he found himself at Carthagená, how his master

treated him, what his employment was, and so forth. Then he cleverly turned the discourse upon his brother, eulogizing his good qualities, represented the consolation he enjoyed in the religion he had lately embraced, and, in fine, exhorted him to share the same happiness. The Moor listened to him quietly, and was astonished at his own forbearance. The father, perceiving that he was shaken, then assumed the tone of an apostle, and suddenly presenting his crucifix to him, he commanded him to cast himself without delay into the arms of a Saviour who had done and suffered so much for him. Struck, as by a thunderbolt, the Mussulman tremblingly prostrated himself, and promised the holy man he would soon come to him again. The father, thinking he had done enough for the first interview, let him go. He had many temptations to surmount, and the devil used all his efforts to retain him within his grasp; but grace triumphed, and he soon received baptism with strong marks of faith and piety.

Other conquests, however, often cost the father very dear, and it would be impossible to describe what he suffered from the almost invincible obduracy of the Mussulmen. He was twenty-two whole years trying to gain a Turkish galley-slave, whom he almost despaired of; after so many useless labours, he heard that he was reduced to the last extremity; he went to him again and spoke with so much force and efficacy, that the man asked for baptism; whilst receiving it, he uttered aloud these remarkable words:

“There is no other law than that of Jesus Christ, in which I purpose to live and die. Cursed be the law of the false prophet Mahomet, as well as all those who follow it!” He spent thirty years also contending with the obstinacy of another Turk, belonging to the governor’s household; nor was it without the help of a prodigy that he eventually triumphed. The man went to cut wood on the neighbouring mountains, and thought he saw in a dream the Queen of Heaven, who pointing to Father Claver said, with much majesty and sweetness, though in a tone of severity, “Why dost thou not do what he tells thee? Why art thou not converted?” The vision disappeared, and the man felt half convinced. On his way home, the first person he met was the father himself, who as usual pressed his conversion. He was much struck, and changed colour, but would not yield as yet; so he walked rapidly on, pretending not to hear what was said, although he felt his heart strangely agitated. Another prodigy of charity was necessary to subdue this fierce character. About this time, a criminal was condemned to death, and as there happened to be no executioner, the Turk was ordered to undertake the office. Being unwilling to do so he fled away to the castle of St. Croix; but being discovered, he was compelled to perform the execution, notwithstanding his repugnance. He was so much distressed at the time, that he would certainly have fainted, had it not been for some biscuit soaked in wine, which the father very kindly gave him. But the tender-

ness, charity, and zeal of the servant of God towards the criminal, gave the last blow to the heart of the Mussulman. Being persuaded that the faith professed by so holy a man, could alone be the true one, he went on the very evening of the execution-day, to cast himself at his feet, and place himself in his hands. He was soon afterwards baptised in the cathedral with great solemnity.

It would be difficult, or rather impossible, to say how many Mahomedans Father Claver converted, but this may be asserted, that few of those who came to Carthagera in his time could resist his voice, or the spirit of God which acted in him. Not only did he seek them in their own homes, but after meals he would take the keys and act as porter, that he might be able to gain some soul to God; this was one of his most ordinary recreations, and as amongst the poor whom he relieved there were often heretics and Mahomedans reduced to great distress, whilst he assuaged their hunger and thirst he had the consolation of contributing to their salvation; he usually served them on his knees, and these poor creatures, moved by his humility and meekness, willingly entered into the sentiments he strove to inspire.

His zeal would not have been satisfied if any sort of misery had escaped him. He found means to penetrate even into the deepest and most miserable dungeons, where his attentive kindness gained the confidence and affection of the most hardened prisoners. When he visited them, as

he often did, he excited them to patience and repentance, and when he found them sufficiently prepared, he heard their confessions, as for death. He banished from the prisons all swearing, enmities, and quarrels, desiring one of the most docile of the prisoners to inform him punctually when any of them relapsed into those faults, that he might severely correct them: they had public prayer every day, and at night all the prisoners assembled to recite the Litanies of our Blessed Lady. His attentions were still greater to those who were confined for debt in these dungeons; he would remain shut up with them for a long time, nor would he quit them till they were consoled. There is no kind of service which he did not render to these unfortunates; not satisfied with engaging a virtuous licentiate, named John Sanchez, to declare himself their protector, he often went to the lawyers, to beg them to expedite the affairs of the poor prisoners; and he employed the most able counsellors, conjuring them to conclude the lawsuits as soon as possible; he went also to the judges, but he only did the latter in cases where death was not in question; in criminal offences he simply asked for all that would not interfere with justice.

He had unquestionably an extraordinary grace for soothing criminals under sentence of death; when any one of these was condemned, he sent for Father Claver, who immediately hastened to him. On arriving he tenderly embraced him, and placing his crucifix in his hands, said, "Ah, my dear brother! behold the plank God offers

you in your shipwreck ; you can escape the tempest by no other means. How happy should I be, if like you, I could know the hour of my death ! We must all reach the same term, a little sooner, or a little later, what matters it after all !” He next taught him how to make his general confession, and as he always carried some instrument of penance with him, he induced him to add some voluntary penance to that assigned by law. On the day appointed for the execution, he assembled all the prisoners, recited a gospel, whilst he held his hand on the criminal’s head, said mass, and made them sing the Litanies of our Blessed Lady for the unfortunate man. After which he presented his crucifix to all of them to kiss, and made such a tender and pathetic exhortation, as drew tears from all eyes ; then approaching the condemned, he induced him to beg pardon of the other prisoners, recommend himself to their prayers, and even make them a little exhortation if he were capable of it. On reaching the place of execution, he made him kiss the steps of the ladder, as so many steps to heaven ; he sprinkled the criminal and the instrument of torture with holy water ; if he seemed exhausted, he wiped his face with his own handkerchief, gave him some biscuit or other refreshment, with some liquid proper to strengthen him ; in a word there was no succour that he did not render him. As soon as the execution was over, he had solemn prayers intoned for the repose of the deceased, engaging the choir of the cathedral for this purpose ; and

then withdrew. So well convinced was he of the eternal happiness of almost all those whom he assisted, that speaking once of some persons who had delivered a criminal into the hands of justice, he said, "God forgive them; but they have secured the salvation of this man at the probable risk of their own." Most of these criminals considered it a grace to die in the hands of this holy man. As soon as he spoke to them the most savage and indomitable became gentle as lambs, and in place of their ordinary imprecations, nothing was heard but sighs, and the sound of the bloody disciplines which they took before leaving the prison for execution.

A Spanish captain being condemned to the flames for coining false money, asked for Father Claver to prepare him to appear before God, although some other religious had assisted him even to the place of execution. Some time before his condemnation, the holy man had so well prepared him for death, that on the very day his sentence was pronounced he expressed great joy, and wrote the following moving words in his prayer-book: "This book belongs to the happiest man in the world: justice delivers his body to death, thereby to save his soul: I beg him, into whose hands this book may fall, to recommend me to the Divine Mercy. I have sinned, O my God! and deserve not one death only, but a thousand. My greatest sorrow is, not to have a sorrow as great as I ought to have, after all the offences I have committed against you!" He was to be strangled before he was thrown into the

flames, but the cord broke at the first turn. Seeing him fall to the ground, Father Claver ran to him and took him up in his arms; whilst holding his face tenderly pressed against his own, the executioner passed another cord round the criminal's neck, on which the religious called out that Father Claver was irregular. "Well, be it so," answered Claver with holy zeal, "if at this price I can save a soul; but no, such an action cannot make me irregular!" The cord broke a second time, and the father did the same thing again; and although these repeated efforts made the man's face frightfully hideous, the holy man held him closely embraced, never ceasing to exhort and animate him until he had expired in most Christian sentiments. One of the religious there present, struck with his zeal and charity, but above all, with the extreme poverty that appeared in his whole person, exclaimed in a transport of admiration, "Behold a true religious man, one who teaches us how to be so!"

The Count of Castle-Mayor was accused of plotting to become master of Carthagená; he was arrested by order of the court, and imprisoned in the castle of St. Croix; he effected his escape, however, and reached a Portuguese vessel waiting about the coast on purpose to favour his design, accompanied by two Dutch vessels. In the meantime a sergeant and another Portuguese, suspected of contributing to the escape, were sentenced to be shot. To free themselves they falsely accused several other persons, but Father Claver easily induced them to retract their false accusa-

tions before their execution. When they fell to the ground, seeing that they still breathed, he ran to them to encourage them in their good resolutions, nor would he quit them so long as a spark of life remained. He was often commissioned to assist several criminals at once, even as many as thirty; yet nothing could slacken the ardour of his zeal; nor could any of them resist his charitable remonstrances. Five fugitive negroes being recaptured were condemned to death, to serve as a warning to the others. Father Claver failed not to go and assist his dear slaves; after hearing their confessions he prepared them for death. One of them, who was still a pagan, was so much moved by the example of his companions, and still more by the charity of the holy missionary, that he was converted to the faith, and requested baptism; so that to him human justice was the precious source of divine mercy, and he found his salvation in his very condemnation. Good works of this kind were so attractive to Father Claver, that when ill, and even when in his last illness, he would be carried to the prisons, in order that those unfortunate creatures should not be abandoned. He was once called to a Moor, who when sentence of condemnation was passed on him, became so furious that there seemed no hope of bringing him to proper sentiments. No sooner did the father speak to him than he became softened, and so willing to suffer death in punishment for his crimes, that when other religious came to accompany him to the place of execution, they found him severely

disciplining himself in expiation of his former fury, and only sighing for the moment of his going, as he hoped, to see his God.

The most obdurate sinners could not withstand the spirit of God which animated Father Claver. A Spaniard, who for a long time had been reduced to the most abject misery and want, was charitably taken into the house of a virtuous captain, who treated him like a son. A few days after, the miserable wretch carried his ingratitude and barbarity to such an excess as to assassinate his benefactor, and run away with all the money he found in the house. God did not leave this crime unpunished; the assassin fell into the hands of justice, and was condemned to the death he deserved; the sentence threw him into a furious despair, but scarcely had the father approached him ere his screams and fury changed into tears and sighs. Before his execution he begged as a favour for the most cruel tortures; and during the brief remaining term of his existence, gave such lively marks of sorrow and repentance, that his death drew tears even from those whom his crimes had most exasperated.

BOOK IV.

WHAT has been already related, would appear sufficient to occupy the zeal and exhaust the powers of twenty evangelical workmen, but Claver alone sufficed for all. In the midst of the excessive fatigues occasioned by his care of the sick, the heretics, and prisoners, he never forgot the negroes, who were the most tender objects of his love. Besides those who merely disembark at Carthagena to be dispersed throughout India, there are a great number of others retained in the city for the service of private individuals, or occupied in the neighbourhood in various domestic labours. These latter form small populations governed by the Spaniards, and have so much the more need of succour and attention as being at a greater distance from the Christians. Hence the holy missionary made them one of the chief objects of his care. He could have wished to gain them all to Jesus Christ at the time of their disembarkation; but his want of good interpreters checked his zeal and apostolic labours. To remedy this inconvenience, so distressing to a heart like his, he learnt the Angola language, the easiest and most universally spoken of all; but it would not suffice for all, and as the interpreters he engaged often failed when he most needed them, either through their own negligence or the selfishness of their masters, he resolved

to purchase some negroes for the service of the college, hoping by degrees to make good and useful interpreters of them. For this purpose, however, resources were necessary which his superiors were unable to furnish; but God, who never abandoned him, enabled him to collect abundant alms, and even seemed to authorize his zeal in this matter by events that were almost miraculous. Hearing that one of his friends, a merchant, was setting off for the traffic of negroes, he placed a sum of money in his hands, commissioning him to purchase three of the most docile and intelligent negroes he could meet with, assuring him at the same time that God would not abandon him, and that as the money was to serve in the conversion of innumerable souls, it might perhaps be a means of salvation to the merchant himself. The beginning of the voyage was tolerably prosperous; but when actually in sight of the coasts of Guinea a violent tempest suddenly arose, the fleet was dispersed in a moment, and the ship in which the merchant was, struck on a rock with great violence, which half shattered it to pieces, and great part of the cargo had to be thrown overboard, in hopes of lessening the danger of the crew. In this extremity the merchant recollected Father Claver's money, and wrapping it in a cloth, he bound it round his body; then stripping himself of everything else, full of confidence in God and in the merits of His servant, he threw himself into the sea. In spite of all his efforts against the waves, he was on the point

of being swallowed up by them, when all at once a monstrous turtle • shell, apparently sent by Providence, as formerly a whale was sent to save Jonas, floated towards him ; he resolved to use it as a sort of skiff, and after being tossed about for some hours, he reached the shore safe and sound ; but absolutely denuded of everything excepting Father Claver's money. The temptation was great, considering his deplorable condition ; but his fidelity was greater, and he preferred needing absolute necessities, rather than fail in the execution of his commission. He purchased the three slaves that appeared most sensible and intelligent, not doubting that if the money of the holy man had saved him in this first voyage, the use he had made of it would be his safeguard in the next, as he himself said in a letter to Father Claver before setting out to return home ; nor was his hope delusive ; God pleased with his fidelity was faithful too in His turn. The voyage was prosperous, heaven blessed the merchant's undertakings, and in a few years he became richer than ever.

By the assistance of Providence the zealous missionary succeeded in procuring seven negroes, all of different tribes ; but it cost him great care and trouble to form them and make them fit to teach others. He was obliged to spend several days in teaching one of them to make the sign of the cross only. He had a fixed time every day for their instruction, in which he never failed. He took care to have them occupied in such work as was suited to their strength ; and

the small profits arising therefrom were spent in purchasing others, or in succouring the infirm or such as were past labour. Though naturally serious and pensive, he was always gay and cheerful with them; recollected as he was everywhere else, he seemed unable to contain himself when with them. Ever attentive to their necessities, he often asked them if they were in want of anything, whether they were happy, and whether they were kindly treated; but it was more especially during illness that his tenderness shone forth; his affliction might be seen in his countenance. Not satisfied with doing all he could for them himself, he had recourse to the best physicians, and he who never spoke of his own sufferings, was solicitous even to importunity when his dear interpreters were in question. As he loved them as much as he hated himself, he cared not what he suffered himself; but he was inexpressibly pained at the sufferings of his negroes. One of them was afflicted with a frightful disorder, which made him unbearable to every one. Father Claver, with permission of his superiors, lodged him in his own room, giving him his own bed. He daily carried him his food, drest his wounds, washed him, and prepared all his remedies, and that he might more readily assist him, he slept on the floor at the foot of the bed. He continued this during four entire months; and what he did for this one he would have done for any other in similar circumstances. All of them, however, did not correspond with his tenderness; they often abused

his humility and meekness in a most insolent manner : one of them made him endure a sort of martyrdom for several years, and yet the holy man never thought of sending him away, nor made any complaint of him, but always considered his conduct as a precious opportunity given him by God to try his patience and purify his virtue : he consequently made it a rule to treat this negro with more affection than the rest.

We have already alluded to his affliction at the death of the negroes ; but when he lost any of his interpreters his distress was so great, that he really needed consolation, and accepted with great sensibility the condolence offered on such occasions. Their obsequies were performed with great magnificence ; he had a profusion of lights and a full choir, and he always invited a great number of other priests. In similar ceremonies he celebrated the mass of requiem himself ; but when it was for his interpreters, grief so completely choked his utterance that he had not power to do more than carry the cross, and he remained bathed in tears during the whole of the service. It was with the assistance of these men, thus formed by himself, that he exercised the greater part of his apostolic functions towards the other negroes. It is not precisely known how many he baptised ; that the number was very considerable is most certain. A religious questioned him on this subject shortly before he died, to whom he answered that he thought he had baptised more than three hundred thousand ; but as humility always led him to diminish the

number of his good works, it has been asserted by persons likely to be well-informed, that he had baptised at least four hundred thousand. What a triumph in heaven for an evangelical labourer who enters accompanied by so many merits, and preceded or followed by so many thousand souls to whom he opened the door of that blessed abode!

Notwithstanding all his care of these poor slaves, he never thought that he had done enough for them. His only relaxation after his labours in Carthagená, was to undertake others in its vicinity. After Easter country missions usually succeeded the laborious occupations of Lent, and in these he seemed to acquire renovated strength. He always travelled on foot; for neither rain, nor storms, nor the excessive heats could retard for a moment his evangelical labours. Like the divine model he had chosen, the salvation of souls was meat and drink to him; for he never took anything till towards mid-day, when he celebrated mass. Furnished with all the powers granted to ordinaries, viz., to absolve reserved cases, reinstate invalid marriages, and to exercise all the other functions of a missionary, he set out with no other provision than his confidence and trust in Divine Providence. He took a negro with him to act as interpreter, obeyed him as his superior, and shared with him the luggage, consisting of the vestments and other things requisite for mass, together with some rosaries, and other little objects of devotion, intended for distribution. As the residences of the negroes are often at a great

distance from the city, it is incredible what fatigue he underwent in these journeys; he had often to traverse rugged mountains, to climb rocks covered with brambles, to wade through bogs and ravines; but all this, so far from alarming him, only increased his courage and his gratitude to those who were so good as to allow him thus to labour for the glory of God and the salvation of his brethren. Once before setting out in a very rainy and stormy season, he went to ask the necessary powers from an ecclesiastical superior, and having obtained them he went again to him on his return, to offer his most humble and grateful thanks, as if in fact the other had done him some great favour, instead of being under a real obligation to him for his trouble. The ecclesiastic having asked him how he got through the mission, he answered with a smile, "O, very well, for the fruit was great, and the labour was proportioned to the fruit;" and he might well say so, for he had often been obliged to walk up to his knees in water and mud, and to force a path through brambles and briars, so that his feet, hands, and face were covered with scratches and wounds.

On arriving at the place of his mission, if there was any chapel or oratory there, he immediately entered it to beg the help of God in his labours, but if there was none, he caused a large cross to be erected in the middle of the place, and kneeling at the foot of it, he fervently implored Jesus Christ to have compassion on those souls that were in danger of being lost from want of

instruction and succour. Then after humbly saluting every one, he inquired whether there were any negroes sick, or enfeebled by old age; if there were he immediately visited them, either to give them some refreshment, or administer the sacraments if necessary. In thus passing from hut to hut, he carefully noticed which was the worst and poorest, in order that he might take up his abode there with the sick person; or if he chose another, it was always the most ruinous and abandoned. At night-fall when the negroes returned from their work, he mildly accosted them, embracing them all with great tenderness; and after allowing them a short time to rest, he assembled them either in the chapel or around the cross; then kneeling with them, he made them recite some prayers aloud, and explained the motive of his visit; after which, to excite a lively sorrow for sin and a love of God, he made them a tender and pathetic exhortation on the sufferings of the next life, and on the great truths of religion; supported by pictorial representations of hell, and of the passion of Jesus Christ; and finally, he dismissed them, telling them he should remain there long enough to hear all their confessions, and give them such other help as they needed. The same exercise was repeated every evening, and before they returned to their huts he carefully investigated their enmities, quarrels, disorders, and other scandals, in order to apply proper remedies.

The proprietors of these residences always begged the honour of his company at their tables,

but he usually retired to the poorest cabins to take his meals, or if through repeated importunity he consented to eat with his hosts, he contrived to find some uncomfortable seat, that he might at least have something to suffer. All the delicacies that were put before him he reserved for his sick, eating nothing himself but a bit of coarse bread made of Indian corn, or a little rice cooked with salt and water, alleging that this diet suited his constitution best. At night, when he had sent his negroes home, he took a severe discipline, and spent several hours in prayer; after which he took a little rest on the ground, wrapped up in his cloak. He was in the chapel before day-break to hear confessions, and finished his morning labours by celebrating mass. From thence he retired to his hut and remained occupied with God till evening, when he recommenced his instructions. Whilst preaching to the negroes, he was sometimes so tormented by the musquitoes, as to be covered with blood, yet he never stirred or drove them away; if any one advanced for this purpose, or tried to kill them, he would not allow it, saying that those little creatures belonged to God; that moreover they were very useful to him, because by drawing away his bad blood, they saved a bleeding, which was necessary to him from time to time. His interpreter, distressed at seeing his face thus disfigured by insects, contrived sometimes to make him shorten the instructions, by telling him that it was necessary to let the negroes retire to rest after their labours.

What he most dreaded was the attentive kindness of the Spaniards; and when he could not otherwise get rid of their importunities, he closed the mission as soon as he could. Nothing could induce him to break the rigorous abstinence to which he had bound himself. His slender nourishment, joined to the excess and continuity of his labours, weakened him so much that he often fell exhausted in the confessional. One morning, when this had happened, his interpreter sharply reprehended his indiscretion, and tried to persuade him to take something. "Not as yet," replied the holy missionary; "to-day I have performed no service for God." Excepting on this point, his obedience to him was wonderful, for he never undertook anything without his order or consent. The inhabitants of a distant residence having written to beg he would go and give them a mission, he answered that he would go with pleasure if his negro consented. As the latter did not judge that it was proper to go, on account of the distance and difficulty that there would be in crossing a great river which they would have to pass, the father told the messengers he was sorry not to oblige them, but as it did not depend on him he hoped they would excuse it.

The prodigious and abundant fruit gathered in all his missions, indemnified him for all he underwent. Baptism conferred on hundreds of negroes who passed for Christians without being so, bad confessions set right, inveterate enmities extinguished, illicit connexions broken or

rectified by marriage, habits of swearing or uttering obscene words changed for songs of devotion, a general reformation of manners wherever the holy man went; such were the successes with which God was pleased to recompense His servant. If any one, rebellious to his admonitions, became a cause of scandal to others, he forcibly threatened him with the anger of Heaven, and the chastisement soon followed the threat. On one occasion he had in vain remonstrated with an obstinate and scandalous negro, who heeded however neither his advice nor his threats. A few days afterwards he was missed; every search was made after him, and as a party of negroes were thus engaged, they met an enormous crocodile, which they killed and opened: to their horror they found within it the head and some limbs of the unhappy slave still entire; so that there could be no doubt of his punishment. This example produced such terror throughout the residence, that the most hardened began to dread the Divine Justice. There was one who, though he had at first resisted, profited better by these heavenly admonitions. The holy missionary saw him sowing corn in a field, and said to him, "You sow, but you will not reap." He fell ill almost immediately, and was carried home; his youth, the strength of his constitution, and the trifling nature of his complaint—all this was insufficient to reassure him; he related his adventure with the father, prepared for death, and died in most Christian sentiments.

To give greater credit to his words, and more success to his labours, God was pleased to ratify them by events, in which it was impossible to mistake His power. A certain residence had long been devastated by a volcano, the smell of which was insupportable, and its flames threatened speedy destruction to the inhabitants: these poor people addressed themselves to Father Claver, who desired them to have a large cross ready for the next day. After saying mass he walked to the volcano, said some prayers, blessed the ground with holy water, and planted the cross close to the mouth of the volcano, and from that time no more flames were seen. In the parish of Tolu the drought was so excessive and continual, that there were great fears about the ensuing harvest. Public prayers had been offered in vain; the curate, in the name of all the inhabitants, came to the holy missionary and entreated him to recommend the afflicted country to God. He knelt down to do so, but arose almost immediately, and with a serene countenance said, "Be comforted, you will have rain before night." Towards evening, although there had previously been no appearance of it, the rain began to fall, and continued in such abundance during three days and nights, that the injury caused by the drought was entirely rectified. On another occasion, when he went to the residence belonging to Don Nicholas de Barrios, the steward of the household, a negro, full of respect for the father's sanctity, received him with every demonstration of joy, and provided a handsome apartment for his accommoda-

tion; but the father would only accept the use of a mean room full of damaged corn swarming with insects. God recompensed the charity of the good negro, and the father, pleased with his kind heart, promised to say three masses for him; he had already said two, when on the third day he requested his host to set out with him to say the third in some other place. The negro, surprised at the request, objected at first, but afterwards consented. Scarcely had they quitted the residence, when some Dutch pirates entered, and put all to fire and sword. He performed a similar service for another colony where he was giving a mission. Being on a sudden supernaturally enlightened, he advised all who were present at his instruction to seek another home for some time; because in the following night, a troop of Englishmen would arrive, and ravage the whole country. The admonition seemed most extraordinary, for it was not even known that any English had reached those seas; yet the truth of the prediction was soon made evident, as well as the prudence of those who had profited by it. The pirates landed that very night, pillaged the whole district, and burnt every house, excepting the one in which the holy missionary had lodged, and to which he had given his blessing.

Thus did God impart interior lights to His servant, for the preservation and salvation of these new Christians, and he never failed to make use of them. Once when visiting a Spanish officer, he suddenly left the house, and took the path towards some rugged mountains in the

neighbourhood, taking with him neither guide or companion, perhaps to spare them the fatigue of such a journey, or else to conceal the favours he received from Heaven. On his return, the officer made him some amicable reproaches on his indiscretion in venturing alone through unknown and almost impassable roads; but he answered with great simplicity, "The salvation of three souls was in question;" and it was afterwards found that he had gone after three poor negroes worn down by age, forgotten by every body, and abandoned on those mountains, and who, having crept under the ruins of a miserable shed, were only awaiting the succour of a priest to enable them to die in peace.

He returned from his missions so thin, attenuated, and exhausted, as to be scarcely recognisable; and yet, so far from seeking remedies to restore his strength, he would take nothing but a little maize in place of bread; so that his superiors were obliged to moderate his austerities. What he lost however on the side of mortification he knew how to find on the side of charity. When no longer engaged in giving missions in the country, he resumed with redoubled ardour his usual occupations with the negroes, heretics, and Mahomedans of the town. But the vices of the Catholics grieved him more than the infidelity and blindness of the others. Looking on himself as the apostle of Carthagera, he could not see without sorrow that our Lord was not perfectly served there; he thought he did nothing for His glory by bringing idolators to the faith so long as

those of the household of the faith dishonoured Him by their unchristian lives. To remedy this by example as well as words, he always appeared abroad so recollected, and so full of God, that he inspired respect and piety in all who saw him. He used to go forth into the public streets, and there make moving exhortations to the people, in order to give them a great horror of vice, and a salutary fear of the chastisements prepared for it. If he saw any dispute or quarrel going on, he advanced at once towards the parties, and his presence alone sufficed to appease them. If he met with any persons playing at games of chance, he would himself regulate the stakes for which they were to play, in order to prevent by the smallness of the sum those excesses often caused by avarice and desperation. He used particularly to urge them to play without cheating, and not to turn an amusement into a disgraceful traffic, or a sinful robbery. If ever he heard oaths or obscene language, he hastened to the spot, and the liveliness of his zeal usually rendered his correction as efficacious as the sweetness of his charity made it amiable. It was by this happy mixture of severity and mildness that he acquired an authority which even the most licentious and the most abandoned dared not to resist.

Persons of criminal or suspected morals feared meeting him so much, that if they saw him at a distance they immediately ran away. Besides the care of the hospitals and prisons, which he never forsook, the tents of the soldiers, the warehouses of

the merchants, and the shops of the mechanics, successively opened a new career to his ardent charity and lively zeal. He had a special talent for foreseeing and preventing the occasions of offending Almighty God. Whenever he heard of any enmity or discord between any individuals, he made it his duty to go and extinguish the first sparks of it, and he seldom failed to succeed, insomuch that he was commonly called the Angel of Peace. One of the abuses against which he energetically declaimed was that of luxury and immodesty in dress. To make the deeper impression, he carried with him a picture representing several devils tormenting a woman of the world, dressed in a style little suited to Christian propriety and simplicity, and he presented it to all those who offended in this way. By this innocent artifice he succeeded in correcting a great number of this defect, so common to the sex. This was no doubt one of the greatest prodigies he effected, for the most zealous and eloquent preachers had failed to remedy this disorder; it is in vain that they declaim against it; habit, fashion, vanity, and the desire to please, always overrule the principles of religion, and even of reason itself. There was no way of reforming manners or of sanctifying souls that he did not put in practice. He frequently visited the workshops of the mechanics, because there were usually children and young people there, who were more likely than others to profit by his instructions; he exhorted them to the fear and love of God, and strove to inspire them with a tender

devotion to our Blessed Lady. When he entered a house to see the sick, he usually desired his companion to instruct the children, or make a little exhortation to the family; and if the invalid chanced to die whilst he was there, he took the opportunity of recommending those who were present to live well, that so they might die well. The lustre of his sanctity and the report of his miracles, attracted a great number of distinguished personages, who ardently wished to have him for their confessor, and to be entirely guided by his advice; but he was not desirous of attaching himself either to the rich or to the great. The care of the negroes, the sick, and the poor, gave him full occupation, and his humility would have been pained; besides that, he knew well that generally speaking there is little to gain and much to lose with those kind of persons who are blinded by their passions and enervated by prosperity. Whenever they were in affliction or disgrace, he willingly received them, but in all other cases he tried civilly to get rid of them, because much time must be lost with them in compliments, ceremony, and useless or worldly discourse, whilst he only cared to speak of God and attend to the salvation of souls. There were some, however, who by prayer and entreaty obtained the favour they desired. Of this small number one was an officer of the Inquisition, named Peter Calderon, who usually said, that from the time he went to confession to Father Claver, he scarcely recognised himself, because by the help of his counsels he pursued

the path of virtue joyfully and without difficulty. His opinion of Father Claver's virtue was so great, that he often wished to accompany him in his good deeds. One day when the holy man was returning from hearing the confession of a poor sick woman, whom he much esteemed for her virtue, and whom he had almost restored to health by his mere presence, such a furious tempest arose that he was compelled to seek shelter in a neighbouring house. The rain having ceased a little he wished to proceed, although the streets were like torrents; but Calderon stopped him, representing to him, that being already old and infirm he would order a chair for him. "No, no," said the father, smiling, "I will not allow that; a good fisherman ought not to be afraid of wetting his feet." Notwithstanding all he could say the chair was brought, he was made to sit in it in spite of himself; and it was afterwards kept by the family with great respect, as a relic.

His labours for the Spaniards met with the same success as those he undertook for the negroes. It would seem as if God, for His own glory, had imparted to his words a powerful efficacy, a secret charm, that it was impossible to resist; a word from him often sufficed to disconcert the most hardened libertine, of which many instances are recorded. Emmanuel Rodriguez declared that he had one evening placed himself behind a tree, with a criminal intention: Father Claver passed by from visiting a sick person, and though the night was so dark that it was

impossible to discern an object at a distance of two or three paces, the servant of God turned towards the place of rendezvous, and exclaimed, "Beware, miserable man! for death is on the watch behind that tree." These words were like a thunderbolt to Rodriguez; he took to his heels, and entirely renounced his criminal project.

This ascendancy which he had over the human heart was so well known, that the Apostle of Carthagená was always called in when all other means had failed with the most desperate sinners. After what has been already related, two or three more instances will suffice. He was told that a man was at the last extremity, and dying in a state of despair; he would neither hearken to prayers or exhortations: if the crucifix was presented to him, he turned away his head in a rage: the most zealous priests had reaped no other fruit from their labours with him, than the grief of seeing him become more obdurate and rebellious. Father Claver hastened to him immediately, and, from the first, was much better received than any of the others; he spent the remainder of that day in prayer for this unfortunate man, and returned to him on the morrow full of confidence in God. After saying all that the ardour of his zeal inspired, he drew his crucifix from his bosom, and presenting it to the sick man, desired him to reverence it, and to put the end of the cross upon his mouth; the dying man did so, and at the same moment his heart became softened; he begged pardon of

God with every sign of sincere repentance, and after receiving the last sacraments with exemplary piety he died, leaving in the minds of all an assured hope of his salvation. As soon as he had expired, the holy man, full of joy, entered the house of a pious gentleman who was a friend of his, and begged he would join with him in thanking God for the mercy He had shown this poor sinner.

A Spanish woman who had led a profligate life was in danger of death ; to all the salutary admonitions given her, she only answered with most obscene and abominable words ; she seemed as if given up to the impure spirit, so that not to increase her guilt people made a scruple of speaking to her. After recommending her to God the father went to see her, said a gospel over her, but at first received from her the same answers as the rest. Indignant at hearing such abominations, the zeal of the chaste director was enkindled ; he assumed a terrible countenance, and presenting his crucifix, said in a tone which seemed like thunder to the miserable woman, " Go, since you will, to hell : go, by all means ; and here behold your Judge, who condemns you to it ! " These words silenced her, and she dared not even raise her eyes. Having gained the first point, the holy man, who, like the good shepherd, only strikes the stray sheep to make it re-enter the fold, immediately changed his tone, tried to gain her by mildness, and conjured her to hope in the mercy of a God who was crucified for her salvation ; the unhappy sinner, urged by so many

powerful motives, yielded at last ; she asked to make her confession, and her abundant tears left no room to doubt the sincerity of her conversion. But it was not the same with another libertine woman, whom the servant of God had long exhorted to lead a more regular life. In spite of all his endeavours she always persisted in deferring her conversion till some other time. " Well," said he to her one day, with a holy anger, " continue to close your ears to the voice of God, who calls you ; in a short time you will see the result of your obstinacy." The chastisement soon followed the threat ; in less than a fortnight the miserable woman was suddenly attacked by a violent disorder which carried her off without allowing her time for reflection, in presence too of the accomplice of her crimes.

The most difficult reconciliations were brought about by him as easily as the most unlooked-for conversions. God seems to have placed the key of all hearts in his hands. A lady of high rank sought to be divorced from her husband, more from caprice and disgust than any solid reason ; the scandal was great to the whole city. The official to whom she carried her complaint put her under the protection of Don Diego de Villegas, who together with his wife used every endeavour to effect a reconciliation ; the lady however, became more obstinate than ever, refused to eat with them, or even to speak to them, and gave them to understand, that rather than return to her husband she would hang herself. Don Diego, not knowing how to subdue her re-

sistance, begged Father Claver to undertake this difficult task, who reasoned with both parties, and found them both equally determined, she not to return to her husband, and he not to receive his wife: the father therefore had recourse to prayer, his usual arms. A few days afterwards the lady was heard screaming and crying out for help. Don Diego ran up to her room, and found her terrified, pale, and trembling; he inquired what was the matter? She answered, that she had just seen two devils, one on each side of her bed, ready to carry her off, and that they threatened to do the same to the counsellor and attorney who had undertaken her cause. Whether all this was a dream or a real vision, it led to the most happy result. Father Claver hearing of it, went and spoke both to the lady and gentleman; after which he called on Don Diego, desiring him to recommend the affair to God; assuring him at the same time that it would be satisfactorily arranged on the following Monday; this occurred on Saturday. The difficulties were so great, that such a result seemed scarcely credible; yet so great was the holy man's power of persuasion, that both parties yielded and lived very happily together afterwards.

He had the same talent in comforting the afflicted. Donna Leonora D'Ordas had lost all hopes of ever seeing her husband again, as he had been absent a long time without her receiving any news of or from him; this threw her into such a profound melancholy, that for some months her friends thought she would lose her senses.

To increase her distress she had five children, of an age to be established in the world, but she had no pecuniary means for this purpose. Not knowing what to resolve upon, she went to the Jesuits' church and anxiously asked for Father Claver. After telling him of her affliction, she begged him to recommend her to God, and to give her something that belonged to himself: the humility of the holy man was troubled at this request; but as she gave him to understand that she could no longer endure her misfortunes, and that if they continued she feared she should certainly commit suicide, he drew out the cross which he wore at his breast, and told her to place it on her heart whilst she was hearing mass, assuring her that she would obtain what she required. It turned out as he had promised; her gloom of mind was instantly dissipated, her bitterness of heart was soothed, and she became as full of consolation as if the cause of her troubles had entirely ceased. But fearing lest they should return if she gave up this salutary cross, she carried it home without saying a word. The father, who deemed it his most precious treasure, sent to re-demand it, and to obtain it the more easily, he assured the lady she would have no farther need of it; and so in fact it happened.

Occupied as he thus was, in reforming, succouring, and consoling the inhabitants of Cartagena, the four last months of the year furnished still more ample matter for his zeal. From the beginning of September until Christmas the Spanish fleets repair to the Bay of

Carthagena to meet the vessels which arrive there from Peru, Quito, and Potosi, laden with the riches of the Indies. This accumulation of foreigners forms in a manner a new city, still more corrupt than the other. No sooner are they disembarked than they yield to every kind of excess without restraint. Quarrels, enmities, revenge, and duelling rage in full fury. Abandoned women, attracted by the hope of gain, flock in from all parts; sordid interest corrupts many others; so that the most happy families are disturbed by the most scandalous connexions. In fine, drunkenness, usury, fraud, oaths, and blasphemies, turn this licentious multitude into a set of pagans.

This torrent of iniquity the Apostle of Carthagena undertook to stem. For this purpose, taking with him some well-instructed youths, formed in his own school, he went to the Great Square, where the four principal streets of the city meet, and remained there the greater part of the day, instructing, exhorting, and inviting sinners to repentance. No one could hear him without being moved by his discourses. It would be impossible to say how many hatreds and enmities he stifled, how many improper connexions he dissolved, how many usuries and other vices he abolished. In a word, the fruit of his labours was so abundant, that towards the end of the year the confessionals were as much thronged as during Holy Week; and many persons entirely forsook the world to embrace a religious state. It could not have been possible for the labours of a single man to have

been attended with such success, if God Himself had not made him the depository of His power and virtue. But Heaven, which destined him to be the apostle of the Carthaginian negroes, and also of an infinity of other people, favoured him with the same gifts usually conferred on those apostles who are sent to carry the name of Jesus Christ to infidel nations; viz., the gift of miracles, of prophecy, and of penetrating the secrets of hearts. We will begin with the gift of miracles; and although a great number operated in favour of the negroes have been already related, a few others of the best authenticated ought to be inserted here. Francis Lopez, whose office it was to collect alms for the lights of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, usually chose the middle of the day for this pious purpose, because the intense heat caused most people to remain then at home: the consequence was, he was attacked by a violent illness which soon reduced him to extremity. His uncle, Peter Mercado, went immediately to call Father Claver, who on his arrival found him without the least sign of life. Seeing every body weeping, as if he was already dead, he said confidently, "No, no! He in whose service he has lost his health, well knows how to restore it; and has only permitted the danger to be so great, to show forth the greatness of His own mercy." He then ordered the water from a certain sort of sponge to be squeezed into his mouth, a remedy which in that country is considered an extremely violent one; but a negro of great experience who was

present, opposed this, declaring that Lopez was dead. "No, no," answered the holy man, "he is not dead; only try the remedy." Having said this he hastily returned home, recommending the sick man to God. The remedy was applied; but producing no result, the negro was still more confirmed in his own opinion. Whilst all the rest of the family were in tears, Mercado went off to the father in search of consolation. "What!" said the servant of God to him, "are you weeping thus for your nephew? Let us return; the remedy will perhaps succeed better the next time." He immediately repaired to the sick man's house, blessed the liquid he had already ordered, and stirred it with his hand; no sooner had he given some to the sick man, than he was heard to utter a deep sigh. In the first transport of joy every one crowded round the bed; but as soon as the father heard them cry, "A miracle!" he promptly escaped. Careful as his humility had been to conceal this prodigy from the eyes of men, his precipitate flight, his confusion, and his pertinacity in insisting on a remedy which in such circumstances is often more injurious than useful, betrayed him in spite of himself; but what leaves no further room for doubt, is the fact that the man was perfectly cured the very same day.

Andrew de Castro sent for him to his house to baptise a new-born child in danger of death; he wished the water to be warmed, as it seemed to be too cold; but there being no fire alight in the house, and the danger seeming urgent, he

blessed the water, and put his hand into it; at the same moment de Castro's wife, who held the water in a silver basin, felt a gentle warmth strike through to her hands, to her very great surprise. A slave belonging to a person who lived near the college was at the point of death; her mistress who had no other attendant was in great affliction, but sent for Father Claver to come and hear her confession immediately; he did so, and after giving her absolution, said to her, "Get up, Mary, and wait upon your mistress!" She obeyed, and from that moment was able to do her usual work.

The sister of Donna Isabella Urbina was attacked with a putrid small-pox. Isabella sent a sedan chair for Father Claver, who was then very old and infirm, with a request that he would come and prepare her sister for death. On his arrival he made the invalid take a little sweetmeat, and then said to Isabella, "Do not be afraid of your sister's death. It is true, death has been very near, but it has now passed!" Having said this, he quickly went away. The physician entered a few minutes after, and finding the patient very weak he recommended the administration of extreme unction; but the two sisters, full of confidence in the remedy given by their saintly director, did not think there was any need for this; and they were right, for a perfect cure soon followed the visit and the remedy. But Almighty God by a very different event, though not less miraculous, gave the same lady to understand that He knows much better than

we do what is to our advantage; and that in all cases we must put ourselves into His hands with confidence. Her husband was attacked by a contagious distemper. The holy man was sent for, and he came bringing with him a picture of the Blessed Alphonso, which he presented to the sick man, who showed much joy and respect at the sight of it, and promised, in the event of his cure, to give a considerable sum of money towards the expenses of the canonization of that great servant of God. The father began to pray for him, and recited a gospel over him; but notwithstanding this, he died soon afterwards, deeply regretted by every one. Isabella was inconsolable, and imagined that the father had been unwilling to pray for her husband's cure, not doubting but it would have been granted if he had asked it; she complained bitterly of this, and even ventured to ask him if he had not deceived her? "No," answered Claver, "and Brother Alphonso himself earnestly begged of our Lord the sick man's cure; but our Divine Saviour answered him that it was much more to the advantage of the patient that he should die now, because he would never be in better dispositions." He so often afterwards positively asserted that the gentleman was saved, that no one could doubt his knowledge of the fact; so that the pious wife was consoled for the loss of her husband by the certainty of his happiness.

A slave belonging to Donna Maria de Bellido, fell so dangerously ill as soon to be at the point

of death. She was even thought to be dead, and they were preparing to bury her, when Father Claver arrived without having been sent for, or informed of the case. "No, no," said he, looking at her, "she is not dead, nor will she die now." He called her by her name; she opened her eyes, answered him, made her confession, and was perfectly cured. Another day, when he had been suddenly called to another sick man, he found him without sense or feeling. As every body judged him to be dead, the father placed his cross upon the body and retired, giving some hopes however to those who were present. He had gone but a few paces ere he was recalled. The brother who accompanied him asked what was wanted? and being told that the sick man wished to speak to Father Claver, the good brother, who thought such a thing impossible, would persist in going home; however, being very urgently pressed they returned, and found the man who had been thought dead perfectly cured. He restored the cross with a thousand thanks to his benefactor; who on his side promptly returned to the college without uttering a word; but his companion as much surprised at the father's silence, as at the miracle itself, no sooner arrived than he told every one what he had seen.

The devils could not resist him any more than maladies. The number of possessed persons whom he delivered was so great, that when juridical informations were taken after his death, only a part of them could be collected. The following instance was witnessed by an immense number of

persons. In the hospital of St. Sebastian, a negro, still a pagan, was attacked by an extraordinary and apparently incurable disorder. He all at once forgot his own native language, speaking instead one that nobody could understand; he heard an internal voice threatening him with death, if he should ever think of being baptized, and he became so furious that he was continually trying to destroy himself. Father Claver being called to him, easily discerned the artifice and rage of the spirit of darkness. He recited some gospels over the man, holding his hand upon his head during the time, and recited the Creed. At the same moment the devil took to flight, the man became calm, recovered his natural tongue, asked to be baptized, and had no sooner received it than he was entirely freed from all his infirmities. Our Lord sometimes makes manifest the sanctity and power of His servants in other ways than by miraculous cures and deliverances. A young negress carrying a basket of eggs to market to sell, was met by a Spaniard, who for some reason or other struck her a violent blow on the face; the blow was so violent that her basket fell to the ground, and all her eggs were broken. The poor girl in desolation at her loss, raised the whole neighbourhood by her cries. Father Claver passed by, as if by chance, and moved with compassion, he approached the negress, and asked what made her cry? "What I am crying for!" answered she; "look, father; that was all I had, all I had to live upon for several days." "Well, well," replied the holy man, "put the eggs in

your basket again, and do not cry." And then as if to help her to collect them, he pushed them gently towards her with the end of his staff; and as he touched them they became sound and entire as they were before. The slave in astonishment knew not what to think, and ascribed it all to enchantment. She turned round to thank her benefactor, but he had disappeared.

Another time when Father Claver, all absorbed in God, was giving communion to the people, having on the richest chasuble belonging to the college, he struck against a lamp, and all the oil was spilt over him. On returning to the sacristy after mass, the sacristan was in despair at seeing his best vestment ruined, and he could not help reproaching him very severely, and in no measured terms; but finding the father made no answer, he went away grumbling, putting the chasuble in a separate place, to prevent it from spoiling the others. The holy man retired into the church and began to pray for the sacristan, who had just treated him so uncourteously. On the following day the sacristan went to look at his chasuble again, and casting on it an eye of compassion, so natural in such circumstances, was much astonished to find it as clean, and even more brilliant, than before. The surprise was equal to the joy of this good religious, who was as much pleased by the restoration of his vestment, as by the prodigy which had effected it.

We might fill a whole volume, if we related all the sudden or despaired-of cures, or all the wonders performed by this holy apostle in the

exercise of his ministry: we will cite one remarkable instance, which was even more spoken of than many of the others. A young Catalan, well known to Father Claver, determined to embark, as surgeon, on board a vessel bound for the island of Cuba, which was to accompany another conveying the Governor of Jamaica. Before setting sail the young man went and took leave of Father Claver, and asked him for some relics, as the safeguard of his voyage: he gave him some, carefully wrapped up in paper, which he fastened upon his breast. As they came in sight of Jamaica they perceived the formidable ship of an enemy in full chase of them. The vessel bearing the governor had fortunately time to reach the port, whilst the other, left alone, had to encounter the whole fire of the enemy. In the midst of the combat a ball struck the surgeon on his chest, and threw him to the ground; he was thought to be dead, and was carried down into the hold. As they were undressing him in order to try and help him in case he was only wounded, a large ball fell from his breast, which having expended all its force against the paper, left nothing but a slight contusion on the flesh. In astonishment he was asked to explain this extraordinary circumstance, and having answered that he owed his preservation to the paper he had received from Father Claver, he was obliged to share it, as well as the relics it contained, amongst all the crew. Meanwhile, the enemy, content with the capture of the ship, disembarked all their prisoners in the

island of Jamaica, where the report of the prodigy was soon spread abroad. The governor, on his return to Carthagena, took care to publish it there, and the young surgeon also on his return, when he went to visit and thank the father, took Father Gonzales aside, related the fact to him, and begged him to commit it to writing, that the memory of so miraculous an event might not be lost.

The power thus communicated to the servant of God seemed useless only to himself, so that in the infirmities which overwhelmed him he found no resource but in his patience and submission to the will of God. One day however he had a violent fall, which produced a large wound on his head; it was at first dressed by an unskilful surgeon, and another more able was sent for. The latter thought it necessary to re-open the wound, and on the following day finding it perfectly cured, with nothing more than a slight red scar remaining, exclaimed in astonishment, "A greater Surgeon than I am has been here!" He then asked the infirmarian for a fresh linen, under pretext of changing the bandages, but in reality that he might have the satisfaction of carrying away the linen stained with the blood of so holy a man. On reaching home he applied it to his wife's eyes, which had been in an inflamed state for the last three months, and at the same moment they were perfectly cured.

To experience the effect of his power with God, it was not always necessary to apply to him. We have already remarked, that he often knew (by a

supernatural light) that such and such sick or afflicted persons needed his help. This was juridically proved in the informations, and we will here relate a few instances of this. A poor man named Alphonso Nicholas, being dangerously ill, was much surprised to see Father Claver enter his house, not having sent for him, and his lodging moreover was in such a retired spot that it was difficult to find out. After a few words of consolation, the holy man exhorted him to make his confession, and finding that his name was Nicholas, he asked if he would like to see his patron. The poor man said he should like it very much; whereupon the father drew a book out of his pocket in which there was a picture of the saint, and presented it to the sick man. In it was represented a troop of devils fleeing at the sight of the holy bishop. The dreadful expression of their countenances made such an impression on Alphonso, that he instantly conceived a lively sorrow for his sins, and in order to begin a more Christian life he made a general confession. The father gave him a considerable alms before he left, and continued to visit him as long as he was ill, performing the most humiliating services for him, and kissing the ulcers with which he was covered. As soon as he was able to walk, he went daily to the church of the college, and immediately the father saw him enter, he left his confessional to help him as far as the chapel of the Saviour, where he placed him in a manner so that he might hear mass comfortably. The wonders so often performed for the negroes were frequently repeated

in favour of the Spaniards also when they were in need of prompt succour. Going one day to a sick person who had sent for him, he stopped suddenly in the middle of the road, and turning to his companion said, "Brother, let us retrace our steps, and let us go and save a soul." At these words he walked rapidly towards a spot, signified to him by the Spirit of God, and entered a hut, where he found a poor Spaniard, who had been driven by despair and misery to hang himself. As he still breathed Father Claver cut the rope, received the unfortunate man in his arms, and by his care at length restored animation. Then applying himself next to the cure of his soul, he made him understand and feel the risk he was in of perishing eternally. Seeing him penetrated with sincere sorrow for his crime, he heard his confession, consoled him, and, in fine, left him determined to accept with submission the cross which God had laid upon him.

A Spanish lady whose son had badly succeeded in the management of some property confided to him, became involved in debt, and was besieged by merciless creditors; she fell into such a fit of desperation at this, that she determined to poison herself, and so get rid of all her troubles at once. At the moment she was going down stairs to lock the door and secure herself from interruption in the execution of her design, Father Claver, led by a particular inspiration, entered the court. "What is now the matter, Madam?" said he, looking at her with much kindness and compassion. Struck at a visit so unexpect-

ed, and regaining her composure, she exclaimed, "Ah, father, you are welcome! No doubt you are an angel sent by God to succour me." At the same time she fell at his feet, and showed him the poison she had prepared. The father reprehended her with firmness, made her a powerful exhortation on the eternal debt she was thus about to contract, on the tyranny of the devils to whom she would have given herself, and on the advantages of afflictions and patience. "And why," added he, "should we despair even in this life? Why not have recourse to God? Do you not know that He is a Father who never abandons those that trust in Him?" The lady, much affected, acknowledged her fault, went to confession, and having received absolution, she resigned herself perfectly to all that Providence should please to send. In a house of Carthagená, remarkable for piety, there were a number of negroes, and to prevent all occasions of disorder, they were very seldom allowed to go out. One of them disliking this restraint, resolved to make her escape and live more at liberty. After a little time she was seized with remorse at the life she was leading; but shame and fear of chastisement deterred her from returning to her owners; so she determined to destroy herself, rather than appear before the virtuous masters she had left. For this purpose she procured a rope, quit-
ted her place of concealment, and climbed up into a tree, and there she put the cord round her neck and exclaimed, "Jesus, be with me!" At this sweet and powerful Name the cord broke,

and the negress fell to the ground. Penetrated with repentance, she made the sign of the cross, blessing the Divine Mercy for freeing her from so great a peril ; still, she dared not return to her former masters. In the midst of her uncertainty, she heard a secret voice, which said to her, "Go to the Jesuits' Church, and speak to Father Claver ;" she immediately did so, and confessed her crime to him, showing him the broken rope. The holy man, after giving her necessary advice how to conduct herself in future, accompanied her himself to her masters, and having assured them of her repentance, and her determination to lead a Christian life, he obtained her pardon. He also rescued from danger a slave who was in despair of ever obtaining her liberty, though her master had often promised it, as the recompense for her services. Whenever she reflected on her misfortune, the devil was always appearing to her, offering to free her from all her troubles. "Why do you defer?" said he, pretending great compassion ; "why not destroy yourself, and put an end to all the evils of life? You are now a slave, and can never be happy, but if you had courage to do as I suggest, you would be admitted amongst the martyrs in heaven." One day as she was standing at a window with bars, well suited to the purpose of her pretended physician, he said to her, "Here is a good opportunity to make yourself happy, but be quick, for I see a man coming whom I hate, because he is my greatest enemy, and if he arrives we shall be unable to finish." She had the rope

already round her neck, when Father Claver entered the house. "Did I not say so?" cried the devil as he fled away. "What is all this?" said the holy man on entering, "What are you doing? What means this cord?" "Alas! father," replied the slave, shedding a torrent of tears, "it is the punishment of my sins, but for you I had been lost!" "Well then," said he, presenting his crucifix to her, "here is One who will pardon your sins if you sincerely repent of them at His feet." He then prepared her to make a general confession, and left her quite willing to remain in slavery all the rest of her life in expiation of her crime.

Almighty God often deprives men of the perishable goods of fortune, to inspire them with the desire of such as are eternal; but there are few who imitate Job's resignation; the greater number only become unfortunate in time to be still more so in eternity. How many persons in Carthage would have experienced this misfortune had it not been for the zeal and charity of its holy apostle! A man having in a short time lost all his property, was so much the more afflicted as he had avaricious creditors on the one side, and on the other a numerous family asking for food. In the excess of his sorrow and despair he heard a secret voice incessantly saying, "Hang thyself, hang thyself!" and though he well knew from whence alone such counsel could come, blinded by grief and passion he was on the point of yielding, when God, who had pity on him, guided him to the house of one of his friends, who suspecting

his design from his agitated manner, took him at once to Father Claver, to whom he related his deplorable condition. The holy man took him in private, and by means of his peculiar talent of persuasion, induced him to make a general confession ; after which he put a medal of St. Ignatius on his neck, and sent him home so much consoled, that in the space of a fortnight he regained both his health and cheerfulness. The same thing, though under different circumstances, happened to a gentleman of rank, who was suddenly reduced almost to beggary. His affliction was so great that he resolved to commit suicide. To accomplish his purpose the more easily, he sent his wife to fetch Father Claver, under the pretext of being consoled by him. The lady had gone about half way, when reflecting on the danger of leaving her husband alone in such a state of mind, she felt as it were inspired to return. On entering the house she heard a great noise amongst some trees in the garden ; she hastened thither, and found her husband suspended on one of the trees. Grief gave her strength ; she raised him by his feet, and called aloud for help. The neighbours arrived in time to cut the rope before he expired ; but on recovering he became quite furious, seeking for a sword or knife to stab himself. In their distress they sent hastily for Father Claver ; he soon arrived, and merely took the maniac by the hand and put a medal of St. Ignatius on his neck, when he was instantly tranquillized. He spent great part of the night in making his confession,

and on the following morning went to the church to thank St. Ignatius, loudly declaring that by means of the son he was indebted to the father for this benefit.

The following circumstance is still more striking and extraordinary. The sacristan having noticed in the court-yard of the college a man of dejected aspect, and who seemed reduced to despair, wished to speak to him, and if possible to give him consolation; but the man obstinately refused to listen to him, alleging that it was now too late: the good brother redoubled his entreaties, and all he could draw from him was, that no doubt God had led him there to put an end to his misfortunes; but that he could not disclose the cause of them. The sacristan at length persuaded him to speak to Father Claver; who took him in private, kept him in the house all night, and served his supper himself. In the morning the man was more composed, made his confession with great sentiments of repentance; and being all at once relieved from his uneasiness, he begged the father would help him to thank God for His infinite goodness, and that he would relate to every one what had brought him to the college, and what had happened to him. The following is his narrative: "I had lost all my property, and not knowing how to live I determined to kill myself. With this resolution I set out towards a mountain at a little distance from the city: at the same moment a man whom I did not know stood before me, and with much kindness desired me to fear nothing, but to con-

fide in him and follow him. He then led me through a path choked up with thorns and brambles, and where it was with great difficulty that I could advance a step. Surprised at seeing myself so scratched and covered with blood, I said to my guide, 'Eh! Jesus, where are you leading me?' At these words the phantom disappeared, and I, making the sign of the cross, retraced my steps to regain my former path. On reaching it I perceived the same figure again, and the same words were repeated. Then no longer doubting what it was, I ran with all speed to the Jesuits' college. I remained there some time, fluctuating between the hope of being freed from my troubles, and the shame of acknowledging the cause of them. Twice I was going away, but was always met by the same phantom, which beckoned me to follow it: in fine, when night approached I was again going away, but your sacristan saw me, and you know the rest."

To the gift of miracles, and that of consoling persons reduced to despair, God added those of prophecy and of penetrating the secrets of hearts. The number of souls whom he so opportunely succoured, when he could not naturally have been informed of their state, is an incontestible proof of this. He read the hearts of the negroes who confessed to him; reminding them of the sins which they either forgot, or concealed through shame. He discovered their dissensions, secret enmities, or plans of escape, in spite of their endeavours to hide them; and it is incredible how many he was thus enabled to keep to their duty.

In a monastery where the holy man occasionally went, a nun was desired to disclose to him certain extraordinary things that occurred to her; and had promised her confessor to do so. But having presented herself for confession to Father Claver, she did not say a word of what she had been desired to tell. Before sending her away the father reproached her for her disobedience on this point; at which the religious was so surprised, that whilst she owned her fault, she also disclosed to him the whole matter.

Don Diego de Villegas had been for some time very uneasy about an affair of consequence, which he dared not communicate to any one. Not knowing what to do, his mind was in such continual agitation that he could not attend to his ordinary duties. One day as he was leaving the church he took holy water from a pillar near Father Claver's confessional, when the father quitting it for a moment, said to him in a tone of authority, "Leave that; abandon all to God." "What is it that I am to abandon?" asked the Spaniard in great surprise. Then the father, disclosing to him what he so anxiously concealed, entreated him not to be uneasy, but to confide in God, who would take care of all. Don Diego left the church so struck with what he had heard, and so convinced that there must have been something supernatural in it, that it was a long time before he could recover from his astonishment, and he ever after considered the father to be a saint, and a prophet inspired by God. Many facts might be cited to prove that Don Diego was not

mistaken in this opinion. A man named Thomas Lopez nourished a mortal hatred against one who had killed his brother; Father Claver had long endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to effect a reconciliation. The mother of Lopez fell ill, and the father, with his usual charity, went to visit her, and as she was very poor, he gave her a considerable alms; when her son was informed of this benefaction he fancied the holy man wanted to purchase the reconciliation, and that the gift was not a pure alms. With this idea he carried the money back to the father, who, without giving him time to say a word, said mildly to him, "No, my son, you are mistaken: my intention was to give an alms; not to make a purchase." Lopez was astounded; and seeing that it was mere loss of time to contend against a saint, who saw into the recesses of his heart, he became sincerely reconciled with his enemy, and put himself entirely in the hands of his benefactor.

Another young man, a great profligate, urged by the solicitations of his parents, went to Father Claver and asked if he would hear his confession. "Why should I not?" returned the father; "but why do you not come better disposed to this great grace? go immediately to the foot of the altar, prepare yourself better, and then return." The young man, after a few prayers said out of complaisance rather than piety, came again to the holy man, who said to him with deep emotion, "My son, we must not make a mockery of God in this way; you are now worse disposed than you were before. Is it possible that

you will not resolve to detach yourself from that unfortunate creature?" At these words he took him by the hand, led him before the Blessed Sacrament, and made him recite five Paters and Aves. In an instant the young libertine became changed; he conceived a lively sorrow for his sins, and after making his confession with great sincerity, he for ever renounced the object of his infamous passion. About the same time a little incident occurred which tended to confirm the opinion of his supernatural lights. Donna Constantia de Luna had twins of about a month old, who did nothing but pine and cry, so as to disturb the repose of the house. The family, unable to discover the cause of this incessant restlessness, had recourse to Father Claver, as to one particularly enlightened by God, and very powerful with Him. He went to the lady's house, and on seeing the two children he said smilingly, "Are these the two little naughty things that give all this trouble?" And being told that they were, he asked for water to baptise them. He was assured that they had been baptised by a woman at the time of their birth. "I know it," he answered, "but they were not properly baptised." The woman was questioned, and it was ascertained that she had failed in an essential circumstance, whereby the baptism was null. The father having baptised them himself they became perfectly tranquil.

The future was no more concealed from him than the secrets of hearts or the wants of the unfortunate. The wife of Don Gabriel de Mendez,

Governor of St. Martha, was on the point of returning to Europe, but first she went to take leave of the Apostle of Carthagená, and recommend herself to his prayers. "Madam," answered he, "go with the blessing of God; but know, that shortly after this voyage, which will be prosperous, you must undertake another and a longer one." Being curious to know what he meant, he plainly told her that the journey would be to another life; she would die a few days after her arrival in Spain; and that as God intended to call her to Himself, she ought to submit to His holy will, which disposes all for our good. Though young and in perfect health, the lady followed Father Claver's counsel, and she seriously prepared herself to appear before God; and her death, which followed soon after her disembarkation, justified the wisdom of his precautions. Another time, when in the house of Donna Anna de Villedo, he eagerly inquired for a certain slave; but as he had gone out on business, he desired the lady to send him to him as soon as he returned, which she did. "What do you wish me to do?" said the negro, as soon as he saw him. "I want you to confess immediately, as for death," replied the father. After objecting for some time, as having nothing to fear, being in perfect health, he at length obeyed, and made his confession. On returning home he ate a good supper, went to bed quite well, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. A report soon after reached Carthagená of the death of this same lady's husband, killed in the war in Catalonia. A friend

tried to console her, on the plea of the news being but uncertain ; but her words not being of much avail, she recommended her to send for Father Claver as the person most likely to know the truth. She sent to him therefore, but although he was most earnestly entreated he refused to go, saying, "Why should I, since I can say nothing to give her any hope?" Letters soon arrived from Spain certifying the death of the Spanish gentleman.

Captain Peter Doriola, having sent his son to study at Salamanca, went to Father Claver after he had set sail, and begged him to recommend the young man to God. "It is precisely what I was this moment doing," answered he, "for the galleons are now encountering a terrible storm, but by Divine protection they will not perish." The captain took care to note the day and hour of the prediction ; and the first letters he received from his son confirmed the truth of it most fully.

Don Juan d'Uvriate Araoz, one of his penitents, had an only daughter who was at the point of death. He went to the college to recommend her to the prayers of his saintly director ; but without leaving him time to say a word, the father exclaimed, "No, no !" "But father," said Don Juan, "what do you mean ? do you think I am come to confession ?" "You wish me," rejoined the holy man, "to recommend your daughter to God. You ought rather to thank Him for being willing to take her to heaven ; it is not even necessary to say mass for her." From informa-

tions taken on this matter, it was evident the father could not possibly have been informed of the young lady's sudden illness; she died that same day, and her parents having thus no doubt of her salvation, easily consoled themselves for her loss. He often predicted these happy deaths, so much more precious and consolatory than health.

Augustine de Baraona having been ill for some time, the father went to see him, and the sick man asked him to hear his confession, in order that he might thus be the better prepared for death. An hour and a half had passed, when his wife and son, seeing that they were still conversing together, were moved by curiosity to go and listen to what they were talking about. For this purpose they entered the room softly, so as not to be perceived, and to their astonishment they found the father on his knees, with his hands clasped, begging the sick man to recommend him to God as soon as he should arrive in His presence, which he told him would be to-morrow; and they then saw Baraona embrace him tenderly, and promise that he would do so. On this the wife, overwhelmed with grief at hearing that her husband was to die so soon, burst into tears; but her son consoled her by reminding her of what Father Claver had said about his speedy entry into heaven. Baraona died the next day, as the father had predicted, and this made the wife and son the more readily believe the other part of his prediction as to the eternal happiness into which he was that day to enter.

Of all the people in Carthagená Donna Isabella d' Urbina, his penitent, had the most frequent opportunities of witnessing the gift of prophecy with which God had favoured her holy director. One day after her confession, he imposed on her by way of penance, that she should pray for her slaves, on an estate of hers at a considerable distance from Carthagená, "And especially for that poor martyr," said he twice over with great emotion. A week after Donna Isabella heard that at that same hour the master of the slaves found one of them resting because he felt ill; but imagining the poor man had left his work through negligence, he had him violently dragged to prison and loaded with irons, where he died of misery and exhaustion. Calling on the same lady, whose sister was with her, a few days before Lent, he said, "In truth there will be no need of fine dresses here!" On the first Sunday their father, Don John, was taken so ill, that the two sisters had quite enough to do in nursing him. At the end of a month he was so weak, that it was proposed to give him the Viaticum, but the physician wished it to be deferred; at which the daughter was much troubled, until Father Claver reassured her, by saying it was not as yet time for it. A few days later the invalid was seized with violent vomitings, which put his life in danger. Donna Isabella ran the next day to her director to beg the help of his prayers. "What!" said he, striking his hand twice on the little table before his confessional, "What! prayers

for that holy Job ; God destines him a brilliant crown in heaven, but not before Holy Week." In effect, he died on Palm Sunday, and thus, as far as the two ladies were concerned, the Lent passed as Father Claver had informed them that it would.

There was a talented young Spaniard at Carthagená, named Emmanuel Alvarez. Father Claver exhorted him to quit the world and take the religious habit, telling him he would die sooner than he expected, and specifying in what month and year. Alvarez, uncertain what to do, disclosed this to no one, but pursued his studies at Santa-Fé for some years. After taking the usual degrees, he returned to Carthagená, though without finding Father Claver there, for he died a short time before. Alvarez took the habit of St. Francis, and towards the middle of his noviciate fell ill ; his superiors wished to send him home to recover, because the illness seemed likely to be long and dangerous. "No, no," said the young man confidently ; "it would be quite useless ; I am to die this year, in this place, and next month too. A long time ago my holy Father Claver predicted this, and it will assuredly so happen." And so it did ; the novice died holily in the beginning of the following month.

Don Lopez D'Estrada, eldest son of the sister of Donna Isabella D'Urbina, having been punished by his master for negligence in his studies, went in a fit of vexation to the monastery of St. Francis, intending to be a religious. This caused his parents great uneasiness, and when

Father Claver called on the young man's mother, she mentioned her grief to him, saying she was delighted to see her children choose so holy a path, but that as yet her son was not in a condition to form such a decision. "Do not fear," answered the holy man; "Don Lopez will never be a religious, but you must make up your mind to consecrate to God your two younger sons, who will enter among the Jesuits." The eldest son changed his mind, and the two others, who had never thought of being religious, earnestly solicited permission to join the Jesuits; but their father, Don Pedro, could not be brought to consent. Some time afterwards young Don Lopez embarked for the island of St. Catherine; the vessel in which he sailed struck upon a rock and was shattered to pieces: the news soon came to Carthagená, and the fragments of the vessel which drifted ashore confirmed the most alarming apprehensions. The pilot's mother, almost frantic, went to Father Claver to ask the assistance of his prayers. "Be consoled," said he, "and do not weep; the ship has indeed suffered, but not a man on board has perished." He repeated the same to the mother of Don Lopez, who was in extreme affliction, adding, moreover, that she would soon see her son again. In the meantime prayers were offered in all the churches of Carthagená, and that belonging to the Jesuits was never empty. Notwithstanding all Father Claver could say, Don Pedro could not be reassured. One day as he was praying with great fervour in the Chapel of the Saviour, he promised

Almighty God that if he received good news of his eldest son, he would allow the two youngest to become religious. Scarcely had he made this promise, than on quitting the church he met a man bringing a letter from Don Lopez, informing him that he was safe at Porto Bello, with all the ship's crew. Don Pedro immediately returned to the chapel to thank God; he had a solemn Te Deum sung by the choir of the cathedral, in the very place where he had made his promise; and as there was to be a sermon in the church that same evening, crowds flocked to hear it, to whom the preacher announced the happy news. Shortly afterwards, the two young brothers entered the Society, where they acquired a high reputation for virtue. The holy missionary, who had so lately given this positive assurance of Don Lopez's preservation, soon had occasion to give melancholy tidings of him. Once after hearing the confession of his aunt, Donna Isabella, the father told her she would have to deplore a death in November, which caused her much uneasiness. A few days later, meeting her with her sister, the mother of Don Lopez, he said to them, "For October, for October." As he looked at them both with a melancholy expression, each one feared for herself, yet knew not what to think. In fine, the Spanish fleet arrived in the month of November, bringing letters announcing the death of Don Lopez, who had gone over to Spain some time before. He had reached Spain during the siege of Barcelona, and being eager to signalize his courage, had offered his services, and was killed there on the 7th of October.

BOOK V.

HIS VIRTUES.

PROPERLY speaking, it is their virtues that make saints, rather than prodigies, revelations, and ecstasies, although these extraordinary gifts usually indicate great sanctity in those who are favoured with them. All that we have hitherto seen of Father Claver, and all his labours and actions, must necessarily give a very high idea of this great servant of God. But before speaking of his happy death, and of the brilliant recompense with which our Lord crowned them, the reader will not be sorry to see his eminent virtues re-united in a single point of view: they will serve to render still more credible the wonders already related, as well as those which are yet to be added.

The love of God, which is the queen of virtues, and that from which all others spring, was the one that had struck the deepest roots in his heart. All his enterprizes, all his labours, all his sufferings, all his mortifications, sprung from this one source, viz., his extreme desire of enduring something for God, thereby to testify his love. Whatever he might do or suffer for Him, he always thought it nothing, because nothing that he did or suffered could ever satisfy his charity. Hence arose that continual prayer, which neither the

most laborious occupations, the most depressing maladies, nor even sleep itself, could ever interrupt; hence too that intimate union with God, which seemed more like that of a seraph in heaven than of a man still living on the earth. It was easy for any one who saw him so modest, so recollected, so calm, even in the midst of the greatest tumult, it was easy to judge how completely he was absorbed in God; neither noise, nor peril, nor anything else, could withdraw his mind from this divine object. One day as he was passing down a street in Carthagená, he was near being knocked down by two horses that had run away; the people on all sides cried out to him to get out of the way, but he took no notice, and the brother who was with him had but just time to pull him by the arm into a shop, the door of which was open. But he all the while neither saw nor heard anything that was going on, and did not even ask his companion what was the matter, or what he was doing.

When not occupied in the service of his neighbour, prayer was his relaxation after his apostolic labours. Father Morillo, rector of the college, used to say he never knew when Father Claver's prayer ended, because whenever he went to his room he always found him praying. Sometimes he would open the door quietly, and found him with a crown of thorns on his head, or a rope round his neck, and often so out of himself, that rather than disturb him the rector withdrew without saying a word. Those

who watched him most narrowly attested that he only allowed himself two or three hours' sleep, spending the rest of the night in prayer, shedding abundance of tears; and even this short sleep was often interrupted by tender aspirations to God. The thunder-storms are terrific in Cartagena, especially in the night; Father Gonzales, his next neighbour, used to go trembling with fright on such occasions into the holy man's room, kneel down close beside him for greater security, and when the storm was over, go away again without Father Claver's hearing him, or having for an instant suspended his contemplation. The celestial favours he experienced in prayer were never fully known, because he always took great care to hide them; but his profound humility, his prodigious mortification, his invincible patience in labour, his perfect detachment from creatures, his extreme self-contempt, his purity of life, his ecstasies, and his prophetic spirit, which unveiled to him alike the necessities of the absent, the secrets of hearts, and future events, all these are incontestable proofs of his intimate communications with God, and of the sublime degree of contemplation to which he was raised. He was often seen, when offering the Divine Sacrifice, when praying amidst his poor of St. Lazarus, or even when assisting criminals at their execution, surrounded by so brilliant a light, that the eye was dazzled with merely looking at him. The silent time of night was most particularly devoted to his more fervent prayers, and some one who passed his door at this time once

saw through the crevices so strong a light, that he thought the room was on fire. He quickly entered, and perceived a soft yet brilliant light, in the midst of which was the holy man, raised from the ground, immoveable, and absorbed in profound contemplation. The same thing happened to a negro who attended on him. One night as he entered his room he saw it suddenly filled with such a bright light, that he at once stopped short. On looking for the father he saw him suspended in the air, in a kneeling posture, with his eyes tenderly fixed on a crucifix he held in his hand; he remained in this state several hours, and was at length seen to descend to the ground and resume his natural position.

The brother who attended him in his last illness also witnessed the same prodigy, and was so struck by it, that he deliberated for some time whether or not to call the other religious to see it; but fearing to wound Father Claver's humility, he waited till he came to himself, and then helped him to bed. The holy man was much mortified at being seen in this state, and bound the brother to silence; who after the father's death attested the fact on oath. Notwithstanding all the extraordinary favours he received from Heaven, he prepared for his meditation with the simplicity of a novice. When God is pleased to elevate a soul in some sort even to heaven, holding it absorbed in the infinite ocean of His light, penetrating it entirely with His love; to be willing then to creep, as we may say, on earth, deeming

oneself unworthy of His favours, and willingly sacrificing them in order to remain always in the lowest rank, this is indeed a prodigy of humility, detachment, and even of love, the price of which those souls only that are well versed in spirituality can really understand.

The Passion of Jesus Christ was what attracted him most sweetly ; he began almost all his prayers by a lively representation of the dolorous mysteries of this divine Saviour, and from the tender consideration of his sufferings he was insensibly raised to the sublime contemplation of His essence. On these occasions he usually held some little pictures in his hand, representing the mystery on which he was meditating ; they were all found after his death, but almost obliterated by his kisses and his tears. On days when he was less engaged in external occupations, he used to make in a sort of way the stations to a large crucifix that was in a retired part of the house ; and when he thought no one could hear him he used to exclaim, "Oh, my Jesus ! My God crucified for me, I love Thee much ; yes, very much, with all my heart !" He used constantly to speak of his Saviour's Passion, and always with tears and sighs, and almost fainting with love ; so that all who heard him were inspired with a holy tenderness mingled with joy. Although his face was always thin and withered, in consequence of his austerities, yet in Holy Week it became so wan and worn with sorrow as to be scarcely recognizable ; in fact, he appeared a living image of our suffering Jesus. A religious who was

well acquainted with him for many years, was convinced that the instruments of the Passion were engraven on his heart, as is related of some saints. Every Friday night he left his room unperceived, with a rope round his neck, a crown of thorns on his head, and a cross on his shoulders, traversing all the most retired parts of the house, as if to follow Jesus walking to Calvary. A secular, who for some reason was staying in the college, hearing the door of an adjoining room open, opened his own to see what the matter might be; and perceived the holy man engaged in the above described devotion: the secular was so moved at the sight as to be unable to close his eyes all the rest of that night.

If the mere recollection of his Saviour's Passion penetrated him with such tender compassion, the presence of this same Saviour in the Eucharist inflamed him with love. He stood before Him as if he beheld Him with his bodily eyes. The sacred Humanity of Jesus, His Divinity, His Omnipotence, His infinite Love in this august mystery, successively attracted the emotions of his heart and mind; and his faith raised him in some sort to the state of the Blessed, who contemplate Him face to face. It was in the presence of this Divine Sacrament that he spent the most of his time of prayer, coming thither frequently every day; and during his last illness, when he was unable to walk, he had himself carried thither as often as he could. When traversing the city, if he saw any church door open,

he always entered to adore his God concealed within the tabernacle; and he was sensibly afflicted to see His court so deserted, whilst the public streets were crowded. On the eves of great festivals and particular indulgences he used to go through the streets exhorting people to prepare to communicate the next day: above all, he was careful that the negroes should not be deprived of the happiness of receiving the Viaticum in their sickness; and that the ceremony might be more decently performed, he would himself sweep and perfume their huts: he even carried his attention so far as to cover their beds with a silk counterpane, which had been given him for this purpose. His conduct with regard to these poor slaves was much criticised by many; they blamed him for allowing them to communicate so often, accusing him of following his piety rather than prudence; but he well knew what was the most proper course, and he knew how to exclude from this grace those who were not duly disposed to receive it; he paid little attention therefore to the sayings of men, but followed herein the plan inspired by God. They might be rude and ignorant, but then he took infinite pains to instruct them before he admitted them to the holy mysteries. They might seem loathsome and filthy to the eyes of others, but he thought only of the purity of their souls. If they were by other men treated as the outcasts of nature, he respected the beauty of grace with which they were inwardly adorned; and this was quite enough to make them dear and precious to him. "Why," said

he sometimes, "should they, since they are Christians, be hindered from obeying the precepts of Jesus Christ and of His Church? Why, under pretext of their wretchedness, deprive them of a sacrament especially instituted for the poor, the little, the feeble, and the infirm?" God Himself deigned to justify the conduct of His minister by an event which deserves to be recorded here. A nun of eminent virtue discoursing once with a religious man, distinguished for his learning, alluded to Father Claver's sanctity. "I respect his piety much," replied the religious, "but I cannot excuse his facility in admitting the negroes to communion." The opinion of a man so highly esteemed excited some doubts on the subject in the mind of the nun, but she was soon undeceived. On the following night she saw in a dream Father Claver standing shining with glory, and the religious man kneeling before him, humbly begging pardon for having sought by his words to sully the lustre of the father's sanctity.

From the same principle, namely, a lively faith ever animated by love, sprung that sensible and tender devotion which he had towards all that concerned the Divine worship, and that profound respect of his for everything connected with religion. His detachment from all besides was truly wonderful. He lived in Carthagená like a stranger, because the whole earth was nothing to him, and he wished to know no more of it than what reminded him of God, or gave him the opportunity of labouring and suffering for Him. On the arrival of a new ship at Cartha-

gena his sole inquiry was whether there were any sick on board, that he might go and help them, and he sometimes asked whether Christian princes were at peace; he deemed all the rest undeserving of his attention. The news from Spain was of no interest to him whose only country was heaven. But in proportion as he was indifferent to all that did not concern the interests of religion, so did he show ardour for everything connected with it. He never recited his office but with a crown of thorns upon his head and a rope about his neck, in order to humble himself the more in the presence of God, whom he had the honour of addressing. Whilst his body was kneeling on the ground his spirit was raised to heaven, and the tender and affectionate tone in which he pronounced the words served to show what were the sentiments of his heart. But it was particularly in the adorable sacrifice of the mass that his devotion was most sensibly displayed. He was so fearful lest the faithful should fail to hear mass on days of obligation, that for their convenience he obtained leave to say two masses on the principal festivals of the year, and in particular on the festival of Corpus Christi; on these occasions he used to tell the sacristan not to give him the usual ab-lutions, if after waiting a little he perceived any persons coming into the church as if in hopes of being able to hear another mass, and he gave him very strict orders about this, because he himself at that time was so absorbed in the contemplation of the divine mysteries he was celebrating as to

be incapable of attending to anything besides. However numerous his occupations might be, having first made his confession, with great abundance of tears, he always spent a full half-hour in preparing for this Divine Sacrifice; from that moment till the end of his thanksgiving, he spoke to no one, being wholly absorbed in the thought and love of Him whom he then offered and received. When at the altar his face appeared so inflamed with divine love, especially on the feasts of our Blessed Lord and of His Holy Mother, that he excited modesty, piety, and devotion, even in the most insensible, and numbers of persons experienced real consolation from hearing his mass. During his thanksgiving, the infinite greatness and incomprehensible goodness of a God, abased even to become the food of His own creature, together with the sight of his own lowliness, and the feeling of his own unworthiness, successively struck him in so lively a manner, that being at a loss for words and sentiments to express his gratitude, he had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, begging her to supply for his deficiency, and to help him to thank her Divine Son.

He may be said to have imbibed devotion to this august Mother of God even in his very infancy; he looked on her as the channel through which Jesus Christ is pleased to communicate His grace to us, in order thus to engage us to show her more respect and love. His holy intimacy with Brother Rodriguez, and one so cherished by the Queen of Heaven, contributed much

to increase his affection for her ; he carried a little book upon his breast, wherein her life and mysteries were represented ; he continually meditated on them, and never looked at them without feeling more and more penetrated with tender love for this good Mother. Always on going in or out of the house, he first went to adore the Blessed Sacrament, and then visited her in her own chapel. He usually called her the Mother of Fair Love, and to obtain through her intercession a more lively and tender love of God, he was often heard to exclaim in his prayers, "Ah, my good Mother! teach me, I entreat thee, how to love thy Divine Son ; obtain for me one spark of that pure love with which thy heart always burned for Him ; or rather, lend me thy heart, that I may at least receive Him worthily !" He celebrated her festivals with extraordinary piety, preparing himself on the eve by additional prayers, penances, and fasts. The afternoon of those days he used to employ in confessing the children belonging to the public schools, that he might inspire them with a love for Mary in their early age. He also persuaded some rich and pious people to send a little banquet to the college on these festivals, whereof one part was sent, together with a band of music, to the hospital of St. Lazarus, whilst he himself distributed the rest to the poor at the door, where he had previously provided comfortable accommodation for them ; he then seated himself amongst them, but always in the last place, had musicians to recreate them, and was

more happy there than if he had been seated with the greatest monarchs. At the end of the repast he made them a little exhortation, to excite their love and confidence in her whose feast they were celebrating; he recited the rosary with them, and finally sent them home delighted with his virtues and kindness. It is impossible to say how many sets of beads he gave away; without counting those disposed of in the confessional, in hospitals, and prisons, he annually distributed eight or nine thousand among the newly-arrived negroes, and was careful to see that they never omitted wearing them. He spent the common recreation hour threading beads with his interpreters, and he collected for this purpose a vast quantity of little hard berries which grow in that country, and are very well adapted for making rosaries. Every day in the year was marked by some little service performed in honour of the Mother of his God, and he never omitted saluting her every hour with the hymn consecrated by the Church to this purpose. The purity of her immaculate conception, and the glory of her triumphant assumption, were the subjects he most loved to dwell upon, and he often congratulated with her upon them. He was never tired of praising the virtues of Mary. Once on the feast of the Annunciation, being in the domestic chapel of Don Andrew de Vauquecel, together with that nobleman and all his family, he began to discourse on the greatness of the Mother of God, exhibiting at the same time a little picture representing the mystery celebra-

ted on that day. After dwelling for some time on the infinite obligations men owe to this Blessed Virgin, he heaved a deep sigh, and gradually lost the use of his senses; he remained more than an hour in this state, to the astonishment of all the family, who shed tears of devotion at the sight; until at length, being time to return to the college, his companion shook him rather roughly, and so recalled him to himself. Next to Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother, his chief devotion was to his guardian angel, to his patron, St. Peter, and to his father, St. Ignatius, of whom he always wore a medal. Moreover, he chose twenty-four Saints to be his protectors, addressing himself to each one by turn, in order, as he said, that there might be no hour in which he had not a special advocate with God. Those who are tempted to look on these attentions as mere minutiae, little comprehend what devotion is when animated by a lively faith and tender charity.

One of the most sensible and least equivocal proofs of Father Claver's love for God, and for all that concerned His glory and service, was his love for his neighbour and zeal for his salvation; a love so pure and disinterested, that in men he sought and saw only God, and souls redeemed by His blood; and a zeal so eager and ardent, that when quite exhausted with labour, he grieved at having as yet done nothing for his brethren. It is needless to say that it was this ardent zeal which drew him from Spain and across the seas to suffer a long martyrdom of

forty years, in a country where everything conspires to afflict nature ; but still more remarkable was that disinterested love of his neighbour which attached him so strongly to the poor, the miserable, and the slaves, whilst he did not even know the names of the greater part of the rich and distinguished inhabitants of Carthagenæ. To instruct the rude and ignorant, console the afflicted, visit the captives, succour the infirm, and provide for the necessities of the miserable, were the delights of his heart. Many persons worthy of belief have attested, that during the whole period of his apostleship in Carthagenæ, not a day passed in which he did not practise some heroic act of charity ; inso-much that in the process drawn up for his canonization it is remarked, that he was in this respect more admirable than imitable. Besides what has been already related of the labours which he undertook for the sake of the negroes, to whose service he chiefly devoted himself, it often cost him much to prevent these unfortunate creatures from perishing, when, as was often the case, they had resolved to starve themselves to death to put an end to their miseries. On these occasions nothing less than the charity of Father Claver could have vanquished their obstinacy. One of them, oppressed with sufferings and covered with ulcers, had taken this fatal resolution ; the holy man went to him, and after much entreaty persuaded him to take a mouthful of food, but after holding it some time in his mouth he cast it back again into the dish. “ My child,”

said the father to him, "you must not do so; look at me;" and at the same time he took up the rejected morsel and swallowed it before the eyes of negro, who, astonished at his zeal and courage, consented to eat, and was ultimately cured.

He did not abandon the souls of his brethren after their death, as we have already remarked. His penances, prayers, masses, indulgences, were all applied to them, and hence, these afflicted souls, certain of his power with God, often came to implore the succour of his prayers. The delicacy and incredulity of the present age shall not deter us from relating one or two instances of this, so well attested as to deserve a record here.

A sick negro, whom he had lodged in his own room and bed, one night heard dreadful groans outside the room, and in his fright he ran to Father Claver, who was then kneeling in prayer. "O father," said the negro, "what is this frightful noise which prevents me from sleeping?" "Go back to bed, my son," answered the holy man, "and sleep without fear;" then helping the poor creature into bed again, and covering his head with the bed-clothes, he opened his room-door, spoke a few words, and the groaning immediately ceased.

Several negroes being employed in a settlement at a distance from the town, one of them went to cut wood on a neighbouring mountain. As he approached the forest he heard some one call him by his name from the top of a tree: he

looked about, and seeing nobody he determined to run back to his companions ; but he was stopped in a narrow path-way by a hideous spectre, who beat him unmercifully with a scourge armed with pieces of red-hot iron, saying, "Why hast thou not thy beads? Wear them for the future, and say them for the souls in purgatory." He then desired the man to demand four crowns from the mistress of the habitation, who owed them to him, and carry them to Father Claver to have masses said for his intention ; after which the spectre disappeared. In the meantime the noise of the blows and the screams of the negro brought his companions, who found him more dead than alive, and scarcely able to speak. He was conveyed home when the mistress owned that she really owed that sum to a negro who had died a short time before. As soon as Father Claver heard these details, he caused the required number of masses to be said, and gave a set of beads to the poor slave ; who, however, not to be caught unprovided a second time, had already furnished himself with two other sets.

His immense labours in Carthagera and its environs were not enough to satisfy the extent and ardour of his zeal. Whenever a privateer sailed for Guinea, he begged to be conveyed to its barbarous coasts, that he might be able to penetrate into the vast countries of Africa, and subject them to the law of Jesus Christ. Being unable to effect this, he entreated the captains to bring him all the ne-

groes they could, that he might instruct them; and every week, on one particular day, he offered up most fervent prayers to God for those captains who enabled him to accomplish this good work. In the transports of his charity he often exclaimed, "Ah! who will be so happy as to reach the coasts of Guinea and Carabel, and convert those poor negroes!" He often asked permission to go thither; but not obtaining it, he begged superiors to send him to those islands where the negroes are disembarked before they are brought up to Carthagená. He always distrusted their Christianity, because he found that many of them had never been baptised, or at least, their baptism was very doubtful. Under the loss of this consolation, he often obtained leave to go and give missions in the new kingdom of Grenada. In the last he undertook he penetrated into Cotoca, bordering on Uraba, where the ferocity of the Indians had hitherto prevented the entrance of Christianity. He was on the point of entering this vast province, either to convert the idolators, or to shed his blood there, when a total loss of health and strength compelled him to return to Carthagená. In this instance too he resembled the great Xavier, whose zeal was arrested by death, in sight of that same China wherein he had hoped to announce the name of Jesus Christ.

A love so fervent, a piety so tender, a prayer so continual, a zeal so active, were sustained in this holy missionary by such wonderful mortification, that the mere recital of it would suffice

to terrify even the most austere. If it be true that mortification is a means to acquire the love of Jesus Christ, it is no less true that he who loves Jesus mortifies himself, in order to please and imitate Him. We may fearlessly say, that the whole life of Father Claver was in this respect a sort of prodigy, or rather, it was one long-continued martyrdom. Mild, indulgent, and tender to every one else, he was his own most implacable enemy. Impossible as it is to relate all the different kinds of mortification he made use of to reduce his body into servitude, and immolate it incessantly as a living victim to the glory of God, we will begin with that which seems the least terrible, but the unvarying practice of which demands the greater effort and the most sustained constancy; namely, the mortification of the senses, which he carried to such a wonderful degree, as to seem almost deprived of them.

During the fifty-five years he spent in religion he never permitted himself a single glance of mere curiosity: this will appear the more surprising if we reflect on the multiplicity of his external occupations, and the various circumstances in which he was placed. When walking in the country he refused his eyes the innocent pleasure of gazing on beauteous scenery; and though he was much pleased to have the altars well-adorned on festivals, and even complimented the father-sacristan for his endeavours to effect this, yet he used to deprive himself of the pleasure he might have derived from the sight of it.

On the arrival of a vessel from Europe the whole of Carthagena is in motion. There is a general discharge of artillery, the bells of the town are rung, and the people, nobility, ecclesiastics, and religious, flock in crowds to the shore, either to inquire after friends, relatives, or Spanish news. Father Claver's window overlooked the harbour; yet, during forty years he never had the curiosity to open it to enjoy a sight which others took the trouble to go out to witness. We have already remarked that he never sought for news, and that he cared to hear nothing but what concerned the service of God or the good of souls. If he happened to be where the conversation turned on merely worldly or indifferent subjects, he became so completely recollected within himself as not to hear what was said. In order not to be interrupted in his interior communications with God, he sometimes put cotton in his ears, under pretext of remedying an infirmity. When any celebrated musician arrived from Spain, he usually went to display his talent in the Jesuits' College, but Father Claver was never present on these occasions; and though for the honour of divine worship he liked to have fine music in the church on festivals, he paid no attention to it, his soul being too much pre-occupied with celestial harmony.

His interior recollection was so great, that it was necessary to inform him when any strange Jesuits arrived; he would then go and embrace them with most cordial tenderness, and show them every attention that the most humble char-

ity could inspire, but for the rest he never thought of inquiring where they came from, where they were going, or what office they were engaged in. The untutored discourse of the poor, but especially their confessions and their sighs, were the most delightful sounds to his ear, just as their wounds were the most pleasing objects to his eye. We may add, that the effluvia of hospitals and dungeons served him in the place of the most exquisite perfumes. He was never seen to smell a flower or other agreeable scent; nor would he use any preservative against the stench of the negroes, amongst whom he often remained for hours together.

On comparing his excessive labours with the little nourishment that he took, it seems scarcely conceivable how he could have existed without a miracle. His meals never exceeded in quantity the collation of the strictest faster; his ordinary food was the remnants of bread gathered from the tables, with some fried potatoes, or if he felt particularly exhausted he drank something warm; when compelled to take some better food, he would use no other seasoning to it but some very bitter herbs, which he said were very good for his stomach. On certain recreation days, when the community was allowed better fare than usual, he used to divide his share between his nearest companions; and when pressed to take some part of it himself, as standing more in need of it than others, he always begged to be excused, under the plea that the weakness of his stomach did not allow the use of such very nutritious diet.

To rectify this weakness, and to support him a little in his labours, physicians often advised him to take a common sort of chocolate, used in that country, but he never allowed himself even that trivial luxury. So long as he was able to say mass, he always said the last, and during the forty years of his apostolic labours he was never known to eat a morsel, drink a glass of water, or take any refreshment out of the regular hours, which in such a burning climate must have been an excessive mortification. His rule of never tasting fruit is no less extraordinary. Once when walking with two lay-brothers during recreation, one of them gathered a fine bunch of grapes and offered it to him; but finding that he persisted in refusing to accept it, the brother was vexed, and ventured to tell him that he would have been much more edified at his compliance than at seeing him so obstinate; on this, not to grieve him too much, the father accepted and ate two of the grapes, saying at the same time with great simplicity, they were the first grapes he had tasted in America. It would be impossible to relate all that his love of this virtue inspired him to do; the following remarkable incident would appear incredible, even in one so mortified as he was, if the brother who witnessed it had not attested it on oath. One evening as Father Claver, who was then the father-minister, was going into the refectory to supper, he begged the cook to give him a little of the broth or porridge that was in an earthen vessel in the kitchen. Some was accordingly brought to him;

and after dipping his bread in it, he gratefully thanked the brother, saying that it was excellent; the next evening he did the same, and returned the same thanks. This conduct in a man who was never accustomed to ask for anything, surprised the cook, and gave him the idea of tasting the broth himself; scarcely had he swallowed a spoonful or two than he was obliged to vomit, and suffered violent pain. Wishing to ascertain the cause of this, he examined the vessel that contained the porridge, and found in it an enormous spider, and several other such insects, in a state of decomposition; this was quite enough to make him throw away all the rest: the following day the father, who knew nothing of all this, again asked for some; but the cook, quite in a passion, told him he had thrown away all that horrible broth, and that he could not comprehend how he could even bear the taste of it. "Blessed be God," replied the holy man, "but it was a pity to throw it away, for it was very good." In the history of the ancient hermits and penitents of the Thebais we shall perhaps not find a more surprising instance of mortification than this.

Severe as was the war he waged against his senses, the rigour with which he treated his body was still more terrible: the mere recital of it is enough to make the stoutest courage shudder. His ordinary bed was a mat, or a bull's hide, with a log of wood for his pillow; and for many years he slept on the bare ground. He was so accustomed to this, that even in his illnesses he quitted

his bed to sleep on the boards, without, however, allowing the negroes who attended on him to perceive it. If he was occasionally reproached for his indiscretion in this respect, he excused himself by saying he slept more comfortably there. He disciplined himself to blood three times every night; the first time was before he went to sleep, the second about midnight, and the third was when he got up; his discipline was made either of tarred rope with knots, or of small chains armed with sharp points. His neighbours could hear the noise of the blows, and those who had to make the usual nightly visit round the college have stopped to listen to him, and gone away unable to utter a word, being impressed with a certain feeling of holy fear, mingled with compassion. The only dressing which he applied to the wounds occasioned by this pious cruelty was a rough hair-shirt, that covered his whole body: moreover, he interlaced his toes with small knotted horse-hair cords, to which others, thicker and harsher, were attached, and wound about his legs, because he could more easily conceal them there. He wore two rough, unpolished wooden crosses, one on his back, the other on his chest, the latter being studded with points on the side that went nearest the flesh. To keep these firmly upon him his whole frame was bound round with horse-hair ropes, the ends of which passed down his arms, even to the wrists. With six of these ropes he made a broad band studded with iron points, which he wore in form of a stole across the breast, drawing the ends, by way of girdle, round

his loins. And that no part of his body might be without suffering, when he was alone in his room, he used to wear a crown of very sharp thorns upon his head, a thick rope round his neck, and horse-hair gloves on his hands. To conceal these terrific austerities he placed a large stone against his door, whilst he was engaged in them, and this falling as soon as the door was moved, served as a signal, and gave him time to lay aside some of his penitential implements. But what makes all this still more prodigious is, that although he was thus bound, fettered, and in a manner crucified, no one was more alert than he whenever anything was to be done for the service of his neighbour. In his apostolic courses he walked so briskly that his companions could scarcely keep up with him, in fact, he often left them far behind. So true it is that charity gives wings, and produces in the saints a strength superior to all their weaknesses. Notwithstanding the heat of the climate, he wore over what we have already described a coarse woollen shirt, but with a linen collar like the others. It often happened that he was so overcome with heat and suffering, as to be unable to breathe, and even fainted in consequence. It was not until he had worn this for twenty years that his superiors became aware of it, and ordered him to wear linen, but he chose so coarse and harsh a kind, that the merit of his obedience did not deprive him of any of the merit of his mortification.

He was always trying to invent some new mode of suffering. If seated he held one foot suspended

in the air till it fell from sheer lassitude. If kneeling, he carefully put aside his habit, in order to kneel nearer the hard ground. So far from using any precaution against the inclemency of the seasons, he never so much as spoke of these things even by way of conversation. On the days appointed for shaving the community he used always to present himself the last, and smilingly ask whether there was not a bad razor for him. This but too often happened to be the case, nor was he ever better pleased than when he fell into the hands of an unskilful barber who cut his face all over; he used then to remain quite quiet, without uttering a word, and with his eyes closed exulting in this new opportunity of suffering. When the fathers saw him in this condition with his face all bleeding, they sometimes sharply reprovèd the barber for employing nothing but apprentices or inexperienced negroes about Father Claver; but the man always excused himself by saying the father would have no one else.

Most certainly nothing but the supernatural vigour of his mind could have sustained the natural weakness of his body, since in the midst of his infirmities he never laid aside any part of the terrible apparel of penance already described. Once in a very severe illness the brother who had care of him perceived his hair-shirt, and in astonishment exclaimed, "Eh, father! what is this? how long is the ass to be thus harnessed?" "Until death," quietly answered the father. Another time when seized with a violent fever, the doctor ordered him to bed: he expressed some

unwillingness, because just then he must have had help to undress himself, and therefore could not have concealed the instruments of penance with which he was covered ; but the Father Provincial ordered him to obey the doctor, and at the same time desired Father de Sandoval to help him to undress and get into bed. On seeing the manner in which he was bound and fettered the physician fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Ah, my dear father ! how can you be otherwise than ill, whilst you treat yourself thus ? are you not actually committing suicide ?" The sick man begged to be left alone, to finish undressing himself ; but in spite of all he could say, a negro was left with him, who found it so difficult to unfasten all his penitential trappings, that people wondered how he could possibly manage to arrange them on himself. The manner in which the holy man comported himself with regard to the mosquitoes and other insects, which infect that climate, is perhaps one of the most surprising of his mortifications. There have been tyrants, who after unsuccessfully trying the most cruel torments on the martyrs, have hoped to shake their constancy by exposing them in a state of nudity to the stings of wasps and flies : what heroism then must not his have been to have endured such a torment during so many years, whilst all the time he could easily have freed himself from it ; and yet he never made the slightest movement, even indeliberate, to drive off these importunate insects. All the time he lived in Carthagená he was exposed to the incessant stings

of these mosquitoes and gad-flies, one of which, shut up in one's room at night, is sufficient to deprive one of sleep; but he never used any precaution against them, allowing them with inconceivable composure to bite his hands and face till they bled.

It will be easy to understand that a man of such prodigious mortification, must have possessed a patience proof against all trials. It usually happens that what we suffer of our own accord, seems lighter and more endurable than what we meet with from others. To Father Claver it was all the same; from whatever quarter sufferings might come, he always met them with the same firmness. He had learned two great maxims from Brother Alphonso Rodriguez, which were deeply engraven in his heart, and deserve to be recorded here, just as they were found after his death in his own hand-writing, for he made them the invariable rule of his conduct. "1st Maxim. When I am persecuted or spoken ill of, either I have deserved it, or I have not deserved it. If I have deserved it, why complain? I ought rather to correct myself and beg pardon of God for my fault. If I have not deserved it, I ought to rejoice and thank God for allowing me this opportunity of suffering something for His love, and for the rest I ought to keep silence. 2nd Maxim. In the contradictions I meet with, why not do as the ass does? If he is abused or maltreated, he is silent. If forgotten or left without food, if made to work, if despised, if overladen, he is silent. In a word, whatever is said of or done to him,

he answers not—he complains not. Thus ought the true servant of God to act, and say to Him with David, ‘I am become as a beast of burden before Thee!’” We have here in a few words the portrait of Father Claver. We have already seen how the negroes often abused his patience and goodness; but that was the least part of what he had to suffer on their account. The immense trouble he took with them deserved the highest praise and the most lively gratitude. Nevertheless there were several slave-owners who made a point of opposing him in everything, and who even insulted him, under the pretext that their slaves lost too much time with him, that his frequent instructions withdrew them from their work, that his kindness made them insolent, that to break their illicit intercourse he made them marry, which, according to them, made them less serviceable. Full of such false ideas, these self-interested masters forbade their negroes to go to him; and when he himself came to seek them, they had orders to shut the doors against him, and to insult him. On these occasions the apostolic man was silent; he was delighted to suffer something in the service of God, but he did not abandon his purpose for all that, never losing any opportunity of labouring for the salvation of those poor creatures. It is true these mercenary masters often relinquished their unjust prejudices. Convinced by their own experience that under Father Claver’s guidance their negroes became daily more docile and more industrious, they ultimately left them entirely to him; yet as these sort of con-

tests were frequent, the father always had to fight and gain his ground, as we may say, only inch by inch. Amongst the Spaniards too there were numerous libertines, who, furious at seeing the object of their passion, or the accomplices of their profligacy withdrawn from them, not satisfied with insulting him, and treating him as a hypocrite and seducer, went so far as to attack him with the poignard, threatening to kill him if he continued to molest them. But nothing could either check his zeal or disturb his meekness. "If," said he with composure, "it is the will of God that I should die, behold my life; you may take it."

But what must have been far more painful to him, was that some fathers in the college were the first to disapprove his manner of acting with the negroes. God sometimes permits the best disposed persons to fall into mistakes, so to give His saints a greater occasion of merit. According to them his zeal was good, but indiscreet and precipitate. His success in all he undertook on this point ought to have convinced them, but it is not easy to undeceive certain persons accustomed to judge of everything according to their own ideas, and to think nothing is done well but what they do themselves. There were even some both within and without the college, who for some years treated his zeal as the effect of caprice, his constancy as obstinacy, his mortification as harshness of character, his tenderness for the negroes as a mania, his recollection as ignorance, and his sanctity as illusion. Others less vehement condemned the multiplicity of his occupations,

the distractions of his employment, the time he lost in it, and the trouble he gave his interpreters, who became thereby less serviceable to the house. But if it happened that a negro did not answer correctly the questions put to him, or did not properly receive the Sacred Host into his mouth, then it was that these zealots assailed him with most bitter reproaches ; they even appealed to his superiors, and as he never said a word in his own defence, he was always thought to be in the wrong and accused of imprudence. Sometimes such severe reprimands were given him in public, that nothing less than a patience like his could have maintained its composure. As he always however believed himself culpable, he used to punish himself for all the faults of which he was accused, but of which his conscience could not reproach him. Being once very severely reprehended by a Provincial, who was shocked at hearing a young slave spoken of as Father Claver's negro, the holy man listened to it all without answering a word, although he had had nothing more to do with the pretended fault than that he had procured the little negro's admission into the college.

It would scarcely be believed how much he had to suffer from a certain Portuguese brother, a rough violent man, bold in speaking, and whose conduct was so unlike that of a religious that he was expelled the Society some time afterwards. As it was against his own will that he had to accompany the father in his external ministry, he took pleasure in keeping him waiting a long

time when he wanted to go out, he scolded him continually on the road, and when it was necessary to hasten he would purposely stop, inso-much that however desperate a case of sickness it might be to which the father was going, he was obliged to wait till this brother's whim was past. Within the house there was no sort of outrage that he did not inflict upon him; he called his saintly occupations ridiculous fancies, and his piety hypocrisy, and staring impudently in his face, he used to reproach him with being nothing better than a fanatic. The holy man never answered him a word, humbly looking on him as a scourge justly sent by God to punish him for his sins.

In the last years of his life his patience was displayed in all its lustre. Some enemies of the Jesuits, for those who labour for the glory of God never fail to have enemies, took occasion of the arrival of a visitor-general at Carthagena to raise a violent storm against them, and this fell more especially on Father Claver. Amongst other things he was accused of reiterating baptism, in consequence of which he was forbidden to baptise in future. He well knew what he could allege in self-justification, having never rebaptised but in cases of well-founded doubt, and then only conditionally; yet he preferred suffering in silence, and much as it cost his heart thus to abandon his poor slaves, he considered that silent obedience was most proper for him. For a long time he lived under a superior who was much prejudiced against him, and who, an-

noyed at what he saw extraordinary in him, judged it advisable to try him on every occasion, in order to be the more assured of his virtue ; yet carefully as he was then watched, not the slightest sign of bitterness or impatience could be detected. On one occasion, when opinions were divided on some point of discourse, a person present went so far as to call him an ignoramus, who did not even know Latin, although his capacity on all matters of doctrine had been well proved : he said not another word, excepting to acknowledge his ignorance. To those who expressed surprise at his composure on that occasion he answered, "It matters little whether we are thought either learned or ignorant, but it matters a good deal that we be humble and obedient." During Holy Week, perceiving a woman in the church of the college dressed in too worldly and indelicate a manner, his zeal was enkindled ; so approaching her, he reminded her that such a costume was as unsuited to the season as it was to her age and condition. An apparent reproach on the score of age was quite enough to excite the anger of a vain woman : she burst into such a fury that the father-sacristan hastened to the spot, and seeing her agitation immediately sided with her, and blamed the father for his indiscretion. The rector of the college happened to arrive a moment later ; and whether it were that he could not otherwise appease the angry lady, or that Father Claver's silence led him to suppose him in the wrong, certain it is that he corrected him very severely, treating

him as an imprudent indiscreet person, who, without distinguishing the merits and qualifications of individuals, yielded to the impetuosity of his zeal. The humble religious, without saying a single word in his own defence, fell on his knees before his superior, kissed his feet, begged pardon for the scandal he had given, and asked for a penance proportioned to the fault he had committed. The lady, astonished and confounded at all that had passed on her account, entering into herself, resolved to lead a more edifying and Christian life: even the rector could not help looking on Father Claver's virtue as being proof against everything. The manner in which he was sometimes treated authorized the negroes to misbehave towards him; they often complained that he gave them too much to do, that he alone employed them more than all the rest together, but that no one need wonder at it, because he was nothing but a whimsical fanatic, whom nobody could endure. All these insults had inexpressible charms to him; he hearkened to them with a joy that appeared in his very countenance.

Sooner or later true virtue always becomes known: it is like a pure light, which dissipates the darkest clouds and the deepest obscurity. Father Claver's was too brilliant not to command the admiration of those even who persecuted him. His was not an austere melancholy patience, that strikes the mind without gaining the heart; it was ever accompanied with an amiable meekness, which insensibly gained the hearts of all, and

triumphed equally over the natural ferocity of the savages and the hatred of his most inveterate enemies: hence, he was justly looked upon as an universal remedy in the most overwhelming afflictions, and as a wall that could not be shaken by any attack however violent. This opinion of him was confirmed by the two following circumstances. A woman who had long owed a sum of money to the college strove by artifice and imposture to elude payment. She daily collected around her a set of people, before whom she decried and censured the Jesuits. It was thought advisable to try and appease her by means of mildness. As Father Claver's was so well known, and as he was held in such high esteem, his superiors desired him to go and speak to the woman, and, if possible, to appease her fury. He went, but all in vain, for she only abused his patience and humility, and loaded him and his companion with insult. Not satisfied with this, she resolved to pass from insult to ill-usage; accordingly, feigning sickness, she sent for the father to hear her confession, expressing deep sorrow for her misconduct towards him. No sooner had he entered than two fugitive slaves made their appearance, whom the pretended sick woman had concealed in her room, and who fell upon him like two furies, whilst she in her rage volleyed forth a torrent of abuse. The father's companion, a vigorous and intrepid man, seeing that violence was intended, drew him out of the way by his cloak, and began effectually to defend him, calling aloud at the same time for help;

whereupon the assassins took to flight, and the woman, as much touched as surprised at the meekness and humility of the holy man, rose, threw herself at his feet, begged pardon for her fury, and promised him to amend her life.

In a great law-suit raised against the Jesuits, one of the judges was so much prejudiced against them as to express his indignation against any one who ventured to speak in their favour. In the meantime it was necessary to present a memorial to him, on which the gain or loss of the suit entirely depended; but no one would venture to present it. The rector of the college had recourse to his usual resource, namely, Father Claver's meekness, persuaded that the high reputation of his sanctity would at least have some weight with the judge. He was desired, therefore, to present the memorial, but the magistrate no sooner beheld him, than yielding to a fit of passion, he so far forgot himself as to say the most outrageous things to him. The father withdrew without answering a word, but with as respectful and contented a look as if he had met with the most polite reception. The next day he was sent again with the same memorial, which the judge had not condescended to receive the day before. He, more provoked than ever, and fancying that the Jesuits set his indignation and authority at defiance, became so infuriated, as to treat all the Jesuits indiscriminately as mutinous, seditious people, whom it was necessary to exterminate. The holy man, after hearing all this with admirable compo-

sure, quitted him, making a profound bow. This state of affairs continued some time longer, always with fresh insult on the one side, and unalterable patience on the other, until at length meekness prevailed over passion, and the Jesuits gained their law-suit.

As it is the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, which properly constitute the difference between the religious and the secular, we now proceed to show that in these virtues of his state Father Claver was the model of a most fervent religious, just as we have already shown that he may be held up as a model of all other virtues to the most perfect of Christians.

His purity was like that of an angel, and this will not appear surprising if we reflect on his extreme modesty, his excessive mortification, and his continual watchfulness over his senses. During the fifty-four years he had lived in the Society he was never seen to fix his eye on woman's face, and his confessors have openly declared, that he had always preserved on this point his baptismal innocence. Prevented by grace, even in tender infancy, he loved this virtue before he had attained the use of reason. He might have been held up as a model to religious before he left the world; but from his entrance into the noviciate he never ceased to advance rapidly in the paths of sanctity. He confessed daily, after a rigorous self-examination, at which he shed abundance of tears. He was ever most attentive over the least emotions of the heart, while his love of God inspired him with a lively fear of offending

Him, which perpetually kept him in a state of the most scrupulous circumspection. When going to catechize the slaves, he desired his interpreters beforehand to take care that the negresses had wherewith to dress decently ; and once when this order had been disregarded, he immediately left the place, deferring the instruction till another time. In a word, his recollection, temperance, and austerities, formed a buckler impervious to all the envenomed arrows of the tempter, but above all, he had a particular devotion to the immaculate conception of the Mother of God, through which he obtained the grace of a purity worthy of this Queen of Angels ; he recommended this devotion to those who suffered from violent temptations against this virtue, and they never failed sooner or later to experience its salutary effects.

With regard to religious poverty, we may say of Father Claver, that conformably to the rule and spirit of his holy founder, he looked upon it as his own mother. Everything in his person and mode of life breathed of poverty. His chamber at first was a place so dark and close, that he was obliged to go out of it when he had occasion to write. His bed was but a hide or mat, spread on the floor ; all his furniture consisted of his instruments of penance, two rough wooden seats, a little stool for any one who came to see him, a table on which was his Breviary, the same he had from the first, and which served him all his life, and two volumes of cases of conscience. As for all other books he went

to consult them in the library whenever he needed them. The ornaments corresponded with the furniture; a crucifix coarsely painted, between two pictures, one representing our Lord at the column of flagellation; the other, St. Peter on his knees, weeping for his infidelity; a wooden cross at the head of his bed, and above it a picture of Brother Rodriguez: such was the decoration of his room. We might perhaps be unwilling to enter upon these minute details, and expose them to the cold criticism of worldly wisdom, were it not for the sake of those truly religious souls who know the value of everything that can render their condition more conformable to that of our blessed Saviour, whose poverty was such that He had not where to lay His head. Anxious for all that could assimilate him to this Divine Model, Father Claver generally made use of what others had rejected; his berretta always served him ten years, and even then he would not have a new one; his waistcoat consisted of four pieces of coarse cloth tied together with bits of string; as for his cloak, it was wonderful how it lasted so long, considering the many different purposes to which it was applied, moreover, it was patched all over. One day the superior having obliged him to take a new cassock, he looked so embarrassed, and even distressed, that out of very compassion his old one was restored to him. His extreme love of poverty often made him go without even positive necessities, and extended to what would seem trivial, if we did not look to the principle which directed

it. He never took a whole candle, contenting himself with odd ends picked up here and there; he only wrote on the backs of letters, or on remnants of paper thrown aside; his pens corresponded with his paper, and were mended as best he could. In the same spirit he usually ate the bits of bread collected after meals, and was delighted to eat out of the same dish with the poor at the door, who next to the sick had the largest share of his tenderness.

It often happened that when he returned home fasting and exhausted with fatigue, he found no dinner, because the cook had forgotten him. So far from complaining, he always excused the brother, saying it was entirely his own fault in not taking care to be at home in due time. Some one however, moved with compassion at seeing him thus neglected, wanted to inform the superior of it. "Oh, no! I beg you will not!" said the holy man; "besides, what is there to complain of? how many others pass not only a single morning, but even several days, without a morsel of bread?" All the alms he could collect were employed in succouring the poor: he laboured incessantly, exhausted himself, and deprived himself of everything for them; but he did not like to distribute the sums which people wished to place in his hands. However much he might be pressed to take even part of them, to employ in such purposes as he might judge proper, he always refused, or if obliged to yield to the importunities of those who offered the money, he generally chose the smallest coin, because not knowing the value of money he

supposed the smallest to be the least precious, saying good-naturedly at the same time, "This is something for my poor of St. Lazarus!"

During a severe illness his friend, Captain John Francis de St. Martin, could not, with all his entreaty, induce him to accept any relief, and as he persisted in begging him to mention something of which he stood in need, the father at last answered, "Well, then, a little cloth to dress a negro." A dozen ells were accordingly sent him; but having cut off what was precisely necessary he returned the rest. Another time, having consented to accept a bottle of wine, of which he stood greatly in need, he was asked whether he would have white or red? "Oh," said he, "poor people have no choice;" and as soon as he received it he sent it to another father in the house much less ill than himself. He carried his delicacy on this point so far, that even in his greatest need he would never touch preserves and any of those other little luxuries usually given to the sick; or if he was obliged to accept anything of the sort, he put it carefully aside for the poor and infirm.

After what we have related of his patience and meekness it would seem useless to speak of his obedience, were it not that every virtue in this great servant of God exhibits something wonderful and striking. Being persuaded that man's perfection consists in doing the will of God, and that it is the happiness of a religious to have it in his power to be always secure of doing it, Father Claver carried the obedience of his state to a point very difficult

of attainment. Among some notes written by himself we find what follows: "In religion there is no shorter path to arrive at perfection than that of obedience to superiors; hence I rely more on one of their words than on a hundred private revelations. When the superior orders me to do anything difficult, I will raise my heart to God, representing to myself that it is He who commands me to do it, and without reply I will obey Him with the same promptitude as the angels, thanking Him for condescending to employ me in the execution of His will." His conduct was conformable to these great principles, and the respect he bore to those who had authority over him was like to that which he bore to God Himself.

His most intimate and familiar friends became only objects of veneration to him as soon as they became his superiors. In them he only considered Him whose place they held; and as every superior, no matter who or what he was, was alike to him in this respect, he may be said in truth never to have changed his superiors. He appeared before them, like the youngest novice, in the most humble attitude, with his head uncovered, his eyes cast down, his mind attentive to the least sign of their will, and no difficulties or dangers could ever make him hesitate for a moment when he once became aware of what they required of him. Hence his superiors never failed to throw all that was most painful upon him, being sure of meeting with no opposition, and being delighted also to get rid of the difficulty of finding people always disposed to obey. But his obedience and

respect were not confined to the mere fulfilment of the orders of his superiors; his whole heart was open to them; he gave them an exact detail of his prayers, penances, and the least movements of his soul, begging them to guide and reform him in the manner they judged most proper. He who in this respect was so great a master to others, did not believe he could decide anything right for himself, holding as a maxim, that as we never see ourselves correctly, so we never can judge correctly for ourselves; consequently, we always need the judgment as well as the eye of another.

To be the better assured of his perfect obedience his superiors often subjected it to the severest tests. One day, after giving him a very severe reprimand, he was desired to remain on his knees till further orders. Although he was then very aged and infirm, he remained so for nearly an hour, feeling great joy in this mortification, and determined to remain there the whole day if his penance had not been changed. The superior of whom we have already spoken having ordered him entirely to change his method of instructing the negroes, and to abandon certain practices from whence he had up to that time derived great fruit, he immediately obeyed, merely saying these words, which were as well calculated to prove his humility as his obedience: "What a miserable creature I must be, since I cannot do a little good without occasioning a great deal of evil, and without troubling the whole house! but it is what may be expected from an ignorant indiscreet person, and from such a sinner as

myself." Another time, when he went to give a mission at Tolu, a village at a considerable distance from Carthagená, and where he had already published the ordinary indulgences, he received a letter from the rector, desiring his return to the college. The parish priest, the officers, and the soldiers, afflicted at losing him, used all their endeavours to detain him a few days until they could write to the rector, representing the desolation of all the people, the loss of so many souls that then seemed disposed to profit by his labours, the weather, which was extremely inclement, and the bad roads; all of which were sufficient and reasonable excuses, to which his superior could not object. But notwithstanding all that could be said, and painful as it was to him to see his labours useless and so much fruit lost, nothing could stop him; he set out and reached Carthagená on the day appointed. It seemed as if God recompensed his obedience by a special protection; for as soon as he set out, the rain, which until then had been incessant and abundant, suddenly ceased.

He paid obedience as to God Himself, not only to his superiors, but to all the officers of the house, in whatever regarded their offices. If he went to help in the kitchen, he took off his cap, and with down-cast eyes humbly asked the cook what he wished him to do. When desired to prepare the refectory, he would not do the least thing without the order of the brother who had charge of it. At the first signal from the porter, he ran to him, saying, "What are

your orders, brother?" The sacristan, sure of always finding him ready, applied to him for everything requiring the ministry of a priest. When he went out into the town, he had no other will than that of his companion, who decided as he pleased which road they should take and how they were to go. If he entered the novices' quarters, he asked the commands of the one who presided, and for the time being respected him as his superior. In fine, his passion for obedience, if such a term may be allowed, was so strong, that when obliged to go on his missions, with no other companion than a negro to act as his interpreter, being unwilling to be his own master, he gave this slave full authority over him. It was he who regulated the order of the journey, the rest to be taken, the habitations to be visited; and whenever the father was asked to go to any place, he always referred the matter to the decision of his companion, doing all this in order to have the merit of obedience.

From this great principle of most perfect obedience sprung his affection for, and his exactitude in observing, all the rules of St. Ignatius: those who were the most vigilant in watching his conduct were obliged to own that they had never seen him fail in the slightest observance. In the multiplicity of these regulations there are some which appear of little importance in themselves, and which it is often difficult perfectly to comply with; but his vigilance and courage overcame every obstacle. If on going out, either from haste or from the press of people wishing

to speak to him, he forgot to mark his name at the door, as soon as he became aware of his forgetfulness he immediately retraced his steps to obey the rule on this point. A man attentive to such minute regulations was not likely to fail in others. He was once sent for to hear the confessions of a family of distinction; on his arrival he found a seat prepared for him in a little oratory, the door of which was left open, but observing that he could not be seen there by his companion, he placed his chair in such a manner as to let the brother have full view of all that passed. All the time not employed in duties of charity or obedience was spent in his room, either working, praying, reading, or in sweet entertainments with God; but he was always the first at all the common duties of the community. If a letter was given to him unopened, he was much distressed that his superiors did not, by reading it first, enable him to practise an act of subordination and dependance. Still less would he ever write letters without showing them to his superiors; so scrupulous was he in this respect, that once when he was ordered by the father-general to write to another Jesuit in the Indies, being unable to show his letter to the superior of the house, he carried it to the provincial, who happened to be then at Carthagená.

All these brilliant virtues were grounded on such a profound humility, that in his own eyes there was nothing so vile and abject as himself. We have already seen with admiration his efforts

to induce his superiors to allow him to serve the Society in quality of lay-brother; and he always reproached himself for not having in his examinations answered in such a manner as to make himself appear unqualified for the degree of professed father, which is considered an honour amongst the Jesuits. However well calculated by the elegance of his mind, by the power of his talents, and by his well-proved capacity, to discharge the most important functions either in the pulpit or in the schools, or even in domestic government, he always confined himself to his first employ amongst the negroes, the poor, and the sick, nor did it ever occur to him that he was fit for anything else. To see him in this humble ministry, he would have been taken for an illiterate man of no capacity, whose whole merit was limited to those sort of functions. Indeed, how far did not his humility lead him, who could thus bury in the obscurity of hospitals, prisons, and cabins, so many varied talents! If consulted on any important affairs, or difficult case of conscience, he used to answer, shrugging his shoulders, "Those matters are too deep for me; you had better apply to some other father more able and learned than I am."

He omitted nothing that he thought could contribute to make him be looked upon as the last of men. Twice a week he went through the town laden with linen, sheets, and all kinds of provisions for the prisoners and the sick; and if he met a cripple or infirm person, he carried him on his shoulders to some comfortable asylum.

We have already related what a pleasure it was to him to eat at the door with the poor from the same dish and in the lowest place ; but all this did not satisfy him. When the meal was finished he helped to wash the cups and dishes, put aside the seats, swept the place, and in a word, did all that could have been exacted from the meanest servant. If his numerous occupations left him a leisure moment, which rarely happened, he was always ready to supply for any one ; and as if he had been the most idle and most contemptible being in the house, he undertook all that was most lowly and laborious.

The least mark of esteem afflicted him, and honours were to him what the most outrageous insults are to the haughty ; it was this that made him avoid all intercourse with the rich and great, and attached him so much to the lowly, the poor, and the simple. When any person of distinction wished to see him, it was necessary to use artifice in order to draw him into the house, by pretending that some negro or sick person wanted him ; but as soon as he found out the trick, he affected ignorance and simplicity, so that when he was asked to speak of holy things, he answered, " Here is one who can do this much better than I can ;" whereupon he would ask his companion to make a little exhortation to the family, whilst he went off in search of the poor slaves to catechise them. But in spite of all his endeavours his merit soon attracted what his humility sought to avoid, for all the ladies of the house would add themselves to his auditory, and mingling with

their slaves insisted on sharing in the instructions, and also in the distribution of little medals, which usually followed the instruction.

When there were sermons in the college church, which in Lent occurred thrice a week, Father Claver used to take his seat upon the staircase leading from the court to the tribune, and there rolled up in his cloak by fervent prayer implored the blessing of Heaven upon the preacher's words. The spirit of pride and lies could not endure so much humility in this holy man on the one hand, and on the other so much ardour in the people to hear the word of God: he gave a proof of his rage which well nigh cost the life of Father Claver. On these occasions the pulpit was usually placed near the church door, in order that the women who were outside might hear as easily as the men who were within. One day when the auditory was unusually numerous, a large dark cloud appeared in the air, accompanied with a noise similar to that caused by a wagon rapidly driven over a rough pavement. In the middle of the sermon the storm suddenly burst upon the preacher, who was obliged to be carried into the sacristy, terrified and drenched with rain. In the first moment of panic every one sought to escape, but as some tried to get out of the church whilst others tried to get in, the tumult became dreadful, and in the impossibility of retreat many ran to the altars, to embrace the images and implore the assistance of Heaven. In the meantime the people in the tribune rushed to the staircase where Father Claver was. In

a moment he was knocked down, trampled upon, and carried along by the torrent, covered with mud and blood, as far as our Lady's Chapel. Here he recovered himself a little; and the tumult being somewhat calmed, he so well knew how to persuade the people that all this commotion was an effect of the devil's jealousy and rage, that the eagerness to hear the word of God was very materially augmented, and the after-fruits were more abundant than ever.

Tranquil and patient under all other circumstances, he never lost any of his ordinary mildness, unless some mark of esteem or respect were shown him. Having once given an alms to a poor woman, accompanying his little present with some salutary advice for the good of her soul, she, equally delighted with his charity and discourse, fell at his feet exclaiming, "Ah, holy Father Claver, what is said at Lima is surely true, that God has pardoned Carthagená on your account!" At these words the holy man was troubled and confounded: "Go," said he with emotion; "you know not what you say; and if I ever hear that you circulate such absurdities, I will have you driven out of the city: beg God's pardon for your imprudence!" During the rest of that day he scarcely dared to raise his eyes: he hastened to the hospital, to expiate by some new humiliations the praises which his modesty transformed into a crime. This conduct will not appear surprising in a man who sincerely believed himself to be the most unworthy of sinners. We wonder, sometimes,

how the saints can, without failing against truth, think so disadvantageously of themselves; yet there is nothing in all this that is not perfectly simple and natural. As they are solely attentive to the infinite grandeur and purity of God, as soon as they cast their eyes on themselves they find nothing but impurity and miseries. This is what Father Claver has himself so well expressed in a writing of his which remains: "The truly humble soul rises with all her might to God, whence she perceives His sanctity and His infinite love for man; then, re-entering into herself, she sees the immeasurable distance there is between Him and her; and by favour of the divine light which enlightens her, she discovers her own blemishes; just as the sun's rays, passing through a window, enable us to see the atoms which float in the air." Still more, it was this reflected knowledge of God and of himself which inspired him with a holy fear when before the Divine Majesty; and, as if he had been the most hardened of sinners, he incessantly recalled to his mind the remembrance of death, judgment, and hell. "Take care," he would say to himself on these occasions, "and no longer abuse the graces of thy God, and be not amongst thy brethren like Judas amongst the apostles. Reflect that those who entered religion with thee, run with rapid strides in the ways of perfection, whilst thou art still ungrateful, still a sinner!"

Penetrated with these sentiments he commonly called himself a miserable worm of the earth—

that if he were well known people would flee from him as from a putrid corpse: hence, he never thought he did enough to expiate his guilt. One day when he was disciplining himself, the superior passed near his room, and entered to tell him to moderate his austerities, and finding him with a crown of thorns upon his head, and a curb in his mouth, he reprehended him for his indiscreet excess. "Ah, father!" answered Claver with a sigh, "I have contracted so many debts that it is impossible for me to discharge them." Everything he saw served only to confound him. At the sight of the heavens and stars, he would say, "What! so many, and such noble creatures accomplish the will of God without resistance; whilst a miserable worm of the earth like me incessantly resists it!" If he cast his eyes on a bed of flowers, he said to himself, "Ungrateful creature! after so many celestial influences, thou hast produced nothing but thorns." Once looking at a pond of muddy water he said, "Thus is the pure water of grace corrupted in my impure heart!" At seeing a piece of iron put into a furnace, "It is thus I ought to be purified in the fire, so to avoid the flames of hell. If Thou dost not treat me thus, O my God, never wilt Thou soften the hardness of my heart." If he was requested to recommend some affair to God, "There could be no surer means of losing it," he answered. When he assisted criminals at their execution he embraced them, and said with much tenderness, "Alas, brother! Why am I not as you are, and

at your feet: take me with you, and do not leave me longer in this miserable world." It would be necessary to detail his whole life, if we would make known all the wonderful instances of his humility. Whatever reasons he might have for his conduct, he always approved those who found fault with it. Not content with being silent when the sacristan blamed him in the affair of the lady, formerly related, he went to the sacristy the next day, and taking the brother aside, fell at his feet, kissed them as if to obtain pardon for his fault. In the same spirit, on another occasion, when a brother out of ill-humour refused to accompany him on some good work, the father prostrated himself before him, and begged it of him as a favour, until the brother, confounded at such humility, asked his pardon, and went out with him.

His address in concealing his virtues, especially his humility, was as wonderful as his humility itself. As he chose the time of night for his extraordinary penances and prayers, it often happened that the rector of the college, who went to confession to him, interrupted him in those moments when he expected to be alone, and found him occupied either in his austerities, or immersed in profound contemplation and ecstasy. The humble servant of God, confused at being caught in this condition, could not help complaining to the superior, and begged him either to take some other time or choose another confessor. To all that he did that was extraordinary he contrived to give a turn most likely to degrade

him in general opinion. If his zeal and activity for the glory of God and salvation of souls happened to be commended; he would candidly say, "It ought to be so, but there is nothing but self-love in it; it is the effect of my ardent impetuous temper, which without these occupations would be disturbed and become insupportable to others and to myself." If any one expressed surprise at his finding pleasure in conversing with the negroes and other low people; he ascribed it to a secret pride, saying that the poor and idiots were less likely than others to detect his weakness and ignorance. If his prodigious mortification, which led him to dress and kiss the most loathsome sores, was spoken of; he treated the whole affair as a jest, saying with a laugh, "Oh, well, if being a saint consists in having no taste, and in having a strong stomach, why, I own, I may be one." Moreover, from the same principle, he attributed all the cures he performed to a relic, a medal, the wood of the cross, the fervent prayers of others, or to some trifling remedy he recommended, but which of itself had no specific virtue. We cannot better conclude this subject than by one of his own maxims, on a virtue so dear to him, which is to the following effect. "A truly humble man desires contempt, and without seeking to appear humble, he seeks to appear deserving of humiliation. He submits to every one, he obeys every one, he corrects nobody. He wishes that every one may despise and ill-treat him; and that those who make him suffer, may be-

lieve that he suffers, not because he is humble, but because he really is most wretched. Therefore when we are treated with contempt, we ought to wish that others may think we are extremely confounded and afflicted at being ill-used, whilst in reality in our inmost heart we are quite delighted at it, and this from a principle of holy self-hatred, which we ought to have."

Such in general were the heroic virtues of which Father Claver was an example to Carthage-na, during nearly forty years. By these means, in spite of all the contradictions and persecutions to which he was always exposed, he ultimately subdued the most envenomed hatred, and compelled the most abandoned licentiousness to respect him; these were the causes of his prodigious successes, and acquired for him the title of the Apostle of the West Indies; they enabled him to change a corrupt city into one of sanctity, where for some time the piety of the primitive Christians again flourished; by these he effected so many conversions and other prodigies, that the whole country resounded with his praises. The opinion and esteem of his sanctity became so great and universal, that all orders, ranks, and ages, eagerly sought to testify their veneration, confidence, and tenderness for him. The bishops and grand vicars of Carthage-na, when granting him the necessary powers for his apostolic functions, made it a pleasure to confide their flocks to him; and many other prelates, who from time to time visited Carthage-na,

never failed calling on him, begging him to commend to Divine Providence those souls of which they had the charge. Generals in the army, commandants of the navy, and all the most distinguished personages, visited him on their arrival; they undertook nothing of importance without asking the assistance of his prayers, nor did they take their departure without bidding him farewell, and asking his blessing for a prosperous voyage.

The Marquis de Mancera, returning from being viceroy of Peru, would not set out for Spain without seeing Father Claver; whilst kissing his hand he begged to have something that had belonged to him, by way of souvenir. The humble religious answered that he had nothing which could be of any use; whereupon the rector asked a brother who was present, whether he had nothing belonging to Father Claver. The brother said, there was a wooden cross containing a few relics; and this was accordingly given to the Marquis, who accepted it with great gratitude, adored it, placed it on his head, protesting that he valued it much more than the Order of the Golden Fleece, with which he was decorated. "My Lord," said the holy man to him, "in that cross I give you all my consolation." It was in fact the very cross with which he had effected so many cures and prodigies.

The governors of the town together with the nobility often came to recommend to his prayers the preservation of Carthagena and its inhabitants. Prelates and priests made it their duty

to consult him in the most difficult cases of conscience, receiving his decisions as oracles. Religious addressed themselves to him as to a model of the most accomplished virtue, and of the perfection proper to their state. Merchants would not embark without receiving his blessing, and on their return their first inquiry was after him. In a word, persons of every rank and condition had such a high opinion of his power with God and of the rectitude of his views, that they seldom undertook any important enterprise without asking the assistance of his prayers and advice. What is still more remarkable is, that on the arrival of the fleets, when people forget everything excepting their own affairs, as soon as Father Claver appeared, even these were forgotten to think only of him. People ran to meet him, falling at his feet, and kissing his hands, nor would they leave him till they had obtained his blessing. Almighty God made use even of the innocent mouths of children to bear witness to the virtues of His servant. If on leaving school they met him in the street, they crowded round him on their knees, kissing his hands, and saying, "Holy Father Claver, recommend me to God." A report having spread through the Indies, and especially at Lima, that a very holy person had learned by revelation that God would have destroyed Carthagená had it not been for the merits and prayers of its apostle, for several years children might be heard singing in the streets, "For Claver's sake God has spared Carthagená."

With regard to sanctity the testimony of those

living in the same house is the least to be suspected, because usually they are the most difficult to satisfy. As things are more nearly seen, no defect escapes observation; and as religious persons are presumed to have acquired the virtues of their state, they become familiarized as we may say with sanctity, and so cease to admire what they always see. But all that was observed in Father Claver during his long residence in the college of Carthagena, only served to confirm and augment the highest opinion of his sanctity. If to try the patience of His servant, God sometimes permitted him to experience the censures and contradictions of his own brethren, there was not one of them who did not soon regret the little persecutions they had made him suffer; and whilst in the exterior they seemed to forget the respect due to him, the reverential sentiments of their heart completely contradicted the indiscreet expressions of their lips. Superiors no less than inferiors could not keep silence on the wonders of his sanctity; and the eulogies conferred on him, together with the eagerness they showed to recommend themselves to his prayers, caused infinite pain to his humility. They gave a very convincing proof of their sentiments on this point in a severe illness he had twenty years before his death; for as he was obliged to be bled, his blood was carefully collected, and all the fathers of the house procured some drops on linen, which they kept with great respect. Every one seemed anxious to possess relics of him even in his lifetime, and asked those who shaved him to

give them some of his beard and hair ; the slave-owners carefully gathered up the notes in attestation of their confession, in order to preserve the signature, and these afterwards effected numerous miraculous cures.

To all these testimonies, so honourable to the memory of this apostle, may be added that of Don Pedro de Zapata, who had been twice governor of the whole province of Carthagená. In the juridical informations which he caused to be taken soon after the father's death, he attests, "That the reputation of Father Claver's sanctity was so great, and so universally diffused, that he was considered the column and support of the state ; that in a city where the Jesuits have had many enemies, never had any one been found to speak ill of him ; that it was impossible for him to recollect all the virtues and heroic actions of which he himself had been the witness, nor all the miracles performed through his intercession ; but that all which he had seen and heard of him, equalled whatever is related of those who are recognized and honoured as saints by the Catholic Church."

BOOK VI.

For thirty-six years Father Claver had edified Carthagena by his example and virtues; sanctified it by his zeal and labours; and though he scarcely went beyond its inclosure and environs, he was looked upon as the apostle of all the West Indies. Exhausted with fatigues, consumed with austerities, he was on the point of going to receive the recompense of so many merits; but God determined to purify His victim still more and more, to crown him afterwards with greater glory. In an exercise of most heroic charity, he contracted a dangerous complaint, followed by an habitual infirmity of four years' duration, during which he had no other employ but that of prayer and suffering.

News reached Carthagena that the plague, after ravaging the Havanna, Porto Rico, and Vera Cruz, had reached the shores of Terra-Firma, where it was causing great destruction. Animated with tender charity, with a zeal more lively than ever, and with a courage beyond his strength, after having already exhausted himself in Carthagena in labouring to dispose the people there for the jubilee of 1650, Father Claver wished to visit the negro residences along the coasts, in order to prepare all hearts to profit by the said grace. The fruits of this mission were

as abundant as he could wish ; but as the pestilence still continued, he redoubled his prayers, mortifications, fasts, and disciplines, in order to arrest the anger of Heaven by his penance ; and he did this with so little self-regard, that he was at length obliged to yield. He spent nearly the whole night in prayer, and the whole day in labouring for the salvation of souls, allowing himself no respite, and scarcely taking nourishment enough to support nature. He was often drenched with rain, from which he occasionally experienced serious inconveniences, but nothing could induce him to moderate his excessive labours. His superior hearing of the state to which he was reduced, sent him an order to return : he obeyed without reply, and arrived at Carthagená so attenuated and exhausted, that no one could look at him without compassion. A singular contagious distemper then prevailed in the city, which daily carried off numerous victims ; several Jesuits died of it, and Father Claver, who was already ill, was one of the first attacked by it. If he felt any regret thereat, it was not on the score of suffering, (that was real delight to him,) but because he was unable to go and help the sick, whose numbers increased daily. He was soon reduced to such extremity, that it was deemed advisable to give him the Holy Viaticum : out of greater respect he begged to receive it prostrate on the ground, but this impulse of fervour was over-ruled, fearing that he would expire in the effort. We may easily imagine his sentiments of piety and ten-

derness at the sight of his God and Saviour, whom until then he had alone loved on earth, and to whom he hoped soon to be united in heaven. "My sins," said he, "have drawn this pestilence upon this afflicted city, and Almighty God will no longer make use of me, because I have always been the most unworthy of His ministers." These words from the mouth of a man so holy and so humble, drew tears from the eyes of all present. He was momentarily expected to expire; but our Lord, for the consolation of Carthagená, allowed it to retain its protecting angel some time longer. He rallied by degrees, contrary to all expectation, and to the surprise of all those who thus saw an infirm old man consumed by austerities resisting the violence of the contagion which carried off the youngest and most robust. So long as he was confined to his bed his mind was constantly raised to God. Brother Gonzales, who often visited him, always found him in prayer, and when he recommended him to pray for the sick of Carthagená, "Very willingly," answered he, or, "I was just doing so." Hence many persons attributed their recovery to his prayers. Although he was out of danger he never thoroughly recovered or regained his strength. A violent and constant tremor of the limbs deprived him of the free use of his hands and feet. By this means he was deprived of his sweetest consolation, namely, the celebration of the divine mysteries; he was even unable to convey to his mouth the little nourishment he took. But what was very remark-

able his hands ceased to tremble, and he seemed to regain new strength when he took his usual disciplines. It may be said that the weakness of his body gave increased vigour to his mind. As he could neither rise nor walk without help, he was obliged to be dressed by a negro, whom he instructed how to fasten on his hair-cloths, and in this condition, either assisted by the same negro or supported by a staff, he dragged himself to the church; or when he could not do this he was carried there, to hear mass and communicate, which he did with a fervour incredible in one suffering from such infirmities. He confessed every day with abundance of tears, and as if he had to appear the next moment before God. So long as he could walk a step he would not allow his confessor the trouble of going to his room; out of humility he communicated among the laity, wearing the same poor stole which had served him in his missions. Notwithstanding the sad state to which he was reduced, the zeal which devoured him did not permit him to be entirely useless to his neighbour. After satisfying his devotions by the reception of the sacraments, instead of returning to his room he remained to hear confessions in the church until his little remnant of strength was utterly exhausted: he continually begged the sacristan to call him when any one needed a confessor, or at least to send them to his room. His zeal for the salvation of souls was not confined to this only; for as soon as he knew of any poor abandoned sick, or slaves, who stood in need of help, he found strength

enough to be carried to the hospitals or huts of the negroes. A vessel laden with these barbarians from Ararais having arrived at Carthagena, he found that none of them had been baptized, because there were no Christians in that country, and the chaplain of the fleet had died in the passage. At this news the holy man seemed to forget all his infirmities, but the difficulty was to find interpreters, because for more than thirty years no negroes had arrived from that nation. After earnestly recommending the affair to God, he fortunately found one of the negroes he was in search of, and was immediately conveyed to the lodgings of the savages. No sooner had these poor creatures beheld him than they ran and cast themselves at his feet, as if inspired by Heaven with a secret feeling of love and respect. The holy man on his side tenderly caressed them, and as he had long been sighing for the conversion of some negroes of this description, he took particular pains with them. Before he left them he himself baptized all the children, and for the instruction of the adults he left a catechism translated into their own language. These last children whom he gave to the church he looked upon as the fruit of his old age, and it seemed to reinvigorate him for a time.

As his heart was ever at the hospital of St. Lazarus, he profited by this occasion to go and take leave of his dear lepers before he died, and to animate them to patience for the last time. A little incident occurred on this occasion, which showed the protection of God over His servant.

Being unable to walk thither, he sent for an old worn-out horse, belonging to the hospital, which had long been used by the poor man who was charged to collect alms about the town; the animal and its equipment was well calculated to excite the mirth of the populace. As the father could not help himself, his negro was obliged to tie him on the horse; and in this state he traversed the whole city. On reaching the bridge, the devil, provoked at the charity of a man whom he looked upon as his greatest enemy, (at least the affair was considered quite preternatural by all who witnessed it,) all at once excited the horse to such a state of fury, that he kicked and reared so that no one could check him; at the same moment a violent gust of wind seized the father's cloak in a way he could scarcely withstand. Spaniards and negroes hastened with sticks and swords to stop the infuriated animal, whilst Don Pedro d' Estrada, who saw the accident from his window, despatched all his servants to the rescue. Their united efforts were however all in vain, and nothing remained but to implore aloud the succour of Heaven: the father's danger was such that he was given up for lost; when at length the horse stopped of his own accord. On rejoining the holy man he was found as composed as if the accident had not concerned him at all. It was looked upon as miraculous, how a man so aged and infirm, deprived of the use of his limbs, could without injury have resisted the plunging of the animal, which was more than sufficient to unhorse

the strongest man. A negro then took the animal by the bridle, and conducted the father to his favourite hospital, where he bade a last adieu to his poor, who having no hopes of ever seeing him again, wept excessively as having lost their protector, friend, and father.

It was during these little excursions that he went to hear the confession of Donna Isabella D' Urbina, who had always furnished him with large sums for the poor, and who since her husband's death had stood in great need of consolation. Conversing with her one day, he told her that the pestilence which had lately afflicted Carthagená had been of service to a great number of souls, and that it would return the following year for the profit of many more, who had not been sufficiently prepared for death at its first visit. "What, father!" said the lady, quite terrified, "the pestilence again at Carthagená?" "You will give me news of it in the month of October," replied the holy man. This terrible malady, which did not fail to return at the time specified, left the lady no room to doubt any of the predictions of her saintly director.

In proportion as his infirmities increased and nature became weaker, grace gave new strength to his virtues: in effect, he then stood more than ever in need of all his patience. As the pestilence had reduced the Jesuits to a very small number, and as each of them was laden with several different employments, they could not give him all the succour and attention they could have

wished. And what is still more surprising, this great man, who had so long been the admiration, love, and oracle of Carthagená, was all at once, by the special permission of God, and by the effect of man's natural inconstancy, forgotten and abandoned by all ; so that the ladies Isabella and Jeromina d'Urbina, were almost the only persons who remembered him, and remained ever faithfully attached to him. Hence he was left to the care of a few rough negroes, and of these the one who had the most to do for him was a young boy, as bearish and awkward as if he had but just quitted a horde of savages. He brought him his food, which was only the common fare of the community, when it was quite cold, and often not till he had eaten the best part of it himself. He presented it with hands that would have disgusted any other than one whose pleasure it had been to eat out of the same dish with lepers and kiss their wounds ; he was sometimes left whole days without anything either to eat or drink. His room was scarcely swept once a month, and his natural infection, added to the remnants of food left there to rot, and the inconvenience of the musquitoes and other insects, which this slave never took the trouble to remove, made the place almost unendurable. Nevertheless, whatever the holy man might have to suffer, never was he heard to complain of his negro ; all that he sometimes seemed to lament was, that he did not help him to get up and dress, to go and hear mass, or visit the Blessed Sacrament. As his piety led him

to the church as often as he could possibly get there, he used to try to get up and dress himself alone, but he usually fell from weakness, and sometimes so rudely as to cause a severe wound on his head. His room being over the sacristy, the brother ran whenever he heard him fall, and finding how difficult it was for him to dress himself, willingly offered him some little assistance; but the father perceiving how carefully and respectfully he treated him, begged to have his negro, who soon gave him opportunity enough to practise patience. In effect the wretch made him suffer martyrdom. When dressing him he would shake him, push him violently against the wall or furniture, and he treated him with a harshness bordering on barbarity. And yet whatever he had to endure either from this slave or his own infirmities, he never uttered a complaint, or showed the slightest change of countenance: "My sins," he would say on such occasions, "deserve much worse."

Amidst so many subjects of affliction and pain God sent him a consolation well calculated to soothe them, and also to satisfy the tenderness and devotion which through life he had retained towards his first master in a spiritual life. A religious of the house, well knowing the pleasure he should give him, went one day and took him the Life of the Venerable Brother Rodriguez, recently published in Spain. "Father," said he, as he accosted him, "here is the Life of holy Brother Rodriguez, which is just published; no doubt, he wished from heaven to procure you this satisfac-

tion before you die." At this news and at the sight of the book, Father Claver, transported with joy, could not find words to express his thanks; he took the book, and reverently placed it on his head, heart, and lips, saying, "Blessed be God, who at length allows me the consolation of seeing what I have so long desired!" The portrait of the holy religious placed at the head of the work, and which he pronounced a striking likeness, redoubled his delight; he revered it with every mark of affection, and he seemed anxious to have the book left with him. This circumstance served as a good pretext to extract from him some secrets, which he would not otherwise have disclosed. He was asked, therefore, whether it was true that Brother Alphonso had predicted his passing over to the Indies, to the new kingdom of Grenada, and more particularly to Carthagená. He answered, that the brother had repeatedly assured him of this. Inquiry was then made about some other particulars, beginning with that extraordinary ecstasy related in the first book, which whilst the father was relating he himself seemed to pass into a similar ecstasy: his eyes suddenly closed, his speech failed, and it was by signs only that he could express the interior delights which then inundated his heart. A few moments afterwards the sacristan thinking him in a slumber withdrew, carrying the book with him; but no sooner was he gone than Father Claver returned to himself, and missing his treasure desired to be quickly dressed, and supported by affection, which at that moment lent him strength,

he repaired to the sacristy in search of the brother, begging he would not refuse him the consolation of again enjoying the sight of his dear master's Life and portrait. Respect would not allow him to send another person for it, and notwithstanding his excessive weakness he would go himself, in order that he might be able to say that if he owed the happiness of first seeing it to the kindness of others, the second sight of it at least should be the reward of his own affection. Some persons much attached to the college, amongst whom were Don Antony de Betancour, Governor of Jamaica, happened at this moment to enter the sacristy, and were all so much surprised at Father Claver's transports, that they begged Brother Gonzales to read them some part of the Life, especially such things as Father Claver had himself witnessed, and of which he confirmed the truth as he heard them read. We need not be surprised at the father's earnestness on this subject, if we consider the high opinion he had formed of the sanctity of that great servant of God, and the feelings of veneration with which he had been penetrated, even from the first time he saw him. We have already stated that he had carefully preserved all his writings, and with the permission of his superiors he gave before his death part of them to a holy religious whom he much esteemed, and who had accompanied him for twenty-two years in his various functions amongst the negroes; the rest of these writings he sent to the noviciate at Thonga, to form the novices to true perfection.

One of the richest ornaments of his room was the picture of Brother Alphonso, which hung in a little wooden frame at the head of his bed; he showed it to every one who went to see him, and did all he could to excite devotion to and confidence in this holy brother. This picture always accompanied him in his missions, and when a few days before his death all his little moveables were carried off by the piety of those who wished for some of his relics, this picture alone was left him, as if Alphonso was unwilling to abandon in death a man who had so tenderly loved him in life. Being reduced to such a state as to be able to sleep but little, he spent nearly the whole night in prayer and devout colloquies with our Lord, in a manner so sweet and tender that he seemed to have a foretaste of the delights prepared for him in heaven. He was glad therefore to have a light in his room, that he might be able to fix his eyes from time to time upon his crucifix and other objects of devotion; but as the candles were very small, one only would not suffice for the night, so when it was nearly burnt out he had to inform the negro who slept in his room that he might light another. As the boy was often too indolent to get up, the light went quite out, and then the father was obliged to procure another for himself. When the negro found another candle lighted, he would ask in surprise where it came from? "Sleep, sleep, child, and do not trouble yourself about that," was all the father answered. What is quite certain is, that when Father Claver himself put

the candle in the candlestick, or gave it to the negro, it was sure to last all night however small it was, and this never happened so in any other case. In the meantime the holy man gradually became weaker, and spoke of nothing but his approaching death; towards the middle of the year 1654 he positively affirmed it to several persons, but the one with whom he most familiarly conversed about it was Brother Nicholas Gonzales, to whom he frankly declared that he should die on a festival of our Blessed Lady. About this time the Spanish fleet arrived at Carthagená under the command of the Marquis de Montenegro. Father Claver hearing symptoms of extraordinary rejoicing in the house, inquired the meaning of it, and was told that Father Diego de Farigna had arrived with the fleet, and was intended to succeed him, being commissioned by the king to baptize the negroes. "Ah!" exclaimed he, in a transport of joy, raising his eyes to heaven, and striking the ground with his stick, "baptize the negroes! O what good news!" He immediately arose, dragged himself as far as Father de Farigna's room, prostrated himself before him, respectfully kissed his feet, and congratulated him on the glorious office assigned to him. De Farigna, surprised and confounded at the honour shown him by this aged man, was much more so when informed that it was Father Claver, so famous in Carthagená for the greatness of his labours and the lustre of his virtues. He in his turn fell at the feet of the servant of God, protesting that he should ever regard him as his master, and

the reciprocal humility of these two holy men was an edifying sight to several persons of distinction who happened just then to call in, to welcome the new missionary. Father Claver's joy was however a little damped by hearing at the same time that the king had ordered the demolition of part of the college, situated above the town walls. He could not without regret see several of his brothers, then actually ill, driven out of their lodgings, with the risk of wanting that help of which they really stood in need; he therefore prayed to our Lord to spare him this grief, and to withdraw him beforehand out of this world. Almighty God heard his prayer, and revealed to him the precise time of his death, of which he apprized Donna Isabella d' Urbina, who as we may well conceive was deeply afflicted at it. A few days before his death he went to see her, to give her a last proof of his gratitude, and advised her to choose Father de Farigna, then recently arrived, for her future confessor. On her answering that so long as she could have the happiness of confessing to him she would have no one else, the father positively told her that she would never see him there again, for he was very soon to die. Seeing her extremely afflicted, he promised not to forget her before God, and as the whole family, hearing the lamentations caused by her sorrow, gathered round him in tears, he strove to console them all, and withdrew after giving them his blessing. The words of the saintly director made so deep an impression on Isabella's mind, that when soon after Father de

Farigna fell so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of, she boldly declared he would not die, because Father Claver had appointed him to be her confessor, and the event verified the prediction.

A few days afterwards, as he was speaking to Brother Gonzales of his approaching death, he begged to be buried at the foot of his confessional close to the door. "No, no," replied the brother, "it shall be in the chapel of the Christ." The brother then begged him to recommend the city of Carthagená to God when he should be in heaven, and always to love a country watered with his sweat, where he had gained so many souls and acquired so much merit. "Alas!" replied the holy man, with a sigh, "I have lost all by my impatience under suffering." Notwithstanding the holy fear inspired by his humility, he constantly spoke with perfect confidence of the happiness that awaited him in heaven, so much so, that the same brother gave him a list of several of his friends whom he begged him to remember before God; the holy man promised to do so, with the appearance of one who had been assured of his salvation.

When the report was spread abroad of the probable death of this great servant of God, the Marquis de Montalegre, out of respect to his sanctity, went to visit him before he re-embarked for Spain. After saluting him with great reverence, he begged him to recommend the success of the voyage and safe return of the fleet to Almighty God, because there was great danger

of their meeting with the ships of many enemies of Spain. The father re-assured him, by saying, that he and the whole fleet would reach Spain without any serious accident, although they would be several times in danger. The Marquis then asked for something belonging to the father, who at first answered, that a poor man like him had nothing fit to offer to a nobleman; but then recollecting that the Marquis had married the niece of St. Francis Borgia, he unfastened from his beads the precious medal of St. Ignatius, which he had so often used to effect miraculous cures, and humbly presented it to him. Don Pedro de Zapata, governor of the town, who was also present, begged to be remembered in his prayers: the father entreated him to have pity on the college, and to be more favourable to it than his predecessor had been; for he it was who procured the order for its demolition.

Being freed from these visits, so painful to his humility, he received another far more pleasing to his taste and piety; his visitor was of the order of St. Francis, a very holy man, and his spiritual son. These two saintly persons conversed long together on the things of God; when towards the end of the conversation, the religious expressing his regret at the near destruction of the college, "I shall not see it," said Claver to him. "How so?" rejoined the Franciscan, "since I am told the work of demolition begins to-morrow?" "Because," continued the father, "I have begged our Lord to call me to Himself beforehand, and He has had the good-

ness to promise it." From that moment he strove absolutely to forget everything of this world, and to be solely occupied with the things of eternity. His humility suggested the idea of destroying the signatures of a great number of billets, already prepared for distribution among the negroes, in attestation of their having been to confession. He commissioned Brother Emmanuel Lopez to do this for him; but as he was preparing to comply with the request, he was stopped by an interior impulse, and went first of all to consult one of the fathers upon the matter, who desired him not to destroy the signatures, but to collect them and bring them to him; the good brother judging from this that the father meant to keep the signatures as relics, returned immediately to secure at least a good number for himself. Father Claver, who from his bed seemed to suspect the design, used his best endeavours to get the brother away from the desk and scissors, in order to give the commission to some one else; but Lopez was too wise to lose in that way his treasure, which he afterwards shared with numbers of people, who received these autographs with a thousand marks of gratitude and respect.

On the 6th of September, which that year fell on a Sunday, he went down to the church supported by two negroes; and after communicating with sentiments of extraordinary devotion, he was carried back to his room. On passing the sacristy he said to the brother, "I am going to die; what do you desire of me in the next life?"

“That you recommend this city and house to God,” replied the brother. He promised to do so, and having been helped into bed, he spent the rest of that day in most tender colloquies with God. In the evening he was seized with violent fever, and this was much augmented by the vehemence of his love. As all remedies were deemed useless, the doctor was not sent for until the next morning. The infirmarian who had care of him in the day, going very early in the morning to inquire how he had passed the night, found him speechless, motionless, and senseless ; but with a countenance of such sweet composure, that he looked like one calmly sleeping or ravished in ecstasy. All the fathers of the house hearing of the state to which he was reduced, immediately hurried to his room ; less afflicted at his condition than touched by the sweet conduct of Providence in his regard. The preparations for destroying part of the college were already begun. The preceding night a good religious of the house had bitterly complained to God for permitting such a man as Father Claver, who had so faithfully served Him, to be dislodged under such trying circumstances : and this thought, which caused him deep sorrow, had prevented the brother from closing his eyes during the whole night ; but in the morning when he heard that the father was at the point of death, he acknowledged his fault, and blessed the Lord a thousand times for having prepared in heaven a home for His servant before he was deprived of his home on earth. On the physician’s arriving

he declared that all further remedies would be useless. Extreme Unction was then administered, though whilst he received it a slight pulsation of the heart was the only remaining sign he gave of life.

Scarcely was this ceremony concluded, than those of the house, as well as some other pious persons who had hastened to the college, began to ransack his room of whatever could be carried away, everybody being anxious to procure some of his relics. Everything was pillaged except the bed-quilt upon him, and the portrait of Blessed Alphonso, which one of the religious vigorously guarded against all those who strove to gain possession of it. Father Claver seems to have foreseen what was to happen, for having a few days before given a little spiritual book to a brother, he said to him, "Take care of it, or it will be carried off." In the meantime the news having spread through the town, all former sentiments of tenderness and veneration for the holy man, which seemed to have been slumbering during his long infirmity, instantly revived in the minds and hearts of all. People from all parts came in crowds to have the consolation of seeing him once more before he died. At first, only some persons of the highest distinction were admitted, but in a short time the tumult became so great that the door was forced open, and the college filled with ecclesiastics, religious, nobility, and poor, who all would see him, kiss his hands, and apply their beads to his body whilst he was still alive. In all directions children were crying in the

streets, "The Saint is dying! The Saint is dying!" At length they collected in such numbers that it was impossible to keep them out of the sick man's room, where they fell on their knees to kiss his hand with all the warmth of affection peculiar to their happy age. The negroes too showed their gratitude, and as they kissed his feet they watered them with their tears, exclaiming that they had lost their protector and their father. This immense concourse lasted until night, and even then it was difficult to keep the people out and close the doors; nor in fact was it found possible to refuse some persons of distinction the satisfaction of receiving the last sight of him whom they looked upon as their apostle. Some of his penitents sent two artists to take the portrait of their saintly director, which was by no means difficult, because being motionless, they could do as they pleased, and he had much more the appearance of a man sweetly ravished in God, than of one at the point of death. Others in great numbers disputed the honour of presenting the coffin, destined to contain his precious body; but the preference was thought due to Donna Isabella D' Urbina, for whom the holy man had always felt great regard, whilst she on her side had ever been faithfully attached to him; she deemed herself highly honoured in being allowed to show this little respect after death, to one who in life had rendered her such essential services. On Tuesday morning, shortly after midnight, on the festival of our Blessed Lady's

Nativity, Father Claver seemed utterly exhausted, and the recommendation of a departing soul was recited. No sooner was this finished, than between one and two o'clock, whilst the assistants with a loud voice invoked the names of Jesus and Mary, he sweetly yielded his soul to his Creator, in the year 1654, the seventy-first, or according to others, the seventy-third year of his age, and the fifty-fifth from his entrance into the Society; thus having the happiness to begin his immortal life in heaven on the same day that she, whom he had ever regarded as his Queen and Mother, began her mortal life on earth. His body, emaciated and attenuated as it was by austerities and labours, became more lively, fresh, and florid than it had been during his life; his face, so calm and beautiful, seemed to breathe a sweet air of tender devotion which inspired others with the same; his feet and hands were flexible like those of a living man; and from his body there exhaled a most pleasing odour. At the moment he expired all who were present fell on their knees to kiss his feet, and what was singular, the thought of praying for him did not occur to any one of them. No sooner was he robed in his sacerdotal vestments, than his room was again ransacked of everything that could be taken away; his poor clothes and bed covering were torn to pieces; some cut off his hair, whilst others would have done the same to his fingers and toes if they had not been vigorously opposed.

God was pleased to make known his glory to

a negress of Angola, named Lucretia, whom the father had trained to virtue. At the time of his death she was more than twenty leagues distant from Carthagena; that same night she saw in her sleep a long and magnificent procession, all brilliantly illuminated, at the end of which was Jesus Christ Himself, and at His side stood Father Claver clad in such splendid robes that the eye became dazzled at the sight. This numerous company proceeded towards heaven, and when it had ascended a considerable height, the negress lost sight of it. On the same Tuesday morning she anxiously inquired whether there was any news from Carthagena, and if Father Claver was not dead? She was answered, that no news could be received until the following Saturday, on which day intelligence arrived that the whole city was in commotion in consequence of the death of its holy apostle on the preceding Tuesday soon after midnight. Although too easy reliance must not be given to visions, (especially those of women,) certain it is, that this negress could not have known the death by natural means. Moreover, the circumstances of this recital, joined to Father Claver's extraordinary sanctity, give just reasons to believe that God for His own glory revealed that with which He had crowned the humility of His servant.

The obsequies of the holy missionary corresponded with the high esteem in which his virtue was held; and the honours paid to his memory equalled those shown to the greatest saints. To be better able to judge of this, we

will cite the relation given by the rector of the college, in a sort of circular letter addressed to all the superiors in the province.

As soon as the Father Prior of the Augustinians heard of Father Claver's death, he caused all the bells in his church to be tolled; and about eight o'clock in the morning came to the college at the head of all his religious; after reciting a few prayers in the chamber of the defunct, they descended to the church and sung a solemn mass, with the same ceremonies as if the body had been present. At this signal the whole city was aroused, and on all sides might be heard praises of the holy man. The negroes of the town and neighbourhood pressed forward to show their respect; and as all wished to kiss his feet and touch his body with their beads, they kept five or six people fully employed, and even these scarcely sufficed to satisfy their devotion. Donna Isabella D' Urbina, the most cherished of his penitents, sent a magnificent shrine of cedarwood, lined with the richest materials, fringed with gold, and all the mountings highly gilt. Don Pedro, Duke of Estrada, furnished a magnificent supply of lights; but Don Pedro de Zapata, governor of the province, carried his generosity still further, being anxious to show his veneration for the memory of this great servant of God. As soon as he heard of his death, he assembled the magistrates, and proposed to have the obsequies of so illustrious a man as Father Claver defrayed at the public expense, in order to show their gratitude for

his essential services. Two commissaries were accordingly deputed to the college, to request the Father Rector to defer the burial till the next day; and in the meantime to have the body conveyed into the church, to satisfy the devotion of the public; and also to commission some one to prepare a funeral oration. All this having been agreed to, numbers of the clergy presented themselves to carry the corpse, but it was found very difficult to keep off the crowd which pressed round to touch the body with their rosaries. From all the churches in the town were sent beautiful tapestries and hangings to decorate the altar and tomb, whilst some pious persons cut a palm, intending to place it in Father Claver's hands. At the ceremony the crowd was so great, that the church was unable to contain the people, so that the adjoining streets were filled with them. Before the removal of the body the most distinguished persons of all orders were admitted into the room where it reposed, and all disputed for the honour of carrying so precious a burden. The greatest difficulty was to penetrate through the mass of human beings congregated at the entrance of the church and house, and in fact it was found necessary to carry the corpse out through the great door of the college. At length it entered the church, where nearly every one held a lighted candle. Instantly the people rushed in crowds to kiss his hands and feet, and if force had not been used to keep off the people, everything would have been pulled to pieces, for the

sake of procuring his relics. The pressure was such that it was considered little less than miraculous that no one was suffocated. With great difficulty Don Pedro d'Estrada succeeded in reaching the body, and he then placed the palm in the left hand. The superior of the Order of Mercy next appeared at the head of all his religious; and though that day was the greatest feast of their own order, they left their own church to go to that of the Jesuits, to honour the memory of a man to whom the whole city was under such great obligations. The Marquis de Montalègre arrived soon after at the head of all the Spanish nobility; he immediately knelt down to kiss the father's hand, though to facilitate his approach, the clergy, together with the Religious of Mercy and of St. Austin, were obliged to assist the Jesuits in keeping off the populace, which insisted on surrounding the body. Don Suarez de Melo, canon of the cathedral and grand vicar of the diocese, came next, accompanied by all the ecclesiastics and officials of his congregation, so that the church was never clear. Towards night the concourse was infinitely augmented by the arrival of the negroes and the lower classes, all eager to touch the body with their beads, linens, ribbons, and anything they could find, intending to treasure them up as most precious relics. Then it was that there was need of strong and resolute people, or the body itself would have been pulled in pieces; in this state of affairs, the Jesuits, and some pious friends around them, thought it would be best to remove

the chalice, and extend his hands out in form of a cross, so that the people might more easily kiss them without throwing themselves upon the body; his arms were so flexible that they could be placed in any direction without difficulty, and every one applied the hands to their head, eyes, or any other afflicted part of their body. A slight moisture appeared on his face, which was eagerly wiped off with linen cloth, or some precious stuffs, and kept as relics of a saint. At night the crowd still continuing to increase, the governor sent the city guard to take care of the body, but as the soldiers could not reach the place without great effort, the prior of the Augustinians, with six of his religious, advanced to relieve the Jesuits, who were quite fatigued with having contended all day against the pressing crowds. An attempt was made to cover the corpse with a black velvet pall, but this was prevented by the cries of the multitude, demanding the consolation of seeing the saint, as they called him, once again. It was found impossible to clear the church, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the religious seconded by the soldiers, and though burning torches were held before the people to keep them from approaching too near; still, in spite of all their vigilance the square cap, the stockings, and even the toe-nails of the holy man were carried off.

The next morning, at day-break, the concourse and tumult recommenced just as if no one had yet seen the holy apostle of Carthagenæ. Throughout the city there was no one, whe-

ther healthy or sick, rich or poor, that did not go to show him respect, or implore his intercession, insomuch that all the houses seemed deserted. Towards eight o'clock the religious of St. John of God arrived, and sung a solemn mass. The Augustinians arrived at nine with the city magistrates, in their robes of ceremony, preceded by their halberdiers, and followed by the governor accompanied by his lieutenant, and all his staff. When they had all knelt down and kissed Father Claver's hands, the Augustinians celebrated the office and mass, at the end of which a religious of the Order of Mercy pronounced the funeral oration upon this text, "He that believeth in Me shall live even after his death." After the sermon preparations were made to carry the body to the grave, when a contest arose amongst the most distinguished persons present, as to who should have that honour. At length the governor, the chief magistrates, the principal naval officers, and the most distinguished ecclesiastics began to remove the body, but notwithstanding all the guards could do the people rushed forward in crowds, tore off the gold brocade, chasuble, alb, cassock, &c., and even some of the toes were cut off. The confusion increasing, the sacristan fetched the cushion on which the father had expired, and divided it among the people at the bottom of the church, in order to divert their attention; but his innocent stratagem well nigh cost him dear, for no sooner had he made his appearance, than he was surrounded, the cushion torn out of his hands, and he himself was almost smothered: to

extricate himself from this danger he clambered into the pulpit, and from it he began to distribute some of the little billets, signed by the father, and prepared by him for the negroes when they went to confession. Advantage was taken of these few moments; the body was quickly interred in the chapel of the Christ, on the epistle side, and in a sort of niche excavated in the wall. All this took place in presence of the governor, magistrates, and chief officers. Nor did the concourse of people diminish during several successive days. On Monday, the 14th of September, the city corporation, with the music from the cathedral, repaired to the Jesuits' church, and celebrated a magnificent service: wax tapers were distributed to all the ecclesiastics and religious there present. The rector of the college sung the mass, and an Augustinian delivered a funeral oration. The town, at its own cost, erected a superb tomb in honour of its apostle, and the city arms were inscribed on it. On the following day the governor, in testimony of his gratitude and private affection, caused a repetition of the same honours at his own expense. Mass was sung by the grand vicar, after which, followed a fine eulogium of Father Claver by Father Joseph de Pacheco, an Augustinian. He took occasion to speak of the persecutions raised against the Jesuits, and added, that God had only called this holy man to Himself that he might not witness the chastisements prepared for the city now that it was deprived of its most powerful protector. The auditory, comprising all the most distinguished of the

clergy, nobility, magistrates, and merchants, highly applauded the orator's discourse.

The negroes, more interested than any others for the glory of a saint who had always so tenderly loved them, wished also to show him their respectful duty, by expressing the most sincere gratitude. They chose a particular day for a solemn service, to which they invited the governor with all the nobility and the navy. Never was any ceremony performed with more order and propriety. They arranged themselves according to their different nations, each with its own chief; and as if they would spare nothing to honour the memory of their common father, they distributed flambeaux indiscriminately to every body there. The mass was sung by a fine choir of music, and the funeral oration was delivered by the treasurer of the church of Popayan. No other orator was more diffuse on the virtues, sanctity, heroic acts, and stupendous miracles of Father Claver. To inspire still greater gratitude and tenderness in the hearts of his hearers, he endeavoured particularly to prove that the ministry to which Almighty God had called him amongst the negroes, had been the principal cause of the many wonders admired in him.

In all the neighbouring habitations other negroes testified their zeal for their common father in a manner less pompous, in truth, but much more touching. As soon as his happy death became known, nothing was heard among those poor slaves, but tears, sighs, and lamentations. For several days it was impossible to console

them under the loss of him who had been their only consolation in all their miseries. Even the Maroon negroes, accustomed as they are to murder and pillage, showed lively marks of deep sorrow at the death of a man whom they ever respected as a master and even loved as a father.

These details have been taken from the letter of the rector of Carthagená; and to conclude in two words, we may say that at Father Claver's death was renewed all that we read of most wonderful and brilliant in the greatest saints. Never was there a more universal veneration for their memory, more confidence in their merits, more eagerness to possess their relics. Every voice conspired to canonize him at once; and we have reason to believe, that it was not without a secret inspiration of Heaven, that ecclesiastics, religious, nobility, and people, learned and unlearned, all at the same moment concurred in paying him all the permitted honours usually shown to the most illustrious personages consecrated by the Church in her Calendar.

Father Claver was of the middle height, naturally upright, but rather stooping, from a habit of looking on the ground and keeping his eyes cast down. He had a large head, a full face, and dark complexion; his forehead was broad and wrinkled, his temples sunk, his eyes well set, but the eyelids somewhat red and inflamed, from the abundance of tears he used to shed. His nose was moderately aquiline, his lips thick; he had a full beard, a short neck, a voice toler-

ably strong, but more sonorous than flexible. Nature had given him a robust constitution, but he soon ruined it by excessive labour and austerities. However great had been the reputation of his sanctity during his life, it was very much increased by the multitude of prodigies God was pleased to perform after the death of His servant, in order to manifest his glory. The first circumstance that excited surprise in those who witnessed it, was that when the palm already spoken of was presented to him, in sign of the many victories he had gained over hell and over self, the hand opened of itself to receive the palm, and immediately closed again when possessed of it. This wonder was quickly succeeded by many others, which greatly contributed to augment the opinion already formed of his great power with God. Don Pedro de Zapata, governor of Cartagena, moved by all that was published about him, proposed to the city authorities to demand of the chapter, which then governed the diocese because the see was vacant, to institute a verbal process and juridical inquiry upon the life, virtues, and miracles of the holy man. The city immediately presented the request through Don Anthony Moëquez, Don Rodriguez Percy, and Don Pedro d'Aguilar, king's counsel. Father Diego Ramirez de Farigna, qualificator of the holy office, and then director of the college, joined his request to that of the city. The chapter willingly consented to all that was asked. It appointed Doctor John Guerrero, priest and qualificator of the holy office, to be commissary

judge in this affair, and nominated for secretary John Tollez, also a priest, and notary of the Inquisition. After the oaths and formalities usual on such occasions, they were ordered to present to the chapter the original of the informations taken, without allowing any copies to be made, in order that having been maturely examined, they might have more right to prosecute the suit, and be better able to form a correct judgment of its merits. They then proceeded to the juridical informations, which began on the 7th of September, 1657, and finished in the month of November, 1660. During this interval fifty-nine witnesses were heard, of every condition in life, priests, religious, gentlemen, and magistrates, all of them persons worthy of belief; and it is from their depositions, confirmed on oath, that we have extracted all the remarkable events related in this history, as well as the miracles performed since, of which a few of the principal shall be briefly added here.

Donna Isabella de Betancour was so troubled with a complaint in her eyes, of a very obstinate as well as painful nature, that, anxious as she was to visit the body of Father Claver the night it was exposed in the church, she dared not venture out, for fear of increasing the malady. Her mother and sister pressed her so urgently to assist at the funeral, that she consented to do so, and accordingly repaired to the church. She knelt down near the corpse, and after kissing the hand applied it to her eyes. At the same moment the complaint disappeared, and never returned again.

During the time of Father Claver's obsequies Bartholemew Sanchez was ill at the hospital of St. Sebastian; the violence of the fever produced phrenzy, and his life was despaired of. At the moment he seemed ready to expire his brother left him, to be present at the funeral of the holy man, and on his return was surprised to find his brother still living: he offered him a little slip of rosemary, which he had taken from the bier, saying at the same time, "Brother, take this branch; it has been laying on Father Claver: recommend yourself to him; he can cure you in a moment." At these words the sick man opened his eyes, took the branch, and raised it to his mouth. "What are you about?" cried his brother, "be careful not to eat it, it may perhaps injure you." "No, no!" answered the dying man, "it comes from a saint, and cannot hurt me." Whilst still speaking he ate some of it, and was cured. When juridically questioned on the subject, all he could recollect was, that he had found the rosemary very sweet and pleasant, and falling into a peaceful slumber he seemed to revive. At the end of an hour he felt perfectly cured, ate with a good appetite, slept soundly all night, and returned home the next day in full health. In the year 1659, when pressed to go in person and declare this fact, he excused himself at first, in consequence of having a large tumour in his loins, which gave him great pain and prevented him from walking; but a moment afterwards, reproaching himself for refusing this mark of gratitude to his benefactor, he determined to go

to the Jesuits' Church, where the depositions were received. Before he had even arrived he found himself freed from his pains; he approached Father Claver's tomb, to thank him for this new favour, and then, as he proceeded with his deposition, he felt his abscess sensibly diminish; he attested the whole of this on oath, adding, that he felt very certain he should never again experience the same sufferings, placing this reliance on the intercession of the holy man.

Don Vincent de Villalobos, first commissary of Carthagená, had adopted a nephew of his wife's, named Dominic de Betancour, aged about eight or nine years. This child was attacked by such a violent fever, that his life was despaired of. Don Vincent had recourse to Father Claver, to whom he was particularly devout. Prostrate at his tomb he prayed most fervently to him, and afterwards asked the sacristan for a stole of Father Claver's. On his return home, full of confidence, he put the stole upon the child, and at the same moment a profuse perspiration ensued, producing such good effects that in a few hours' time the physicians pronounced him cured. After some time the child's linen was changed, and they forgot to put the stole on again. The perspiration immediately returned, but of so cold a nature that the child fainted; and other unfavourable symptoms appearing, his life was again despaired of. The omission of the stole being perceived, his aunt put it round his neck herself, and withdrew to an adjoining room, there to give full vent to her tears. "Oh, holy Father Claver!"

exclaimed she, sobbing, "since you have begun, do complete your work, that every one may impute this cure to your power." Scarcely had she uttered these words, than the perspiration and fever suddenly ceased, and the little de Betancour got out of bed as strong and healthy as if he had never been ill. The physicians who were present ascribed this cure to a true miracle, and one of them afterwards affirmed this fact on oath.

Donna Augustina Talabera, who lived close to the Jesuits' college, had been long afflicted with violent rheumatism in her side, which quite crippled her. Brother Nicholas Gonzales sent her Father Claver's beads, which she applied to the infirm side, and all her pains immediately ceased. She arose from her bed and stood upright, to try whether the disorder was really removed: finding herself perfectly cured, she went the next morning to the church, where prostrate at the tomb of her benefactor she shed abundance of tears. Some time afterwards she rose before day-light, to go and succour a poor slave whom her husband was treating most cruelly, when the cold seized her, and her pains returned with so much violence that she screamed most pitiably. She wished to apply her former remedy; but the beads not being then at the college, as they had been lent to some other sick person, a little prayer-book was sent her, of which Father Claver had occasionally made use. She put it where she felt most pain, and was cured as promptly as she had been on the former occasion. The same

lady begged the sacristan to recommend to Father Claver a little new-born negress, reduced to extremity by a sickness for which there was no remedy, known in that country by the name of the seven days' illness. The brother said to the lady, "Why not bring the child to the holy man's tomb?" and being answered, that she would die on the road, "Don't fear," said he, "bring her at any rate; even if she is already dead." This was done, and after wrapping her in the father's cloak, she was laid upon his tomb. After about an hour, Donna Inez de Miranda, who happened just then to enter the church, put her finger into the babe's mouth, and felt it move as if to suck; a thing that never occurs in this malady, in which children cannot so much as open the mouth. "What!" said Donna Inez, "you say this child has the seven days' illness! Take her home again: I assure you she is quite cured," and so in fact she was.

The daughter of Don Sebastian de Torrez, (god-daughter to the same lady) had an artery severed by unskilful bleeding, in consequence of which an immense tumour formed in her arm. The physicians and surgeons despaired of her cure, because in that hot climate few remedies are available in such cases. Her god-mother, who had already experienced the efficacy of Father Claver's intercession, had the child carried to his tomb, accompanying her herself. The little girl entered the church screaming with pain. The sacristan immediately placed her on a large bench near the tomb, so that she might easily

stretch her hand out towards it, but perceiving her unwilling to do so, both from pain and because she feared her arm was to be cut off, the sacristan himself took her hand, and wrapping a stole of Father Claver's round it, placed it on the top of the tomb. At that same instant the tumour appeared smaller and less inflamed. The next day the little girl came again, and in five days was so completely cured, that Doctor Bartholomew de Torrez protested such a cure could not be otherwise than miraculous.

Donna Sebastiana de Talabera had for the space of eight months suffered such violent internal pain as often to be unable to breathe. The malady seemed to increase, and to be beyond the reach of remedy. She procured a piece of Father Claver's cloak, and had no sooner applied it to her stomach than the pain disappeared and returned no more. The same lady having sent her mother a small twig of the palm which was put in the father's hand on the day of his burial, the latter lady lent it to a friend of her's who suffered from violent pain in her chest; she was so perfectly and promptly cured by it, that no entreaty could induce her to give it back again. In the same lady's family there was a slave who had lost the use of his feet for six years. His mistress had him carried to the father's tomb, and after the first visit he was able to walk with a stick. She fearing that the sudden cure of such an inveterate complaint would not be durable, applied some other remedies to complete the cure, with fomentations of wine and aromatic

herbs; but she soon had reason to regret her little-enlightened charity. In a very short time the slave's feet and legs were covered with frightful ulcers, together with a disgust of food, which soon reduced him to extremity. The lady then discovered her fault, humbly acknowledged it, had him carried again to the church, and begged the holy man's pardon for her want of confidence. When the slave returned home, he was unrecognizable, being healthy and robust; he ate with good appetite, and was perfectly cured in a few days without any other remedies.

A young Indian fifteen years old had a terrible fall, which occasioned a large tumour on the spine, by which the nerves of the right leg became contracted. In order to walk at all he was obliged to use a stick with one hand, and support his right knee with the other. One Sunday morning the sacristan saw him waiting for mass near the church door, and said to him, "Poor young man! how are you? What brings you here?" "Alas, brother!" replied the Indian, "I could scarcely be worse than I am; I die every day and yet do not cease to live." "But," resumed the sacristan, "why not have recourse to venerable Father Claver? Why not visit his tomb, where such wonders are daily performed? Let us go there together, I will myself conduct you; but have confidence and say to him, I will not stir from here till you have cured me." At the same time he took the young man by the arm and helped him to drag himself along to the chapel where reposed the body of the holy man. The

next day he went there alone with no other assistance than his stick; and on the third day he returned again without so much as his stick, and found himself as well as he had been before his fall. Meeting with the sacristan he told him he was cured, and did not even feel any pain. The brother could scarcely believe his own eyes, and made him walk round the church two or three times, advising him however to say nothing about it till there was full assurance that the cure was complete. The Indian answered, "Ah, but in truth, all those at home have witnessed the cure, and I have already told them that I am indebted to Father Claver for it." Three ladies who overheard this conversation, were so much struck by it that they immediately went with their slaves to the tomb of the servant of God to implore his intercession.

A negress in extreme desolation at the death of her new-born infant, threw herself upon the ground, (in the first transport of her grief,) and remained there for some time. The cold and damp seized upon her, so that she lost the use of her hands and feet, and also suffered intolerable pain in her head and chest. In this state she had herself conveyed to Father Claver's tomb, promising to visit it nine days consecutively, and to have as many masses said. On the fifth day she found herself very much better, and on the ninth the cure was so complete that she felt not the slightest remnant of the complaint.

Donna Andrea Ximenez was attacked by quinsy, which nearly choked her; her father put a

stole of Father Claver's round her neck, and she was instantaneously cured. About a year afterwards, she had an imposthume in her throat, which the physicians considered extremely dangerous: moreover, remedies only seemed to aggravate it. Full of confidence in him who had already cured her once before, she addressed herself to him, and immediately after fell asleep. In her slumber she thought Father Claver took her by the arm saying, "Be comforted, my child; it will be nothing." She awoke still thinking that she saw and heard him: the abscess was examined, it had burst, and the young lady was well enough to go and thank her benefactor at his tomb.

An infant of six months old was tormented with a burning fever, and inflammation of the eyes, which she was unable to open. After unsuccessfully trying all sorts of remedies for six weeks, Louisa de Reina, her mother, in despair at having spent so much money to no purpose, petulantly exclaimed, "Here, take this child out of my sight, carry her to the church and have some gospels read over her." After some considerable time as the slave did not return, she felt extremely uneasy at having shown so much ill-humour, and began to fear lest her child had perished, for no tidings could be obtained of her, though inquiries had been made. Two hours afterwards the child was brought home, its eyes were open and it was perfectly cured. The mother in surprise at this unhopd-for prodigy, asked the negress what had happened? She

answered that as she was carrying the child to the Jesuits' Church the sacristan met her, wrapped the child up in Father Claver's cloak and laid her upon his tomb. In a quarter of an hour's time the child was gazing round the church, her eyes evidently suffering nothing from the effort; on quitting the church he placed a relic of the father on the babe's neck. Eighteen months later the same child fell dangerously ill and was at the point of death; recourse was had to the same remedy, and in two minutes she was restored to health. The mother too was attacked with a violent fever, producing intense pain in her head. Finding all remedies useless at the end of a fortnight, she recollected the relic given to her daughter, and asked her husband for it. Whilst they were busy preparing a ribbon to tie round her neck, she put the relic under her head-dress, and when the ribbon was brought, she said it was no longer necessary; for the fever and pain had totally and suddenly left her. The same night she ate with the appetite of a person in full health; and nothing remained of her malady except some slight pain now and then, as if intended to remind her of the benefit she had received.

A daughter of Simon Anaja, named Teresa, became quite blind, and in the cavities of both eyes there was formed an excrescence of flesh, which completely covered the pupils. The whole family despaired of her cure; but what cannot be effected by great love, when animated with great confidence! One of the child's relatives, grieved at

her deplorable condition, took her in her arms and gave her some wax tapers which she had just bought, saying, "There are some candles for you, you must yourself take them to Father Claver's tomb; as soon as he has cured you, we shall see whether his charity can be unmoved at our affliction." At these words the little girl opened her eyes, eagerly turned them about in all directions, whilst they appeared quite brilliant, like two flambeaux. The fame of this miracle was soon spread abroad, and then there were few infirm people who did not have recourse to the servant of God.

A slave belonging to Don Diego di Villegas, was seized with a putrid fever; remedies were useless; two whole nights were passed in fainting or convulsion fits, and for some time she was thought to be dead. A confessor was sent for from the Jesuits' college, but being unable to receive the viaticum he was requested to administer extreme unction. The sacristan sent a reliquary containing a finger of Father Claver's; no sooner was this fastened round her neck than she recovered so far as to be able to receive communion, and in a few days without trying any other remedy she went in full health to thank her benefactor.

Don Garcia de Zerpa deposed to having witnessed a multitude of miraculous cures by the mere application of a cross which Father Claver had given to his sister Leonora de Zerpa. The Rev. Don Juan de Zerpa, his brother, declared the same thing, adding that on the very day

of his deposition, a lady, to whom his sister had lent the cross, had just returned it with many thanks for having been freed by it from excruciating pains in her legs and arms. He moreover declared that he himself had within that year been cured of a violent attack of gout by merely applying the cross.

Brother Nicholas Gonzales, who had been so tenderly attached to his good father during his life, and who after his death was so zealous for his glory, deposed that he had been so often asked for stoles which had been used by the holy man, and which had effected so many miraculous cures, that notwithstanding all his attention he found it impossible to specify the number of persons who had gone to thank him after experiencing the efficacy of those stoles.

Neither was Father Claver's power with God limited to the cure of corporal infirmities; it extended to the salvation of souls, which had ever been the principal objects of his zeal. It has been remarked in the course of this history, that so long as he lived no Mahomedan at Carthage-na had died without embracing the Christian faith. The same prodigy was renewed after his death, of which the following is a singular instance. A moor named Achmet, seventy years old, had been living forty years in the city, without ever heeding what was said to him on the subject of his miserable creed. Insensible to the example of his companions, some of whom were daily converted, he was known only by his false zeal in striving to pervert those Mussulmans who

embraced Christianity. On the 30th of November, 1656, as Brother Gonzales was busy decorating the church, he saw this moor in a neighbouring street, and felt inspired to call him. After some resistance he yielded to the reiterated entreaties of the sacristan and others who happened to be there, and approached, saying, "What do you want with me?" "That thou be converted," answered the brother. "It is not yet time," continued the other. "Oh," said Gonzales, "it is always time to go to God." "I won't," said the moor. At this moment the brother was obliged to return to his work, but he desired a poor man at the door to engage the Mussulman in conversation till he could return. To all that was said, his only answer was, "I won't! I'll be converted when God wills it!" When the brother rejoined him, he said with much tenderness, (as Father Claver used on such occasions,) "If thou wilt not yet become a Christian, at least let us say these words together—Jesus be with me! enlighten my mind, and touch my heart!" This contest excited curiosity, and many persons crowding round, the moor ran off in a passion. The next morning the sacristan sent for him, and having drawn him almost in spite of himself into the chapel of the Christ, seeing him more obstinate than ever, for he still persisted in saying, it is not yet time, the brother suddenly held before his eyes a picture of hell, and said to him, "Is it possible that having suffered so long in the galleys, thou art also willing to suffer eternally in hell?" "I will not

go there," replied the moor. "Well then," resumed the brother, "embrace the holy law of Jesus Christ, and abjure Mahomet's impure sect!" As the man tried to escape through the crowd that had insensibly collected, the brother stopped him in a transport of holy anger, and said to him, "Didst thou not know Father Claver? and did he not often press thee to become a Christian? He has converted many as obstinate as thee; look there at his tomb, see the sick who come there to ask for health, which many of them obtain. Though he be dead, he is able to convert thee." At these words he seized him vigorously, dragged him towards the tomb, made him stretch out his arms, and then desired him to beg the father would pray to God to enlighten and touch his heart. By a sort of compulsion, the Mahomedan twice repeated these words with the brother, "Jesus, be with me! enlighten my mind, and touch my heart!" After which he cried out, "God will have me be a Christian; I will it too; I will embrace the faith of Jesus Christ!" He was taken to a little distance from the tomb; a crucifix was presented to him, which he adored without hesitation, and afterwards wore it round his neck with great devotion. The sacristan and others who were present, embraced him with tears of joy, crying out, "A miracle!"

A moment afterwards he returned to the chapel where the body of the holy man reposed, fell on his knees, abjured the sect of Mahomet, made the sign of the cross, recited the Credo, sincerely deplored his past obstinacy,

and begged to be baptised without delay. News of this miraculous conversion soon spread through the house, and the provincial with the rest of the fathers went to return thanks to God. Brother Gonzales was desired to instruct him in the college, where he was kept and treated in the best manner possible, for fear if he went out his companions might attempt to pervert him. In fine, on the 21st of December he was baptised in the cathedral with all the pomp suited to such a remarkable conversion. It may be said here, that if the bones of the prophet Eliseus had power to raise a dead body, those of Father Claver had power enough to convert an obdurate heart, which is perhaps as great a wonder. The sacristan, who could not recover his surprise, asked him if he had not done some good deed that might have drawn down the divine mercy? "Alas! no," answered he. "I remained obstinate in my error until the moment I approached Father Claver's tomb. All that I recollect having done, was giving a trifling alms every week to the poor of St. Lazarus." As this hospital had ever been Father Claver's chief delight, it may be presumed that this good deed, seconded by the prayers of the holy man, may have moved the heart of God in favour of the Mussulman; hence, according to the Divine word, alms-deeds is always a powerful resource for the sinner, even when his case appears most desperate.

But a prodigy still more singular and incontestible than all that has been hitherto related,

was the condition in which the body was found when it was translated two years and a half after his death. The provincial of the Jesuits, wishing to place it more honourably, had a new shrine prepared, and a recess formed in the wall of the same chapel, which he secured by an iron door, with strong locks. On the 1st of March, 1657, the brick-work of the tomb was removed, when the wood of the coffin, linen, fringes, and even the ornaments, were found completely ruined by the damp. But on opening the coffin the body, which had been put in unslacked linen, was found whole and entire without the least sign of corruption, excepting one part of the head which had been injured. The flesh was fresh, all the limbs firm, and placed in their natural position, the whole exhaling a sweet perfume similar to soft clay impregnated with odoriferous water, as Dr. Bartholomew Torrez, who was present, remarked. This experienced physician, after examining all the fingers one after another, declared on oath in the verbal process then taken, that the state in which he saw the body with all its skin, nerves, and other parts so sound and healthy, notwithstanding the quantity of lime which covered it, and the humidity of the place, appeared to him a miracle above nature. After replacing the whole with great respect in the new shrine, it was deposited in the niche formed in the wall, which was carefully closed up. The provincial then expressly forbade all rectors of the college ever to allow the least part of the precious relics of this holy missionary to be removed without an

order from their superiors. This privilege of incorruptibility after death is so remarkable, that God has only been pleased to honour a few of His most illustrious saints with it. In these latter ages He has been pleased to grant it, at least for a time, to Venerable Claver, as in the preceding age, He did to the great Xavier, in order, no doubt, that the same respect may at some future period be shown to the Apostle of the West Indies which the whole Christian world eagerly shows to the Apostle of the East Indies.

Laus Deo Semper.

MEMOIRS
OF
FATHER ODESCALCHI, S. J.

MEMOIRS

OF
FATHER CHRISTOPHER R. J.

MEMOIRS
OF
FATHER ODESCALCHI, S. J.

CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE OF CARDINAL CHARLES PRINCE ODESCALCHI
INTO THE NOVICIATE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

THE heroic resolution taken by his Eminence Cardinal Charles Prince Odescalchi of quitting the world, of renouncing the honours which encompass princely families, as well as the lustre of the Roman purple, to lead a humble and hidden life in the obscurity of the religious state, was not the fruit of a sudden, irresistible, and momentary inspiration; still less was it the effect of a blind and unreflecting impulse, whatever may have been alleged by some ill-disposed minds ever ready to tarnish the virtue which condemns themselves. During twenty-four years he had nourished a most ardent desire to abandon the world, without ever being able to accomplish it. At length he determined to quit a position so contrary to his wishes, and thus place himself, as it were, in his centre, as well as put an end to the anxieties of his heart.

His vocation may be dated from the year 1814, almost from the moment when the immortal Pius VII., worthy of eternal benediction, issued a bull for the re-establishment of the Society of Jesus throughout the world. The young priest was then only twenty-nine years of age, and the high position of his family, and the distinguished qualities of his mind and heart, promised him a brilliant future ; still he then solicited the favour of being received into the Society. He had obtained his letters of admission, and he was preparing to enter the noviciate at Rome ; his name was already fixed over the door of the cell he was to occupy at St. Andrew's ; when one of his near relatives hearing what was going on, took such measures with the prelates, cardinals, and even with the Sovereign Pontiff, that the generous young man was compelled to offer violence to his heart, and, as we may say, push back from the shore at the very moment he was entering the haven of religion, the object of his most ardent desires. This unexpected contradiction, though it obliged him to defer the immediate execution of his project, did not slacken the irresistible desire which drew him towards the religious state. We may even say that the high dignities successively imposed on him by obedience, far from weakening his determination, seemed only to increase and fortify it. We will give an extract from a letter written by Father Mark Guzzini, (a priest of the missions) to his nephew, a novice of the Society at Verona : " You wish me to tell

you something of Father Odescalchi? Ah! your request is ill-directed, for of all the priests of the mission I am least able to satisfy you on this subject. Fathers Ugo, Casani, and Cremini, (now in Rome,) the former of whom was his confessor, can tell you much more about him than I can; however, I will repeat to you what I have already said to your Reverend Father Rector. 'Whilst Father Odescalchi was yet a prelate, he always endeavoured to accompany on his missions Bishop Strambi, whose canonization is seriously talked of. He often consulted this illustrious bishop on the subject of his vocation to the Society of Jesus, and Monsignor Strambi always assured him that he would be a Jesuit. When Father Odescalchi received the unexpected news of his elevation to the cardinalate, he wrote to his old and venerable friend, (whose words he received as oracle,) to ask him whether he should accept or decline that eminent dignity. Monsignor Strambi was then in our house at Macerata, and requested me to write the answer for him, which he dictated: in it he told him to accept the purple, declaring that it would not prevent his becoming a Jesuit when the proper time was come, and that he would die a Jesuit. Then making an excuse on the score of his habitual infirmities for not writing the answer himself, he signed and despatched it.' As for this prediction made by Bishop Strambi to Father Odescalchi, I am ready to affirm it on oath if necessary." Whilst Father Odescalchi daily felt himself more powerfully drawn towards the

Society, the nature of the important functions confided to him seemed continually to remove him to a still greater distance from it; hence arose incessant heart-burnings and secret anguish, which became more insupportable and more painful during the month of October, 1837. He was as that time Cardinal-Vicar, and being unable any longer to endure in silence the interior combat of which his soul was the theatre, he determined to trample on those considerations which had hitherto bound him, by entreating his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. to grant him permission to renounce his high functions, and enrol himself a member of the Society of Jesus, which happiness he had sighed for during twenty-three years.

But the Divine wisdom, in order to give him an opportunity of adding to the sum of his merits, exacted still more lively proofs of his invincible patience and constancy, by permitting this attempt to be as unsuccessful as the previous ones had been. His petition having been examined by his Holiness and by four cardinals, whose opinions had been consulted on so delicate an affair; he was answered that the greater glory of God made it a duty to prefer public good to that which was merely private; and therefore he could not be authorized to quit a post where he rendered such important services to the universal church, in order to seek his own advantage in religion in preference to that of others; in fine, that he was to resign himself to the will of God, and make a full sacrifice of his secret desires.

It would be impossible to describe Fr. Odescalchi's painful position in presence of this insurmountable obstacle, which destroyed all hopes of attaining that end to which an ever-increasing power incessantly urged him; and which prevented him from obeying the interior voice that commanded him to embrace a religious life, therein literally to follow the counsels of Jesus Christ. He became a prey to mental anguish, such as he had never before experienced. For a whole year he endured these interior pains without complaint; so that with the exception of a few intimate friends, to whom he confidentially confided the secrets of his heart, it was generally supposed that Cardinal Odescalchi was quite resigned to the mode of life imposed on him for the universal benefit of the Church. People were far from suspecting what was really in preparation. At the beginning of October, 1838, after long and fervent prayers, having again consulted spiritual directors of acknowledged wisdom and piety, being still more and more convinced of the reality of his vocation, and moreover being reasonably persuaded that whatever Almighty God required could not be impossible, he resolved to make another attempt, and use every effort to insure success. About this time, in consequence of the representations of several friends, who perceived that his health was declining, he agreed to seek a few days' repose at Verona, by visiting one of his sisters, who was married to the Marquis Connestabili, and resided there. It was in this retirement that the idea of

writing to his Holiness on the subject of his vocation occurred to his mind. He felt persuaded that he could plead his cause more successfully at a distance by letter, than personally by word of mouth ; he availed himself, therefore, of the opportunity, and wrote a long letter to the holy Father, in which he disclosed his whole soul to him, with all respect due to the Sovereign Pontiff, but at the same time with the holy and courageous liberty which God inspired him, and which he considered to be a sure pledge of victory. He so clearly proved by facts and reasoning that the will of God called him to the Society of Jesus, that the holy father retained no doubt whatever as to the subject of the letter ; and without any further consultation on the matter resolutely determined to acquiesce, fearing as he frequently said afterwards, lest he should lay a burden on his conscience by opposing the orders of Heaven so manifestly expressed. On learning the happy result of his petition Cardinal Odescalchi returned to Rome. Joy overpowered his heart, which he was obliged, however, to conceal. He had requested an inviolable secrecy on the subject ; it had been promised him ; and moreover it was necessary for the final success of so delicate a negociation. Conformably to established rule, the renunciation of the cardinalate must be accepted in a consistorial assembly ; the necessary arrangements for this solemn act were commenced with all possible solicitude. Excepting those persons who had to prepare the indispensable and legal documents, on whom the most absolute secrecy was im-

posed, no one had the slightest suspicion of what was so soon to occasion universal astonishment. Everything was going on favourably, the day appointed for holding the consistory was near at hand, when Cardinal Odescalchi, to avoid the unpleasant consequences of his position, and the idle remarks which would infallibly follow the announcement of so unexpected an event, quitted Rome towards the end of November, little foreseeing perhaps that he should never again set foot therein. He took leave of no one but his Holiness, whose paternal and apostolical benediction he received, shedding many tears. Before his departure he gave his proxy to the Archbishop of Edessa, Monsignor Ignatius Cadolini, Secretary of the Propaganda, commissioning him to act as his representative in the consistory. It was in the night between the 25th and 26th of November, that Cardinal Odescalchi quitted Rome. A few days before his departure he addressed the following letter to his Holiness, which was read in the consistory on the 30th of November: "Most Holy Father, I have for a long time felt powerfully impelled to abandon the elevated position which I hold in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, where I have been placed without any merit on my part, in order that I may be enabled to enter the Society of Jesus. That I might not deceive myself in so important an affair, I have never ceased humbly recurring to Almighty God, and I have sought advice from holy, prudent, and learned guides, that I might know whether this impulse proceeded from the will of God or not. After

a long and mature deliberation, I am convinced that my vocation is evidently divine, and I have resolved to follow it. A more lengthened delay would only prolong an anguish which leaves me no repose, as I have already more than once candidly and with filial confidence explained to your Holiness. Prostrate at the foot of your throne, I humbly entreat you with a perfectly tranquil mind and full heart, to allow me to resign into your hands the dignity of Cardinal, with which Pius VII. honoured me on the 10th of March, 1823; to resign at the same time the Bishopric of Sabina, conferred on me by your Holiness, to free me from the obligations thereby contracted; and, finally, to renounce the Grand Priory of Malta, with which I was invested by bulls. Moreover, I declare beforehand that my renunciation of the Cardinalate is for ever, even if for some cause which I cannot at present foresee I should not remain in the Society of Jesus. To obtain from your Holiness the acceptance of my double renunciation in the required forms, I consign this letter, together with my proxy, to Monsignor Ignatius Cadolini, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. In this affair he will act in my name, and replace me in the manner prescribed by your Holiness. In granting me the favour I implore, your Holiness will restore calm to my mind, and crown the benefits you have so liberally conferred upon me. The respectful gratitude which I profess for your Holiness is unalterable, and in my retirement I shall daily address fervent prayers to the Fa-

ther of mercies and God of all consolation, that He may long preserve the life of your Holiness, and may exalt the holy Apostolic See, in defence of which I shall always be ready to consecrate not only all my faculties, but even my blood and my life. I kiss the feet of your Holiness, and beg your apostolical benediction. Rome, 21st November, 1838. Your Holiness' most humble, most devoted, and most obliged servant, Charles Cardinal Odescalchi."

Everybody in Rome talked of the secret and sudden departure of the cardinal-vicar. Every one inquired, "Where is he going? Why is he gone?" Some affirmed that he was gone on a secret mission to some sovereign court, others, that a legation had been confided to him, in fine, all kinds of conjecture were formed; and yet among all these numerous and various opinions not one of them neared the truth. No one suspected that Cardinal Odescalchi was travelling by rapid journeys to Verona, impatient to receive the habit of St. Ignatius in the noviciate which the Jesuits had lately opened there. From Florence he wrote to one of his brothers residing in Rome, to unfold the secret so carefully hidden until then. He resumed his journey without further delay, and on reaching our college at Modena he remained there, according to agreement, to await the arrival of an official communication of the result of the consistory, which, by relieving him from his dignities and the obligations inseparable from them, would restore him to himself, and enable him to dispose of his person

in the manner he so much wished. I leave every one to imagine the surprise and the profound emotion occasioned by the above-mentioned letter, and the publicity given almost at the same moment to the proceedings of the consistory. On receiving and perusing the apostolical letters, in form of brief, the object of such ardent desires, Cardinal Odescalchi, overpowered with joy, exclaimed in accents of most lively gratitude, "O Lord! Thou hast broken my chains; I will sacrifice to Thee the victim of praise." At the same moment he laid aside the insignia of the cardinalate, and in the dress of an ordinary priest presented himself to the fathers of the house, who were moved to tears of tender piety on witnessing so unusual a spectacle. They used all their endeavours, and even a gentle violence, to detain him amongst them for a few days, but so eager was his desire to be clothed in the habit of the Society, that he resumed his journey immediately, accompanied by Rev. Father Rector, and at night-fall on the 6th of December, 1838, he entered the house of probation at Verona, quite unexpectedly to every one there. We may as well observe, that if his name occurs in our catalogues as having entered the Society on the 30th of November, it is because from the day on which the consistory was held he was numbered amongst the novices of the Society; this remark will obviate any future difficulty on the subject. The following is a copy of the Papal brief:

“To our Venerable Brother Bishop Charles Prince Odescalchi.

“Venerable Brother, health and apostolical benediction. No one can better understand than yourself the sentiments with which we read your letter of the 21st of November, for you know with how much sorrow we have often heard you make the same request that is contained in that letter; and how earnestly we exhorted you to consider more and more in what manner it would be best to act in a circumstance so serious, and so painful to us, and to our venerable brethren the Cardinals. We always had beneath our eyes your excellent qualities, your cultivated mind, the piety, the integrity of conduct, and all the virtues proper to one placed high in the sanctuary, which were, by a blessing of the Divine will, united in you, so that we could not without sorrow think of seeing the apostolic senate deprived of so great an ornament. Nevertheless what you have written to us, your reasons, your prayers, and your entreaties are such as to persuade us that we ought not to place any obstacle to your desires. Having then carefully considered your representations, your long and profound reflections, the counsels of the pious and prudent men you have consulted, the serious uneasiness which torments you, and which makes you fear you are resisting the manifest will of God, but above all, the assiduous and fervent prayers by which, as you say, you have implored the light and assistance of the Holy Ghost; laying aside all motives of human affection, we are induced immediately

to declare, (after having convoked our venerable brethren,) that it seems to us not right to disapprove your request, and that we admit the resignation voluntarily made by you, permitting you to abdicate the Cardinalate, with which you were justly honoured by our predecessor Pius VII. of happy memory; also to abdicate the rights of the Bishopric of Sabina, the functions of our Vicar-General, and the Grand Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem at Rome; in fine, after resigning all your ecclesiastical dignities and employments, we authorize you to retire to a private station, that you may embrace the institute of the Society of Jesus as you wish. Go then where God calls you; serve Him the rest of your life, as you have hitherto faithfully served Him, for we are persuaded that He Himself has traced out the path in which you are to walk. Pray at all times, and by all manner of supplication, for us, and for the holy Church of God, which by an impenetrable design of Providence has been confided to our weakness to be governed in such unhappy times. We have great confidence in your prayers, and we doubt not that under another habit you will retain for us, and for this apostolic see, the same mind, the same zeal and devotedness which you have hitherto shown. May the Father of mercies, the God of all consolation, bestow upon you, now that you are disengaged from all cares and solicitude, grace to proceed from virtue to virtue; may you abound in the peace and joy of the Holy Ghost, until your joy shall be perfect amongst those who having

quitted all, have followed Christ by embracing and constantly carrying His cross. We grant you, venerable brother, our apostolic benediction, as a pledge of divine help and of our paternal and particular affection. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the fisherman, the 30th of November, 1838, the eighth year of our pontificate.

“GASPAR CASPARINI.”

CHAPTER II.

FATHER ODESCALCHI'S EXEMPLARY LIFE DURING HIS NOVICIATE.

FROM the very day that Father Odescalchi entered the noviciate, he made it very clearly appear that he had only done so to lead therein the life of a saint. Being surrounded by all the fathers and novices of the house whom Father Rector had assembled, that they might kiss his hand, he thus addressed them: “O what a consolation our good God this day grants me! I am at length in the midst of you! I am now your brother! Joy now inundates my heart and makes me forget all I have gone through to attain this happiness, the constant object of my sighs: but I am sure you will be unable to understand these words unless I explain them: know, then, that since the year 1814 I have held my letters of admission into the Society; du-

ring fourteen years consecutively, I have had them constantly on my table before my eyes, but it was not until now, as you perceive, that Almighty God and the most Blessed Virgin have enabled me to surmount and vanquish the numerous obstacles which have prevented me from profiting by them; judge therefore whether I have not reason to feel inexpressibly happy; vain would be the attempt to conceal it. I bear you a holy envy, my beloved brothers, you who have consecrated to God and the salvation of souls the best years of your life in the Society: what services may you not render, and do you not render to this Society, our cherished mother! I on the contrary am old, arriving at the eleventh hour; I am unable to labour much, I must endeavour to supply my deficient vigour by the sighs and desires of my heart. I beg you will recommend me earnestly to our Lord, that I may not prove ungrateful or unworthy of this signal favour received from Him. Be pleased likewise to pardon beforehand the numerous faults I shall no doubt commit, until, being instructed in the rules and edified by your example, I become accustomed to the practices of the noviciate." Then turning to Father Rector, he added, "Your Reverence must from this moment look upon me in no other light than any one of those dear brothers here present; I place myself entirely and without restriction in your hands; I entreat you to have no consideration of my age or of anything else, and if to-morrow morning you desire me to lead a beast of burden

through the streets of Verona, I am quite ready to obey you." The novices before they withdrew asked his blessing. He seemed pained at the idea of giving it, but on a sign from the Father Rector, he said, "Well, since the Lord wills it so, I will give it you, but to-morrow we shall be all brothers; no more distinction then." On the following morning he humbly signified his wish to the Father Rector, that he might be allowed to put on the habit of the Society on the next day, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady. The Father Rector would most willingly have acceded to his request, but was obliged to observe that it would be impossible, because the brother who made the clothes could not in so few hours prepare a new habit. "New or old," replied Father Odescalchi, "it matters little to me, let it only be the Jesuit's habit and I shall be satisfied." They brought him therefore the clothes of a novice who had lately returned to the world on account of ill health, and though they did not fit him well, he thought them just as good as if they had been made expressly for him. He insisted on wearing them throughout the period of his noviciate. When according to custom the kiss of peace and welcome was given, the novices before receiving it knelt down to kiss his hand, as they had been desired by the superior, who judged it proper that they should do so. This was the last exterior homage shown amongst us to the episcopal character with which he was invested. The letter which he wrote to the Reverend Father General on the day he took the

habit deserves to be recorded here; the beautiful and pious sentiments expressed in it cannot but contribute much to general edification.

“Most Reverend Father, having this morning received the holy habit of the Society, having celebrated the holy sacrifice of the mass, and having, according to the directions of Father Rector, given communion to the novices my beloved brothers, I dedicate to you my first leisure moments, although my letter cannot be despatched until to-morrow. I write without delay, very Reverend Father, to thank you for the letter, precious beyond expression, which you condescended to address to me. I shall preserve it faithfully for the consolation of my soul, together with the brief of our holy father the Pope, which I must own has completed my tranquillity. The touching circumstances to which I have just alluded, and still more, the sweet feast of the most holy Virgin, to whom I am indebted for my vocation, and the means of following it which I have just obtained, will not allow me to defer, even for a single moment, addressing myself to him, who becomes my superior on earth in the new career which I have undertaken to pursue. I feel very happy, and the joy that fills my soul is indescribable. The world, whose judgments are so often fallacious, exalts what it calls my heroic sacrifice; as for me, I bless the Divine mercy, which has hitherto allowed me time, and now furnishes me the means of sanctification, and above all, of conversion.

“I thank you for the special kindness with

which you condescend to mention the different members of my family, and the effect produced amongst them by my resolution. I am convinced that if some of them have momentarily disapproved of it, it is only because it has afflicted them. When examined without prejudice, it justifies itself: a first emotion always blames that which displeases it; it often remains to be seen whether, even then, there may not be a total discord between the conviction of the mind and the precipitate judgment of the lips. I hope all will soon become calm, and when once calmed, they cannot fail to approve.

“I trust, most Reverend Father, that you will ever find me a submissive child; and that in this quality you will always dispose of me without reserve; in fine, I beg you will ever remember that the sacrifice of my will is a happiness to me. In these sentiments I have the honour to style myself, most Reverend Father, your very respectful and obedient servant, Charles Odescalchi, novice of the Society of Jesus. From the noviciate of Verona, 8th of December, 1838.”

On the very day he entered the house, he earnestly entreated his superiors to allow him to live exactly like the rest of the community, without any kind of distinction; but his delicate and weakened constitution made them judge it prudent not to acquiesce; therefore, that he might rest more comfortably, they ordered him a pailasse, in addition to the ordinary mattrass, which alone furnishes our bed. The mattrass here

alluded to is only about one-third as thick as a common mattress: it is placed on the boards of the bedstead: the paillasse is only allowed to strangers. During the winter season, which is rigorous in Lombardy, they ordered him a fire in his room; lastly, they appointed a lay-brother to clean and take care of his room. With regard to his diet, he made such urgent representations on the subject, that he soon had the satisfaction of having it precisely the same as the rest of the community. He dined and supped in the refectory; but the brother who had charge of his room carried him his breakfast. This dispensation tormented Father Odescalchi, and grieved him much: he used often to say to the lay-brother, "Patience, brother, such is the will of superiors; in it we may both find a share of merit: I, by obedience, which obliges this abnegation of my own wishes; and you, on account of the trouble I occasion you." However, he was so ingenious in finding new arguments to prove that these distinctions were more inconvenient than useful to him, that his superiors agreed to yield to his desires. Long before the approach of spring he had no longer any fire, then the paillasse disappeared, and, lastly, the lay-brother was withdrawn. In a word, he was soon exactly on the same footing as the rest of the novice-priests. Observing that by a sort of privilege he was always placed at the head of the table occupied by the novice-priests in the refectory, he represented the matter so earnestly to superiors, that not to pain him they allowed him to sit indif-

ferently anywhere amongst the novices ; so that he was often placed the last of all.

That he might be better able to learn the least usages of the Society, and conform to them, he had continually in his hands, besides the book of the rules, the little book of advice and instructions, particularly adapted to the novices, and he had so thoroughly studied it that he could when needful not only repeat its contents, but cite the text without changing a syllable. Amongst other things contained in it, is a recommendation to beg of our Lord night and morning the grace of perseverance in the Society, and for this end to have recourse to the intercession of the angelic choir, and to the saint of the Old Testament, appointed for each day, which is inscribed on a tablet placed in the novices' apartment. Father Odescalchi would not neglect this practice, apparently so unimportant, though holy and salutary, and as he found it difficult to go up stairs every night to this room, which was at a great distance from his cell, to consult the tablet in question, he procured a simple unornamented copy of it, and he valued it so much that he would never be without it even in his journeys.

From all this it will be easy to conclude, that it was impossible to look at this scrupulous and attentive observer of the least rules without being invincibly induced to imitate him, or without being penetrated with devotion. He always walked with his hands modestly joined, his head bending rather forward, his eyes cast down, and

with a sweet smile upon his lips: he was modesty personified; all his words, his movements, his whole exterior, bore the stamp of perfection and sanctity. We will relate a few circumstances which may appear simple and ordinary at first sight, but which acquire importance and deserve to be recorded, if it is true that to estimate any action at its real price, we must consider both the quality of the persons and the perfection with which they act; hence, in reading these Memoirs, it will be advisable never to lose sight of this double rule of a just appreciation.

Those days on which mortifications are usual in the refectory, he submitted to these humiliations like the rest. Sometimes he might be seen praying with his arms across; sometimes stooping under the tables, to kiss the feet of those who from humility strove to prevent it by concealing their feet as well as they could beneath the seats; at other times eating on his knees at the little table. It was impossible to see him, especially at first, practising these acts of humility without being moved even to tears. He served at table but seldom, because his superiors remarked that he had difficulty in carrying round the tray on which the portions were placed for distribution. In place of serving he asked and obtained permission to go on certain days to the kitchen to help the cook and wash the dishes. The novices who were there with him, and all who saw him thus engaged, were filled with edification and astonishment at seeing

such a person wearing a white apron, obeying the orders of the cook, and yielding with perfect submission to whatever was required of him, no matter how lowly or servile it might be. Moreover, it was really admirable to see him every morning (after having arranged his bed) go out of his cell carrying the wash-hand bason, emptying and washing it out as well as he could, and then going to draw fresh water. Secular persons, priests, or laics, who happened to be at the noviciate to make the spiritual exercises, could not conceal their surprise when they saw him do with his own hands everything requisite for the cleanliness of a room. It was also very edifying to see him every third day carrying the dust-pan and the dust collected in his cell the whole length of the corridor, situated on the ground floor. He had his left hand placed upon his breast, the right hand rather raised and stretched out as far as he could: to use the expression of the novices, one might almost fancy him officiating at some religious ceremony with the episcopal crosier in his hand. As soon as he thought he had committed any fault, or even perceived the shadow of a fault, he hastened to acknowledge it to the superior; and when by solicitations he had obtained permission to tell his fault in the refectory, he did it with lively sentiments of humility and confusion; he began by accusing himself in general of the disedification he thought he had given, then he detailed his faults, which in reality scarcely deserved the name of imperfections.

He endeavoured to derive all possible advantage from the exhortations and conferences usual amongst the novices ; he hearkened to them with the greatest attention, and with great humility and modesty proposed his own doubts, and asked advice from the master of novices. The latter was younger than Father Odescalchi, and remembered that when he was young and studying at Ferrara, he had kissed the hand of this novice, who was then a bishop, and who made this remark to him : "How much I envy you your habit ! I have still retained my letters of admission." But we cannot undertake in our circumscribed limits to relate all the edifying examples and wonderful acts of virtue by which Father Odescalchi (scarcely yet a novice) excited more and more the admiration of his brethren, whilst at the same time he animated them efficaciously to aim at the perfection required by our holy vocation. We shall have occasion later to resume this subject, when we treat of his virtues separately. Nevertheless, any one a little accustomed to fathom the depth of things will understand that Father Odescalchi, as we remarked at the beginning of this chapter, had entered the Society only to lead therein the life of a saint. Moreover this title was unanimously given him. We revered him as an accomplished model of religious perfection, given us by the Divine Goodness at the opening of the Verona noviciate, and as a pledge of the blessings reserved for this new-born establishment. His superiors in particular valued him at his real

price ; and when they wished to excite the zeal of the young persons confided to them ; when they wished to correct their defects, or to engage them more powerfully to aspire to perfection, they found nothing answer better than to say, "Father Odescalchi would not have done that. Have you noticed how Father Odescalchi conducts himself in the same circumstance? Try to imitate Father Odescalchi better. Woe to us if we derive no profit from the example the Lord has placed before us by sending us this saint!"

CHAPTER III.

HIS PROFESSION.

FATHER Odescalchi's very extraordinary vocation, independently of the rapid and prodigious progress he daily made in perfection, authorized the belief, (grounded on certain precedents in the Society, though of very rare occurrence,) that superiors would act exceptionally in his regard. The event justified the expectation. In effect, Father Odescalchi had just entered the fourteenth month of his noviciate, when the Father General announced to him by letter, dated the 4th of January 1840, that using the powers conferred on him by the institute, he judged it advisable to attach him in the closest manner to the Society by a solemn profession of the four vows on the approaching festival of the purification of the

most Blessed Virgin. Writing on the subject, the Father General says in one of his letters, "It appears to me just to abridge the lengthened path which leads to the final term in the Society, in favour of a man who having constantly nourished a desire to join it during so many years, and especially after a full year of ardent sighs, being disembarrassed from the chains that withheld him, has from the beginning continued to pursue his course with such a generous ardour; for I have no doubt that in the space of a year and a few months he has attained that degree of perfection which others by the ordinary path are only expected to reach after many years of trial."

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the confusion which this communication caused the humble father, who deemed himself unworthy of all that bordered on privilege or distinction; he thought he deserved nothing but forgetfulness and contempt. In his astonishment he several times exclaimed, "See, see, what has occurred to the minds of superiors! in truth I cannot comprehend why they grant me such a favour, which God knows I should not presume to aspire to, even after many years spent in religion."

His heart however, which sighed only after sacrifice, felt but too happy at the near prospect of consummating the holocaust; he so ardently desired to be most intimately united to the society, that his surprise might well be accompanied by transports of joy; it might easily

be perceived through his beaming countenance, or by a stray tear which would furtively glide from his eye. His sentiments are expressed, and will be better understood from the letter he wrote to the Father General, dated the 9th of January, 1840.

“Most Reverend Father—The letter I received yesterday evening confounds and surprises me; I cannot give you an adequate idea of the joy with which it has filled me. I will not conceal from you how much I have been longing for the moment when I should be permitted to make the vows, usually made after two years of novitiate; but I made it a rule never to allow any exterior manifestation of my wishes. You will be able, therefore, to imagine what I felt on learning, that on the 2nd of February, that day so near and so glorious, I should be permitted to offer myself entirely to the Lord, and to consummate my sacrifice by taking the four vows. I will not for a single moment defer expressing my gratitude to you. No, I know there is nothing in me that can entitle me to such a favour. I attribute it all to the mercy of my God: it is He who is pleased to permit me to make the entire sacrifice of myself to Him; and it is He who has induced you to grant me this signal favour. But what can the Society do with me, this tender mother, whom for the last fourteen months I have daily found to be more and more worthy of the veneration, services, and unreserved devotedness of her children? Ah! how deficient am I in all that is

requisite to serve her worthily ! In several parts of your letter, you are pleased, most Reverend Father, to give me the name of victim—treat me then as a victim. The victims of the old law were beings divested of reason. A victim endowed with reason may supply by the heart what is wanting in other respects. I wish then to be a victim, but a victim in heart. I hope that the Society, like a good mother, will accept me on these terms. As for you, most Reverend Father, you crown my earthly felicity by the excellent news you give me ; I have no further ambition, and have nothing more to do than to sing the divine mercies.

“I beg to be remembered, Most Reverend Father, in your holy sacrifices, and with most profound respect subscribe myself your very unworthy servant in Jesus Christ, Ch. Odescalchi, novice of the Society of Jesus. Verona, 9th January, 1840.”

We will relate a remarkable fact, which of itself may prove the sanctity of Father Odescalchi. On the second day of the spiritual exercises, which according to the custom of the Society he was making as a preparation for his approaching profession, the novice-master summoned all the priests and novices, (of which the noviciate was then composed,) into the same room, and desiring them to place themselves in a circle, he merely said, “Let us wait here,” and remained silent. They all wondered at the cause of this extraordinary re-union, and tried to guess what was going to happen ; however,

Father Odescalchi soon put an end to the conjectures. He appeared in the midst of them, and without saying a word, knelt down with his head uncovered, his hands joined, then kissing the ground he expressed himself in these terms: "It is the custom of the Society to exact of those about to be promoted to profession, that during three days they should go through the town, begging alms from door to door. Superiors taking into consideration the circumstances of time and place, have judged proper to dispense with this act of humility in my regard. Perhaps it would have been a salutary preparation for the sacrifice I am on the point of offering to our Lord, if submitted to with suitable dispositions; however this may be, my Reverend Fathers and beloved brothers, I have by my solicitations obtained permission to beg a charity in another way, which may be still more useful to me, and this charity I expect from you; you will not refuse it me, the alms in question is wholly spiritual. Let each of you be pleased to note down on paper all the defects and faults you have remarked in me, and then give me the billet, unless any one should prefer remitting it through the hands of our novice-master, or Rev. Father Rector. Believe me, Reverend Fathers, and very dear brothers, I shall be extremely grieved if any one of you, (no matter from what consideration,) should spare me, or conceal the least part of the truth. Should any one feel embarrassed or constrained, let him write anonymously; I seek not to know names, I only wish to know

my faults, that by the grace of God I may correct them before that great day which requires its victims to be exempt from all stain. The more abundant your alms may be, the more numerous and more fervent shall my prayers be for you." Then having kissed the ground, he withdrew alone and in silence.

However great was the surprise of all those who witnessed this extraordinary act of humility, it was increased when at a later period the Father Rector explained the whole circumstance; it is of sufficient interest to merit insertion here, and is thus related by the Father Rector: "Father Odescalchi came and begged permission to ask his fellow-novices to declare his faults to him, and to do so by way of alms; yielding to the impulse which led me to second the work of God, I gave the permission; then Father Odescalchi asked, 'Shall it be done standing or kneeling?' 'Standing,' I replied. 'Would not kneeling make it more meritorious?' 'Certainly.' 'In that case,' added he, 'I will address the novices on my knees,' which he did as you all know." On the eve of his profession, to humble himself still more, he begged there might be read from the pulpit, (whilst he was kneeling at the little table,) a very mortifying notice composed and written by himself. Before allowing it to be read, superiors retrenched some of the too-exaggerated expressions by which he accused himself of mere trifles, and the self-calumnies interspersed here and there, thanks to his profound humility, which was ingenious in detecting faults where scarcely

the shadow of them existed. He called his profession a privilege granted to his fifty-four years, and a pure effect of the compassion of his superiors, feeling, as he said, how completely he was dispossessed of that learning and sanctity required from others as a condition for their elevation to that degree and rank in the Society; to sum up all in one word, he declared that he had been a novice only in name, for that in the practice of virtue he was but a feeble child. All who were present allowed these expressions to be perfectly just, if taken in a sense diametrically opposite to Father Odescalchi's intentions, and if understood so, they may be said to have been conformable to truth. For in truth, how could that man deserve to be called a novice, who having lived in the world like a perfect religious, had from his entrance into religion displayed the virtues of a saint? and on the contrary, did he not deserve to be called a child in virtue, since he knew how to join the practice of most eminent virtue with the greatest simplicity?

On the 2nd of February, that great day so much desired, he pronounced his solemn vows in our college church of St. Sebastian: it was chosen for this ceremony on account of its vast dimensions and its central position in the town, whereas the church of the noviciate is small, poor, and isolated.

An extraordinary concourse, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics, secular, and regular, and of persons distinguished for their nobility, wished to be present at the ceremony; when they heard

him pronounce his vows of poverty and obedience, and formally engage himself neither to seek or accept any ecclesiastical dignity, many who knew that he belonged to a princely family, and that with the exception of the pontificate he had held the most elevated offices in the Church, were moved even to tears. After the ceremony a great number of distinguished personages addressed him, and assured him how much they shared in his happiness. "Yes, truly," answered he, in the excess of his joy, which he could neither master or restrain, "you may well rejoice with me, for nothing now remains for me, but with the holy Simeon to sing *Nunc Dimittis servum tuum Domine.*" On the evening of that day he rejoined the novices who were taking their recreation in the garden, that they too might participate in the consolations with which his own soul was overflowing; he conversed with them for a long time, his heart being evidently on his lips: he spoke much of the ineffable favour conferred on him by our Lord, and of his happiness in offering himself entirely to God in sacrifice, together with the Divine Infant, who on the same day offered Himself to His Father in the temple a victim of propitiation for us; then from time to time interrupting himself, and giving way to the extreme joy of his soul, he exclaimed, "O what a great day is this! throughout life truly I have never felt so happy as at present; if I did not repress the impulse of my soul, such are its transports of joy, that I could

even dance coram Domino, as the holy prophet David formerly did before the ark." Then resuming his discourse, he drew a comparison between the delights offered and promised by the world, and those which are a fruit of justice and the gift of the Holy Ghost; he proved the vanity and fallacy of all that springs from the world, and how little account we should make of its gifts, which are the infallible source of cruel torments and bitter anguish; whilst all that we receive from God is pure and free from all mixture of gall or wormwood. It was in these pious conversations on the things of God that Father Odescalchi concluded the day which had realized the desires of his heart, and which deserves an important place in the history of the Society. A second letter written to the Father General the day after his profession shall conclude this chapter.

"Most Reverend Father in Jesus Christ, I cannot express the joy I felt yesterday in making my solemn profession, of which the details will be transmitted to you by Father Rector. I feel myself the happiest of men, and can truly say I defy all earthly felicity to attain to that joy, so perfect, pure, and spiritual, which a soul enjoys when for ever united to God! Oh, what must Paradise be, if the foretaste of celestial joys can produce such happiness! Allow me then, Most Reverend Father, to offer you my most sincere thanks as to my signal benefactor, since it is to you I am indebted for my excess of happiness. I again declare that I am ready to obey your least sign; and promise that the

observance of our holy rules, together with holy obedience, shall be the double axis, on which the remainder of my life shall turn. I thought it would be adviseable to write yesterday to our holy father the Pope. I informed him of my perfect happiness, now that I am entirely and irrevocably freed from all that bound me to the world. No one need now be uneasy on my account, or think even for a single moment that I can ever regret my resolution, now that I am received by the Society, that good mother who will not refuse me the two things to which St. Paul limited his desires, namely, food and raiment ; by the mercy of God that suffices now. Penetrated with sentiments of most lively gratitude, and recommending myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices, I declare myself, Rev. Father, your most unworthy servant in Jesus Christ, Charles Odescalchi, Soc. Jes. Verona, 3rd Feb. 1840."

CHAPTER IV.

HE IS EMPLOYED IN GIVING THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES
WITH GREAT SUCCESS AND TO THE PROFIT OF SOULS.

FATHER ODESCALCHI had scarcely finished his own month of spiritual exercises, when his superiors, judging that his ministry would be of great utility to his neighbour, commissioned him to give the retreats to those priests and laics who continually flocked from several hundred miles around to the

noviciate of Verona, to spend eight days or more in a holy retreat there under the direction of the Jesuit fathers. On receiving the order for this important mission, the humble religious, who in his excessive modesty believed himself incapable of conducting others, and too much of a novice to make proper use of the spiritual arms confided to him, felt stunned and overpowered, nevertheless placing his confidence in the merit of obedience, and being persuaded that by doing so God would not refuse him the necessary graces, he immediately accepted the charge; and with all possible ardour and with the full application of his mind, he began to study the admirable book of Spiritual Exercises, in order that nothing on his side might compromise the success of the new ministry confided to him. By assiduous labour, and still more by the assistance of prayer, he succeeded in a very short time, in seizing the superhuman teaching contained in that work, and completely mastered it in all its parts. He soon reduced it to practice, acquitting himself of this ministry with the skill of a consummate master, insomuch as to excite the admiration of all his auditors. In the evening of the day preceding the spiritual exercises, before he proposed the points of the fundamental meditation on the end of man, he assembled together those who were going to make the retreat, and explained to them in detail the additions of our blessed Father; the better to enable them to draw all possible fruit from the meditations: he endeavoured

particularly to convince them, that they should undertake the retreat with a great and generous heart, putting themselves entirely into the hands of God, to be guided and directed by Him without reserve, determined henceforth to serve Him according to His good pleasure. In giving the points of the meditations he was brief and concise; but his words, dignified by the charms of a sweet majestic modesty, bore the stamp of a profound conviction of those eternal truths; and had something about it so extraordinary and so powerful, that its effect became infallible, and triumphed over every resistance. But if his discourses in general were inflamed by the sacred fire enkindled in his soul, they became still more animated, and celestial ardour seemed to flow from his lips whenever he proposed the contemplation on the kingdom of Christ, or that on Divine love. Amongst many proofs which I might adduce in support of what I say, I will confine myself to the following fact. One evening, when he was proposing the points of the meditation on the kingdom of Christ, one of his auditors, Rev. Joseph Venturi of Verona, a venerable old man, renowned both at home and abroad for his learning and talents, could not contain within his breast the vehemence and vivacity of the sentiments excited by the pious orator; he broke forth in sighs, and as soon as the conference was ended, he threw himself all bathed in tears at Father Odescalchi's feet, exclaiming, "O what beautiful things you have just told us! truly I felt as if my heart was torn from my

bosom. O Father, Father, who can resist this invitation of Jesus Christ!"

Another equally respectable priest, on concluding the holy exercises which he made under Father Odescalchi's direction, affirmed, whilst speaking to the Father Rector on the subject of the meditations, especially on that on the love of God, "That a seraph descended from heaven could not have spoken better; that the thoughts and expressions used by Father Odescalchi in that meditation were to be met with in no book, and that they could only have been suggested by a heart wholly inflamed and burning with the love of God." In fine, all who had the happiness of making a retreat under his direction were filled with fervour, and were firmly resolved to persevere in well-doing, blessing the Lord, who, in consideration of the merits, and by the ministry of His servant, had deigned to bestow on them so many spiritual graces.

Such were the labours to which Father Odescalchi devoted himself in the interior of the noviciate at Verona; he may be said to have continued them even to the portals of the tomb, incessantly producing admirable fruit in souls by this kind of ministry. We will now speak of his apostolic preaching in several towns and villages of Italy.

The reputation of sanctity awarded to the servant of God, joined to what was reported of the admirable manner in which he gave retreats, together with the abundant fruits derived from them, created in the minds of

many persons living at a distance an ardent desire to have the advantage of hearing him, and of possessing him for some time amongst them. From the most remote parts, bishops, curates, and laics of exalted rank, were continually entreating superiors not to deprive them of such a happiness; they begged as a favour that he might be commanded to show himself in the pulpits of their towns or villages, being persuaded that his very appearance amongst them would speak to all hearts, and produce salutary effects. These reiterated entreaties from persons whom it would have been difficult to refuse, compelled his superiors to condescend to the wishes of some, as far at least as circumstances permitted. It was at Verona towards the end of Lent, 1840, that Father Odescalchi began to give retreats out of our houses. He then gave them in succession to the clergy of Imola and Ravenna, to the clergy and people of Genoa, to the people of Modena, to the people and the ladies of Placenza, at Chatillon in the house of the Virgins of Jesus, at Cremona to the Virgins of our Blessed Lady, and in the episcopal seminary. We will not undertake to relate in detail the wonderful works of the servant of God, or the immensity of good effected in these various places; we could not do it without exceeding our prescribed limits; we will only record a few of the most striking, and which are most likely to edify. Wherever he intended to preach, crowds of all ranks might be seen hastening from many miles around; churches capable of containing several thousands

were too narrow to admit the concourse of persons endeavouring to enter. The large seminaries were insufficient to receive the numerous ecclesiastics desirous of making a retreat under him. In every place where he preached there were many hardened and obstinate sinners, who, on merely seeing the servant of God in the pulpit of truth, even before his voice could be heard, were moved by the grace of God, and penetrated with such a horror of sin, as to find themselves suddenly changed and converted. During the course of a meditation, it was nothing unusual to hear the crowds that were pressing round him manifest their emotion and repentance by sighs and groans; but when in the colloquy he made it his duty to appeal more powerfully to the heart, his auditors very often melted in tears and sobbed aloud.

These extraordinary and exterior marks of sorrow and repentance were nothing compared with the final and real result of the spiritual exercises. Everywhere and indiscriminately amongst all classes of society, the effect which they produced surpassed hopes apparently the most exaggerated. Letters written by bishops, directors of seminaries, and other persons, and which are still preserved in the noviciate at Verona, confirm this statement. To prove by one single example the great power which God was pleased to impart to Father Odescalchi's words, I will state one fact, in the words of the novice-priest who was his companion and an eye-witness of what he relates: "The Reverend Mother Superioress of

the Virgins of Jesus at Chatillon wrote to the Father Rector, telling him how earnestly she wished that the fathers appointed to give the spiritual exercises in her convent should endeavour to establish the community life; it was in vain that the venerable foundresses had inserted it in the Constitutions; it was neglected in the beginning in consequence of circumstances which then made it difficult, and afterwards it was found impossible to introduce that point of the rule. To act with the requisite prudence and circumspection in so delicate and difficult an attempt, and be able to introduce the projected reform, Father Odescalchi, (who was one of the fathers commissioned to give this retreat,) carefully obtained all necessary information on the subject from the Reverend Mother, and consulted with her on the means most likely to lead this project to a happy issue, and induce the sisters to submit to the reform. He had scarcely finished speaking ere the superioress said to him, 'Ah, Father Odescalchi, I am afraid that there can be no mention of community life; it causes me deep anxiety, but it would be useless to say a word about it;' and she told him the reasons, which seemed of a nature to destroy all hope. A few days before, in the course of conversation, she had hinted that during the spiritual exercises the subject of community life might possibly be introduced; and, in fine, that this point of the rule, though hitherto unobserved, might at length be introduced. At the bare mention of the word the sisters shook their

heads in sign of disapprobation, and immediately protested against all innovation, bringing forward a thousand specious pretexts mutually to encourage each other not to yield; they said, that though it was true they had bound themselves on entering the house, to observe all the rules, and consequently common life, yet they knew at the time that this rule had never been observed, and therefore it was their duty to maintain what had been the established practice during two centuries, even under the very foundresses themselves; moreover the arrangements of the building were inconvenient and ill-adapted to this new kind of life, &c., &c. Hence it became evident to the Reverend Mother that it would be utterly useless even to pronounce those two words, community life, that it could not be done without danger of compromising the success of the retreat, and exciting amongst the nuns ill-humour, uneasiness, and discontent. After hearkening to her with great attention, Father Odescalchi drew this conclusion from what he had heard: 'Reverend Mother, let us not lose courage; however fair and good the reasoning of the nuns may appear, I cannot hold myself dispensed from making at least an attempt; it is obligatory upon me: Divine Providence, notwithstanding my unworthiness, has sent me here for the welfare and sanctification of these souls. Community life, if adopted, would be one of the best means to lead them on to all kinds of perfection, and the fruits of this happy reform would be perpetuated from age to age; how then can I do otherwise than

speaking of it to persons whose profession obliges them to it? I will make it the subject of a special instruction; fear nothing, Reverend Mother, feel no uneasiness. By the grace of God I will endeavour so to manage it, that in labouring to secure so great a good, I may occasion the least possible evil. In the meantime, let us earnestly recommend the matter to God, who holds the hearts of men in his hands, and let us have confidence!' Accordingly, when he judged the suitable moment come, he gave his instruction on the community life; and he knew so well how to insinuate himself into the heart by the help of words full of unction which the Holy Ghost placed on his lips, while at the same time he so completely convinced the mind by his powerful reasoning, that by this one stroke he immediately triumphed over all the obstacles and opposition, which in a human point of view seemed invincible. On that same day all the religious (with the exception of two) animated by a holy emulation, hastened to depose in his hands their written suffrages in favour of community life; and in a very short time it was entirely and securely established.

"Thus the name of Father Odescalchi, who was the promoter of this salutary reform, will never be effaced from the memory of the Virgins of Jesus at Chatillon; we may also add, that those who were the first in submitting to this reform, are entitled to the gratitude of their successors, and deserve great praise for bringing their institute to that unity and perfection intended by

the venerable foundresses, Cinzia, Olympia, and Gridonia Gonzaga, nieces of our Angelical Aloysius Gonzaga."

For general edification we will now describe Father Odescalchi's conduct when travelling, or when obliged by the duties of his ministry to reside out of our houses.

As soon as his superiors had informed him of any mission that he was to undertake, he prepared himself for it by study, and arranged the subjects to be treated of according to the places and persons he was going to evangelize; but above all, he endeavoured with all possible solicitude and fervour to secure success by gaining the interests of Heaven: to this intention he offered all his prayers, mortifications, penances, and all the masses left at his disposal; moreover, he everywhere besought prayers, being persuaded, as he often said, that upon them depended in great measure the fruit of the holy exercises. In his journeys, besides a long Itinerary composed of the Litanies of our Blessed Lady, and a great number of Pater Nosters, in honour of the many saints whose assistance he implored, he recited as many times the *De profundis* and the *Angele Dei*, as he traversed miles during the day; at each town, village, or hamlet, he recited the *Gloria Patri* three times, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament; an *Ave Maria* and an *Angele Dei*, in honour of our B. Lady and the guardian angel of the place, with a requiem for the souls of the faithful departed there. From time to time he interrupted his conversations with his travelling

companion, to read Rodriguez, which was always his favourite book ; in the space of a year he had attentively read it through three several times. If his companion betrayed no symptom of fatigue, he would often recite the beads three different times in the course of the morning. Add to all this, his morning's meditation, which usually lasted about two hours, for he never allowed himself to carry a watch, and therefore measured the time by his own devotion. Having reached his destination, and made the necessary arrangements for the retreat, he next drew up regulations for himself, distributing his time often at the expense of his repose, but never to the prejudice of the least spiritual duty practised at the noviciate. It was a principle deeply graven in his heart, that we must not neglect our own perfection, under pretext of labouring for the salvation of others. He was also very careful when travelling, to deny himself from his meals everything that exceeded the limits of the strictest poverty. If any delicacy was brought to table, he ordered it to be immediately removed ; nor would he hearken either to representations or entreaties ; he carried his scrupulosity so far, as to be very reserved in the use even of the most common food, if he perceived it to be too delicately prepared, and he would then satisfy his hunger with bread and polenta ; this stew was very much to his liking, because, being essentially coarse and vulgar, it gave him the double advantage of satisfying his love of poverty, and his spirit of mortification, therefore he never failed to ask

for it, saying by way of justifying this preference, that he owed his health to it. His repugnance to whatever savoured of the least delicacy, or too great care of the body, made him avoid ever taking anything before or after his sermons, to refresh himself, or recruit his strength. Once only at Cremona, where he preached four times a day to the Virgins of our Blessed Lady, he consented to take a glass of lemonade; but as he declared, he only did so to satisfy his companion, who seeing him more fatigued than usual after preaching, compelled him by his entreaties to take this slight restorative. Far from indulging his body more when from home, he took pleasure in adding to his accustomed penances and mortifications. It was but a trifle to him, cheerfully and without complaint, to endure the most excessive heat, or the most rigorous cold; the only relaxation he seemed willing to allow himself under his fatigues, was to practise austerities. Without a special protection of God, his constitution, naturally delicate, and which had already experienced several shocks, would certainly have sunk under his pious cruelty. At Cremona in the circumstance already alluded to, he ordered his palliasse to be removed from beneath the mattrass, under the pretence of being more comfortably accommodated. He would have done the same elsewhere, if the father who accompanied him had not urged strong reasons to dissuade him. He fasted rigorously every Saturday, notwithstanding his frequent sermons, and his long

sessions in the confessional, often of eight or ten hours, and sometimes longer duration ; he fasted and abstained from flesh meat on the eves of all our Blessed Lady's festivals. For two hours every morning he wore under his clothes two chains furnished with sharp points, which penetrated his flesh ; and every night he used the discipline so severely that the blows might be heard at a considerable distance. He would have treated himself still more cruelly, in order to obtain the conversion of certain obstinate sinners, if obedience, as we shall explain later, had not put a check to his pious excess.

CHAPTER V.

HE IS NAMED SPIRITUAL FATHER TO THOSE SCHOLASTICS WHO ARE PASSING THROUGH THEIR RHETORIC.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1840, in order to relieve Father Odescalchi from the labours of a ministry which daily weakened him more and more, superiors named him Spiritual Father to such amongst our novices as were passing through rhetoric. It would be impossible to describe the joy of these young people when they heard of this arrangement : they blessed and thanked the Lord for giving them so holy a director, which seemed to them a certain pledge of signal graces and favours reserved for them by Heaven. Their expectations were not deceived. Accustomed as he was, in whatever

he undertook for the service of God, to display the full extent of his zeal, and to call every possible resource into action, Father Odescalchi could not fail to be of great benefit to them during the few months he discharged this important office. It is needless to say, that constantly presenting as he did the example of a life the sanctity of which became every day more evident, he served both as an encouragement and a model in the practice of all virtues. We will notice one of the considerations suggested by his ingenious charity, that might help in giving suitable direction to those tender plants, and change for the whole course of their religious life the flowers with which early cultivation had adorned them into durable and perfect fruit. He recommended them to have God alone in their hearts; to have no other desire but of eternal things: this was the fundamental maxim, which above all he strove to impress on their minds; and he continually reverted to it, that he might induce them to draw practical and salutary consequences therefrom. "My children," he would say to them with all the tenderness of a mother, "you must now devote yourselves to study: well then, study because holy obedience, or rather God Himself, requires it: study that you may be better able to labour as efficaciously as possible for the greater glory of God and for the salvation of souls, which have cost Jesus Christ His blood and His life: manage so well your studies that each moment thus employed may secure a corresponding degree of glory in heaven above.

If throughout your studies you are faithful in observing these regular and infallible principles, be assured that so far from seeing the love of solid and religious virtues diminish in you, you will continually make new progress in perfection." This fundamental maxim was the theme of all his discourses; he varied it according to the different subjects he treated of, but he invariably reverted to it, continually endeavouring to excite his beloved children to aim at the highest point of true religious perfection, and he did this in words full of sweetness and power.

At all hours of the day he received them with that admirable affability and affectionate benevolence so peculiar to himself; whatever might be his occupation, whether writing, reciting the divine office, or the beads, he instantly stopped, to hearken to them with as much attention and patience as if at that moment he had nothing else to do but converse with them. To enter his room was to penetrate at once into the abode of peace and light; whatever he said to them breathed sweetness and goodness. With candid simplicity, exempt from all kind of affectation, he gave each one the advice and counsel he stood in need of, studying particularly to fill their hearts with an entire confidence in God and in the Blessed Virgin, our dearest Mother. He was very reserved in permitting them to use corporal austerities, and the reason he assigned was this: "Study, of its own nature, and almost in an imperceptible manner, is sufficient to undermine a young man." Of his own

accord, and without being asked, he would offer to pray particularly, and even celebrate the holy sacrifice of the mass, sometimes for one, sometimes for another; his exhortations were short but solid, well calculated to attach the heart to God by the bands of an undivided love. He was an enemy to singularity and exterior demonstrations, being often heard to say, "That so far from being inseparable to virtue, they are most likely to make us fall into imperfections of pride and vain-glory, and from thence into still more grievous faults. The most secure way is the beaten path, and to arrive at perfection we must necessarily endeavour to acquire interior and solid virtues, especially humility, by a habit of interior mortification." One day at the beginning of May, the novices asked him which would be the best means of honouring Mary during that month, so specially consecrated to her? "What shall I say?" answered he, "but humility, humility, humility! for humility is most agreeable to Mary." In one of his first exhortations addressed to the scholastics, he said to them, "You may remark that I speak only of humility, and that this may occasion you no surprise in future, know, that as St. John never ceased recommending charity to his disciples, so I shall incessantly preach humility to you; because I am intimately convinced, that without it we shall advance but little, nay, advance not at all on our spiritual journey." What a happiness it was to him to see his words bear fruit! and how could they fail doing so, supported as they

were by example, which though silent has much more power in exciting, convincing, and persuading, than the most eloquent discourses !

CHAPTER VI.

BEGINNING OF THE ILLNESS WHICH ULTIMATELY OCCASIONED HIS DEATH. HE IS REMOVED FROM VERONA TO MODENA. PROGRESS OF THE COMPLAINT.

THOSE who have the happiness of witnessing the edifying conduct of the saints, are inclined to wish that men of such eminent virtue could be immortal for the common benefit of mankind ; but God in his impenetrable designs, which we must be content humbly to adore, is often pleased to withdraw such privileged souls from this world, by calling them to Himself in the midst of their brilliant career, at the very moment their presence seems most needful to mankind. This is what occurred with regard to Father Odescalchi ; for as we shall see in this and in the following chapter, never had the labours of his apostolic life for the sanctification of souls been more efficacious ; never had the desire to hear him and profit by his saintly example been more ardent and universal than at the moment when the Lord withdrew him from this world, to place him in possession of the crown of immortal justice, the recompense of his virtues. As we have

already remarked, Father Odescalchi brought to the Society a constitution somewhat weakened and impaired, but in a short time his strength completely returned, and he became really vigorous, insomuch that he and all those who knew him at the time he came to Verona, were quite surprised. His health continued unchanged until the month of July, 1840, notwithstanding the incessant fatigues of the ministry, and his continual austerities. During all that time he never once had occasion to consult a physician or to use any kind of medicine.

About the middle of July, he experienced a difficulty in breathing, to which he affirmed he had been subject at intervals during several years, and in effect, it soon disappeared, subdued as we supposed, by remedies and by good country air: notwithstanding this however he frankly answered those who congratulated him on the restoration of his health, "Well, well, it is but a four-and-twenty hours' respite;" indicating by these words, that his death was near. Whence did he know this? and above all, how could he so confidently affirm it? God only knows! but the event proved that he spoke only too truly. In the depth of the following winter this difficulty of breathing returned, much worse than the first time, and was accompanied by a cough. With all possible care immediate recourse was had to remedies, which at intervals produced a sensible improvement, and enabled him almost daily to celebrate the holy sacrifice, as well as to employ himself in various functions

quietly in his room. The spring, on which the physicians relied for his perfect restoration, produced quite a contrary effect. The invalid became worse, and his legs swelled. It was then judged adviseable to order change of air; the climate of Verona being too cold and unequal. His superiors left him to choose between Rome, Ferrara, and Modena. It is easy to guess why, out of these three towns, equally suited to his complaint by their salubrity, he chose the last named. One of the fathers was appointed to be his travelling companion, with whom he immediately set off, painful as this separation was to us all. His departure for Modena occurred on the 5th of July, 1841. We will interrupt the recital of what happened from this date until the time of his death, and relate first how he had edified the noviciate of Verona in sickness no less than in health.

Looking upon illness with its accompanying train of inconveniences, as a gift from the hands of our Lord God, he maintained an unalterable cheerfulness in the midst of our general affliction, never showing the slightest sign either of physical or moral pain. His will was so resigned and conformed to the will of God, that to those who spoke to him of his sufferings, he candidly owned that he felt no inclination to pray for his recovery. One only thing occasioned his regret, being unable to do like the rest of the community, and to see himself subject to certain dispensations, which however were imperatively required by his infirmities and suffer-

ing condition. In consequence of his urgent entreaties he obtained the withdrawal of his palliasse; but it was in vain that he begged of his superiors as a favour, to have no other food than what was used by the community. Their refusal on this point was a subject of humiliation and confusion to him; but it did not in the least degree lessen the peace and serenity of his soul; he had these words continually on his lips, *Fiat Domine voluntas tua*.

On Easter day the young scholastics went all together to visit him, and finding him taking some sort of nourishment, he said to them, "See what an example your spiritual father gives you, listen, listen," and then by way of humbling himself he began to enumerate what he called all the singularities and delicacies in which he had passed the Holy Week, a time so strictly consecrated to penance. On another occasion he was heard to address himself thus, "O Father Odescalchi, for what did you enter the society? Was it to eat meat even on Friday and Saturday? Was it to be a burden to every one, to lead an idle life, and be waited on by all your brothers? But what do I say? O Lord, may Thy most holy will be done everywhere and in all things!"

Throughout his illness he evinced a most admirable obedience; he carried it even to scrupulosity, not only towards the superior, but the physicians and infirmarian also. He was never heard to remonstrate or show the slightest repugnance, but willingly yielded with his usual

promptitude to whatever was required of him, though it was often necessary to inconvenience him and contradict his inclinations. We will now resume our recital at the point where it was interrupted.

At first the change of air produced the desired effect, and a sensible improvement was perceptible: Father Odescalchi had the indescribable consolation of seeing the order of the physicians withdrawn, which had prevented him from saying mass and reciting the divine office. All were now full of hope for his perfect re-establishment, and were purposing to offer heartfelt thanks to Divine Providence for deigning to prolong a life so precious to the Society, and of such importance to the salvation and sanctification of the people. But we may here repeat, the ways of God are incomprehensible; in a few days appearances changed, and our joy was succeeded by sorrow. Towards the end of July symptoms of his indisposition returned, and every day at sun-set he experienced an attack of slow fever. A consultation consisting of the first professor of medicine at Bologna and the most celebrated physicians of the city was immediately held: they studied the origin and successive progress of the malady with most scrupulous attention, and unanimously declared that he was attacked by pulmonary consumption, attended with dropsy. They moreover gave it as their opinion that the danger of death was as yet only remote, but that a formal system must at once be opposed to the evil, in order to stop or at least check its

progress, for they dared not flatter him with the hope of entirely subduing it. They prescribed such remedies as were judged suitable to the circumstances, but all the eager exactitude with which the prescriptions were observed, was without success, and so far from any improvement the invalid only grew worse. His tender piety enjoyed the happiness of celebrating the holy sacrifice for the last time on the festival of our holy founder: it was with great difficulty that he could stand at the altar to finish it. Finding himself grow weaker every day, and being unable to support himself even for a few moments, so much had his sufferings and debility increased he was compelled from the 9th of August to remain constantly in bed. It was then we began seriously to fear that we had nothing more to expect from human remedies; and on the same day, the Father Rector of the college, who, like all the other fathers in the house, had placed his hopes higher, proposed to Father Odescalchi to begin a novena in honour of the Venerable Cardinal Belarmine, whom the sick man had always much loved; and suggested that he should oblige himself by a formal vow to use all his influence with the Holy See, to obtain the canonization of this servant of God, if Heaven in consideration of his merits should deign on this occasion efficaciously to assist and bless the efforts of human skill. Father Odescalchi, to whom God by an interior illumination, as we shall see later, had made known that he had but a short time to live, could scarcely help complaining, though

in very gentle terms, at a proposition which so little corresponded with his ardent desire to die; but after a moment's hesitation, he said, "Well, since your Reverence wishes me to make a novena, I will do so." The end of the following chapter will tell with what signal favour this novena was crowned. All our fathers at Modena rivalled each other in zeal and fervour, to obtain of God this cure so ardently desired; they spared neither holy sacrifices, fervent prayers, tears, or penances.

The melancholy news of the danger which threatened Father Odescalchi's life, was soon spread through the city. Religious communities and a great number of pious persons eagerly joined their prayers to ours, in hopes of doing violence to Heaven; and there were several who even offered at their own expense to have tridiums and public prayers in the principal churches. No sooner was the college gate opened in the morning, than an uninterrupted succession of persons of all ranks flocked thither; every one being anxious to know what hopes or fears were excited by the then state of the patient. We were continually obliged to resist the urgent solicitations of those, who begged as a favour to see him once again, to kiss his hand, receive his blessing, or beg him not to forget them when he should be in heaven. The physicians proscribed visitors, as requiring too great an effort on his part; it was therefore decided that none should be admitted but such as could not be refused. He received those to whom this

favour was granted with his usual amiable politeness, and he thanked them for the trouble they took on his account. Every one remarked the perfect calm and tranquillity of his soul, evinced by his uniform cheerfulness and the serenity of his countenance. To look at him one might suppose he already tasted by anticipation the divine sweets of Paradise in the midst of his acute sufferings; hence all his visitors were highly edified, and were moved even to tears; nothing was more common than to hear them say they had seen a saint, or had been conversing with a saint. His Excellency, the minister of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Modena, was one of those who called on Father Odescalchi. When on the point of retiring the father thus addressed him: "I beg your Excellency will offer my respectful homage to his Royal Highness, and in my name beg his pardon for the scandals I have given since I have resided in his States." These unexpected words, which unveiled his profound humility, drew tears from all who heard them, and the illustrious person to whom they were addressed told the Father Rector, who conducted him down stairs, that he should not have fortitude enough to pay a second visit to the invalid's bedside, so deep was the impression caused by the sight and words of so holy a man. On another occasion the father said to the bishop's secretary, "Sir, we are on the point of returning home! Be pleased to thank his Lordship for all his attentions to me; assure him of my eternal gratitude, and tell him I recommend

the Society to his care." Whenever he was left to himself, he was occupied in holy things; sometimes yielding to most touching and affectionate sentiments, with his eyes fixed on the image of his crucified Redeemer, or on a picture of our Lady of Dolours, or on another picture representing her under the title of Mother most amiable. These precious objects were always before him; he considered them a safe-guard and most sweet company; at other times again he was heard reciting the psalms and other prayers. To satisfy his devotion, he asked the Father Rector to be kind enough to make his meditation in the infirmary, that by seeing him in prayer he might be united with him in spirit and desire, and more easily raise his mind and heart to God. With the same view he begged as a favour that Father Rector and one of the other fathers would recite the divine office in his presence; he obtained his request, and it was a source of abundant consolations to him. Whilst on this subject we may relate the following circumstance. One morning when near the end of Nones, the father read this verse, *vivet anima mea et laudabit te*, and then turning to the sick man, before his companion could take up the following verse, said, "This verse suits very well your Reverence's situation, 'My soul shall live and shall praise Thee!'" "What are you saying?" replied Father Odescalchi quickly. "The next verse is far more applicable to me; I have strayed like a sheep that was lost; nevertheless by the mercy of the Lord I have not forgotten Thy commandments."

He cast his eyes tenderly on the crucifix whilst uttering the latter part of the sentence. On another occasion one of the professors said to him, "Father, in my prayer this morning I offered my life to God for yours: will your Reverence therefore join your prayers to mine, that our Lord may accept the exchange?" "Oh!" said Father Odescalchi, "what is it you tell me? I thank you for your charity and kindheartedness; but could I pray for such an intention! I could never consent to such a thing: my excellent brother, I feel that I am going!" No day passed on which he did not express, in most moving and affectionate terms, the joy which filled his heart when he reflected on the great favour he had received in being called by God to live and die in the Society of Jesus: a thousand times he repeated these or similar exclamations, which were become quite familiar to him: "O what a favour our Lord has shown me by calling me to the Society! O what charity there is in the Society to have numbered me amongst her children! what a good mother is the Society! what care she takes of her children! I thank Thee, O Lord, for allowing me to die in the Society. Even the Popes themselves cannot have greater assistance in their last moments than I have." He said to one of the fathers, his countenance beaming with delight, "If the little I have done to enter the Society remained to be done again, I am ready and should be quite willing to go through it this very moment, so great is the happiness I feel at dying in the

Society of Jesus." At another time he said to the infirmarian, "How much reason I have now to rejoice, dear brother, that I made my noviciate strictly according to the rule : it is true my superiors did not send me to serve in the hospitals, but in other respects, my good brother, I had the consolation of going through all the rest without exception."

At the beginning of this chapter we alluded to his admirable obedience ; we will limit ourselves to a recital of the two following facts, which by confirming what we had previously said, will clearly evince the high price that Father Odescalchi, even to the end, attached to the perfection of this virtue, at once the foundation and continuation of all other virtues.

One evening the infirmarian offered him a strengthening draught : after swallowing a few drops Father Odescalchi turned away his head, owing to the disgust which during the last few days of his life he felt towards every kind of liquid and nourishment ; immediately however reflecting that he ought not to yield to this repugnance, but that on the contrary he ought to vanquish it by obedience, he instantly put the cup to his lips, and drank all that the infirmarian had prepared for him. At this moment one of the fathers entered the room ; Father Odescalchi turned towards him, a shade of anxiety overspread his features, and he expressed his fear that he had just committed a disobedience ; he then related what had passed. The father told him that it was of no consequence, and that he should

make himself quite easy about it, since it was no deliberate act, but simply a first motion of the sensitive appetite. "However that may be," remarked Father Odescalchi, "our Blessed Lord would not have acted so." "On the contrary," replied his companion, "our Lord really did so, according to the words of the Gospel, 'When He had tasted it, He would not drink.'" At this citation it was easy to see the ineffable joy which filled the heart of the sick man; he was at once reassured. The next morning the infirmarian brought him a cup of broth; a father who was present, perceiving the painful efforts he was making to take from pure virtue what was evidently so repulsive to nature, thought it adviseable to say to him, "If your Reverence knows from experience that you suffer after drinking, only say that you have had enough." Father Odescalchi with great sweetness and simplicity answered, "That does not concern me, it is the infirmarian's affair." This example of perfect virtue was not lost on the visitor, who admired it highly. We have now narrated the phases and progress of the malady, and briefly indicated the principal facts which prove that Father Odescalchi, even in the midst of intense bodily suffering, never for a moment neglected or forgot the care of his own perfection, or the perfection of his state; but that it was on the contrary ever present to his mind, even in its most minute details, so long as a breath of life remained. It therefore only remains to detail his last moments, which form

the most edifying part of his life, as showing how precious in the sight of our Lord must have been the death of this His servant.

CHAPTER VII.

HE RECEIVES THE LAST SACRAMENTS. HIS HOLY
DEATH. HIS FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

THE intensity of the malady daily increased, and occasioned severe internal pain to the invalid, accompanied by frequent attacks of burning fever. Father Odescalchi was reduced to extreme weakness. The physicians who had hitherto held forth some gleam of hope, were compelled to acknowledge that there was nothing more to expect from the succour of art. This information, though of itself so overwhelming, did not disconcert the fathers of the college, who full of entire confidence in the Venerable Bellarmine, felt sure of obtaining from God, through his intercession, a cure which they knew could only come from Heaven. They decided, however, that according to the rules of prudence, it was advisable not to delay the administration of the last sacraments. When the spiritual father inquired whether he would not wish to make a general confession, he answered "That he would very willingly make such a confession, because it was a good and salutary custom at the approach of death, though otherwise he felt him-

self in perfect peace, as there was nothing in the world which occasioned him the slightest trouble of conscience," adding, "that he made it a duty to look upon this tranquillity of soul as a pure effect of the Divine mercy ; our Lord being pleased to withdraw the recollection of his faults from so great a sinner, who otherwise might be overwhelmed by apprehension." On the 13th of August the Holy Viaticum was administered to him. As soon as he saw it enter his room, borne by the Father Rector, his features became animated, his eyes beamed with a brilliant lustre, and everything in him announced deep emotion. Notwithstanding the total exhaustion of his strength, he made an effort to sit up, and turning towards the Father Rector, said, "If your Reverence will permit me, I should wish to say a word or two." Permission being given, he spoke thus: "My reverend fathers and very dear brothers, I thank you all for the great charity you have shown me, and for all the trouble you have had on my account. As soon as I shall be admitted into Paradise, I will pray for you all to our Blessed Lady, that she who is so generous may recompense you largely. Lastly, I beg pardon for the little edification I have given you, especially by the too great care I have taken of my body, showing it more solicitude than becomes a poor religious man." These moving words, uttered in a feeble dying voice, by a man whom they all considered to be a saint, produced a deep impression on all the Jesuits present, and they burst into tears. The Father Rector was almost

stifled by his sobs, and could scarcely articulate the *Misereatur tui*, and other prayers usual in the administration of the Holy Viaticum. On the following morning Father Odescalchi received Extreme Unction, and shortly afterwards the blessing in *Articulo Mortis*. With perfect serenity and the most tender and affectionate devotion, he answered to all the prayers of the Church. The obduracy of the complaint was far from relenting, and served to show the imminent danger he was in; and on the day before the last of the Novena, which was the 16th of August, Father Rector publicly announced in the refectory, that on the following morning, in order to seal, as it were, all the prayers and good works of the preceding days, the priests were all to say mass, and those who were not priests to communicate to obtain Father Odescalchi's cure. This last attempt upon the heart of God, (if we may be allowed to use such an expression,) and the gentle violence which every one was disposed to offer, in order to induce Him to grant this favour, (the object of such ardent desires,) confirmed all our fathers in their confident expectations of being graciously heard; they even spoke of Father Odescalchi's restoration to health as of a certain thing. However, as night came on, the invalid, whose mental powers had hitherto been unimpaired, had frequent attacks of delirium; the paroxysms were but of short duration, and even during them his mind was only occupied on holy things. One of the fathers, as well as the infirmarian, spent

the night with him, and for his interior consolation he now and then slowly recited the verses of the psalm *Qui habitat in adjutorio altissimi*; Father Odescalchi, not satisfied with listening and attending to the meaning of what is so well calculated to fill the soul with consolation, took a pleasure in repeating the words with his feeble voice, though it was full of unction and fervour. At this verse, "Because he has hoped in me I will deliver him, I will protect him because he has known my name," "Oh!" exclaimed he, "how beautiful! how much I love those words! they overflow my heart with consolation; father, let us again repeat them together with great devotion;" and they repeated them accordingly three or four times over. At four o'clock in the morning Father Rector was in his room; he came to tell him, for his consolation, that all the communions of the day would be offered for him. "A thousand thanks, Father Rector," he replied, "a thousand thanks for so great a charity; but this is the day on which my sacrifice will be completed." Those words, pronounced with firmness, and in a tone of deep conviction, spread like lightning through the house, and petrified all its inmates, without however lessening their lively confidence in the efficacy of Venerable Bellarmine's prayers and intercession. Towards six o'clock, Father Odescalchi, who seemed to have been dozing for a few moments, awoke with a sort of startle, and said in a clear distinct tone of voice, "Look there, see St. Aloysius is come to give me his blessing!" On hearing this the

infirmarian, who happened just then to be alone with him, asked him if he really saw St. Aloysius Gonzaga, but he obtained no answer. A short time afterwards, as the brother was attentively observing him at a little distance off, he saw his countenance brighten with delight as if he were contemplating some ravishing spectacle: "Oh!" exclaimed he, "how beautiful our Blessed Lady is! can she possibly be so lovely! I could scarcely have believed it!" The good brother in his holy simplicity interrupted him again, to ask if the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him, and this question like the preceding remained unanswered. The father, however, appears to have been perfectly collected at the time, for the brother taking up the little picture of our Lady of Dolours, presented it to him, saying, "Will you kiss this; it is our Blessed Lady's picture." "Most willingly," replied Father Odescalchi; and he kissed it several times with tender devotion. Towards the end of the hour of meditation, one of our fathers who was leaving the room said to him, "I am now going down stairs to celebrate the holy sacrifice for your Reverence's intention, and I hope the Lord will condescend to hear our prayers." The invalid answered him in nearly the same terms as he had previously used to Father Rector, saying, "O my dear father, I can never sufficiently thank you! O what charity! but I shall complete my sacrifice this day." As soon as mass was finished, the same father returned and assured him that he had prayed much, very much for his recovery:

then Father Odescalchi cast his eyes upon him and said, "O my good father, let us be resigned. I have now but a few hours more to live." "If such really be the case," replied the other, whose utterance was almost choked by grief, "since your Reverence positively will leave us, at least remember us when you are in heaven." "Oh yes," said Father Odescalchi, "the first thing I shall do on reaching Paradise will be to pray for my fathers, my brothers, and for the whole Society of Jesus." At about a quarter past nine one of the physicians came to pay his accustomed visit, perhaps little thinking that it would be his last. Father Odescalchi, however, fully persuaded that he should never see him again, bade him a sort of farewell by thanking him in very grateful terms for his incessant care and attention throughout his illness. His words penetrated the illustrious doctor to the very soul, he was obliged to withdraw to an adjoining room, (where several of our fathers were assembled,) that he might allow full vent to his tears. Then unfastening a medal which he wore suspended round his neck, "At least," said he, "I will preserve a memorial of the saint who is soon to enter heaven:" and returning to the infirmary, he presented the medal to Father Odescalchi, begging him to bless it: he immediately did as he was asked, though it was with difficulty he raised his dying hand, and he reiterated his former thanks. He expressed himself in the same grateful and moving terms to the other physician who came in a few minutes afterwards: the latter could not control

his tears, he threw himself on his knees and begged his blessing for himself and all his family. Father Odescalchi immediately said to him, "Yes certainly, I bless you—you, and all your family;" then after a moment's pause he added, "Join your intention to mine from this time, and during the next three quarters of an hour:" he was then silent. Amongst the many persons who heard these last words, no one paid attention to them but the physician to whom they were addressed, and even he could not fathom their meaning, nor did he venture to ask it; however he was careful to note the time, examining his watch for this purpose, and found that it was precisely nine o'clock and three quarters. Whatever interpretation may be given to Father Odescalchi's words, the fact is, that precisely at half past ten he terminated his holy life in the manner now to be related. For my part, if I may venture to interpret the sentence, I should say, (in the absence of a better opinion) that by indicating to the doctor, whose eminent piety was known to him, the moment when both should unite their intentions, Father Odescalchi designed to make more acceptable to God the last prayer, the last oblation of his life; reserving this however for the supreme moment of his passage into eternity, or (which is more probable) that he wished to have his own prayers seconded by the prayers of one for whom he had promised to intercede, as soon as he should be freed from the burden of mortality, and appear before the throne of the Divine Mercy.

As soon as the physicians withdrew the Father Rector, knowing that the proposal would be most agreeable to the sick man, whose weakness momentarily increased, suggested to him the renewal of his religious vows, to which Father Odescalchi agreed with evident joy and an eagerness which showed even to the last moment of his life how dearly he cherished a vocation that had cost him so many sighs and tears. From this time he remained silent, apparently wholly recollected in himself, his body immovable, and joy constantly beaming on his face; from time to time his lips moved like a person speaking, but no articulation could be distinguished. Whilst he was in this state the fathers one after another in gentle tones suggested pious sentiments to him; being perfectly sensible, he showed that he understood what they said, and received great consolation from it. Soon afterwards his features changed, and he seemed unconscious of all that was passing around. Our fathers thought that he was dying, and falling on their knees with tears in their eyes they besought the Lord to bless and render happy his passage from this life to the other. After a few moments however, struggling against the drowsiness which oppressed him, he said in a weak but intelligible voice, "O how inopportune is my silence at this moment!" One of the fathers immediately asked him what he meant, what he wished for, and whether he knew him? Father Odescalchi gave no sign of having heard these questions; upon which the Father Rector, taking up the crucifix

and holding it before his eyes, whispered softly to him, "Father Odescalchi, do you recognize this?" At this question the dying man opened his eyes, fixed them on the crucifix, his only good, and with features radiant with delight, he summoned the last remnant of strength to his lips, to pronounce distinctly, clearly, and with the most tender expressions of love, these words, which were his last, "Do I recognize that? Oh, yes I do!" His head immediately inclined upon his breast, his pulse gave a few more vibrations, and precisely at half past ten, (thus literally verifying his own prediction,) without any sudden change, and without the slightest contraction of feature, he drew three gentle respirations, and then consigned his blessed soul to the sacred heart of Jesus, for whose sake he had despoiled himself of the honours, conveniences, and riches of this life, that he might live to Him alone, and for whose love he now died in holy poverty.

Thus occurred on the 17th of August, 1841, the happy passage of one whom we can never too deeply regret; he had reached the fifty-fifth year of his age, and was on the point of terminating his third year in religion. This painful event took place on the last day of the novena, during which the intercession of Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine had been implored for his recovery. His own ardent desire to quit this world prevailed before God over our prayers, our tears, and the necessity we felt of retaining him still longer amongst us. His stature was rather above the middle height; his complexion was healthy,

though without denoting robust vigour ; his features were exquisitely delicate ; he was naturally bilious and sanguine, hence arose his animated expression, his lively eye, his vibrating and energetic word whenever the interests of God or his neighbour were concerned ; in his manners there was something becoming and religious which perfectly corresponded with the dignity and mildness of his features. All this evidently proves that his meekness, humility, and continual mortifications were not the effect of a cold stoical nature ; but rather the result of serious and incessant combats, the fruit in fine of firm and solid virtue.

The news of the death of this servant of God was no sooner spread through Modena, than crowds of persons invaded the sacristy of the church and the portal of the college, some being eager to see him, others begging to have something given them that he had made use of, no matter how trifling it might be ; others again came to inquire when the funeral obsequies would take place ; nothing was more common than to hear people of all ranks exclaiming, "What a saint is just dead ! If he was not a saint, nobody will ever become one. O holy Father Odescalchi, pray to the Lord for us. The fathers of the Society have this day seen a great saint die amongst them !" &c., &c. The Countess Boschetti, a special benefactress of the society, distinguished by high birth, but much more by the lustre of her virtues, wished to procure an accurate likeness of him whom even during his life

she always called the Holy Jesuit. She asked and obtained permission to have his portrait and the cast of his features taken, selecting first-rate artists to satisfy her devotion in this regard. The bishop was then in the country a few miles from Modena, for the benefit of his health. When the news of Father Odescalchi's death reached him, he immediately dispatched a confidential person to Father Rector, to beg as a favour his formal promise, that when the obsequies, as prescribed by the Society, had been celebrated, the bishop should afterwards be allowed to pay towards the deceased those funeral honours which were justly due to so illustrious a personage. Moreover, he believed he had a right to do this; no one had a higher veneration and love for the eminent man we had so recently lost; he revered him as a saint, and cherished him as a father; we may add, that a few years before it was from his hands he had received the episcopal consecration at Rome, Father Odescalchi being at that time Vicar to his Holiness. In consequence of these arrangements the body was opened. Those who witnessed the autopsy found fresh subject of edification and surprise. The lungs, especially on the right side, were devastated, and in a manner annihilated by disease; the gall vessel was distended, hard, and inclosed about fifty pebble stones of different sizes, in form of pyramidal pentagons more or less regular. Physicians were of opinion that this phenomenon was caused not so much by the action of peccant humours, as by the continual

violence to self, in order to subdue his sensibility, and attain such a complete abnegation of himself.

On the morning of the day following his decease, August 18th, his obsequies were celebrated exactly as for any other priest of the Society. Our fathers had great difficulty in conveying the body through the crowd, which from daybreak had besieged the church. It would be impossible to calculate the number of medals, beads, pictures, and crucifixes, which during that day and the following were placed on the mortal remains of Father Odescalchi, to be henceforth preserved as precious relics. At one time it was almost necessary to use force to disperse the multitude crowding round the bier; people were never satisfied with contemplating the servant of God, of whom even death respected the angelic features. When the church could be closed the body was conveyed into a chapel, in order the more conveniently to make the necessary preparatives for the solemn obsequies, which in compliance with the wishes and generous arrangement of his Lordship the Bishop, were to take place on the following day. In the morning the body was habited in pontifical vestments, comprising likewise the episcopal cross and mitre; it reposed on a magnificent catafalque, ornamented with the family armorial bearings, surrounded by a great number of candelabra bearing lighted tapers. The prelate, assisted by his chapter, sung the Requiem mass, and gave the absolutions according to the ceremonial used for deces-

ed bishops. The fathers of the college were invited to the ceremony, and throughout its duration the bells of all the churches in the city were solemnly tolled by order of his Lordship: this circumstance contributed much to increase the concourse of people, which was really prodigious. Towards mid-day the body was placed in a leaden coffin, and it was then discovered, that notwithstanding the continual vigilance used against the pious avidity of the faithful, his vestments had been lacerated in several places, his hair had almost entirely disappeared, his nails had been pared, and even one ear had been clipped. His body was deposited in the common burial-place. An appropriate Latin inscription, inclosed in a leaden tube, was put in the coffin. The following is a translation of it, but the original loses much of its point and elegance by change of language:

“Here reposes the body of Charles Odescalchi, a professed father of the Society of Jesus. On the 5th of December, 1838, he at length accomplished in this college at Modena, by permission of Gregory XVI., Pope, that which had so long been in vain the object of all his desires; namely, to renounce the honour of the Purple, the Bishopric of Sabina, the dignity of Vicar of Rome, and the office of Grand Prior of the Order of Malta in the same city; and to give his name to the Society of Jesus. In this same college, to which he had returned for the recovery of his health, from Verona, he calmly departed from this pre-

sent life to the abodes of the blessed on the 17th of August, 1841, aged fifty-five years, five months, and twelve days.

“Farewell. Farewell.

“Our Brother, and most holy Father!

“How great regret for thee, have thy virtues, which received thee from thy mother’s arms, which watched over thee during life, and which accompanied thee to the tomb, thy innocence, thy religion, and thy piety, thy wonderful devotion to the Mother of God, thy ardent zeal for souls, thy great contempt of thyself, thine unbounded charity towards all, and thy unshaken constancy of purpose, left to us and to the whole Society, which, edified by thy accession and thy virtues, wished that thy life and health might have been long preserved!”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROFOUND AND UNIVERSAL ESTEEM IN WHICH
FATHER ODESCALCHI WAS HELD.

To avoid being tediously diffuse we will not attempt here to relate the numerous proofs of the high opinion in which the merits and sanctity of Father Odescalchi were held by all those who were intimately acquainted with him, or who had any connexion or intercourse with him. Were we only to select from these testimonies of esteem, such as are more brilliant and more

credible, we should still be exceeding the narrow limits prescribed to these Memoirs. Consequently, we will only cite a few of the words and actions emanating from persons of different classes in society. Sanctity shines by its own lustre, thus revealing itself to every one; it requires no panegyrist, for its deeds are sufficient to command admiration. Let those, therefore, who may undertake to write the Life of the servant of God, take care to register more in detail the striking and numberless proofs of esteem awarded him whilst he was still in his high position in the world, by persons of all ranks who knew him, or had anything to do with him, especially the cardinals, but most of all the Sovereign Pontiffs, Pius VII., Leo XII., and Pius VIII. of glorious memory. Of all the facts connected with that epoch of his life which have reached our certain knowledge, we may refer to the allocution pronounced by his Holiness Gregory XVI., (still happily reigning,) in the consistory of the 30th of November, 1838, to which we alluded in the first chapter. His Holiness, after stating to the august assembly the cause of this extraordinary convocation, declared his determination of yielding at length to Cardinal Odescalchi's urgent and reiterated entreaties, expressing at the same time how much this resolution pained his heart; he then used the following words, which are faithfully translated from the Latin: "You know how great is our regard for him, and how much we esteem his character, his innocence, the sweetness of his manners, his zeal for the salvation

of souls, his personal austerities, his indulgence towards others, his alms to the poor; in fine, his irreproachable conduct so worthy of a man placed in his elevated rank; these have made him justly to be considered as an ornament to your college," &c.

The Bishop of Verona, Mgr. Joseph Grasser, of blessed memory, to whom the Society is chiefly indebted for its re-appearance in these States, never gave Father Odescalchi any other name than that of Saint. Whenever he spoke of him, which happened very often, for he carried him, as it were, in his heart, it was always with tears of tenderness and devotion. If he sent any one on business from his own palace to the noviciate, he never failed saying to them, "Beg my St. Charles to send me his blessing from his little chamber, and tell him I have already made my intention to this effect." His Eminence who now occupies the Patriarchal See of Venice, never spoke of him but as of a man remarkable for sanctity, and for his renunciation of the world and its dignities; a renunciation quite extraordinary and unexampled in the annals of the Church. The Bishop of Mantua professed the same esteem for him, and positively insisted that whenever his apostolic journeys led him through that city he should always lodge in the episcopal palace; on these occasions his Lordship never thought he could sufficiently show his attachment, veneration, and respect for him.

Benedict, Count of Toldicaldi, Bishop of Fidenza, was one of the first to beg that he might

give the spiritual exercises to his people and clergy, urging his request by most earnest solicitations. He was even calculating by anticipation the fruit which would result from the preaching of such a man. The time and place were fixed for this retreat; but unfortunately Father Odescalchi had quitted this world before the time decided on was come. The bishop's gratitude was not diminished by this circumstance. Not content with celebrating for him solemn funeral obsequies, the holy sacrifice, and giving the absolutions, he likewise delivered a funeral oration in his honour, in which he eulogized him most highly. The sermon was afterwards printed, in order that as far as depended on his Lordship all the world might know that Divine grace is as powerful now in favour of the servants of God as it has been in any former period. The Bishop of Ragusa called several times to see him, whenever he passed through Verona, holding long conversations with him; he was so filled with admiration for his virtues, that he once very seriously said to Father Rector, "Let the Society begin to prepare for the expenses of his beatification!" One of our fathers gave the Bishop of Fano the little picture of our Lady of Dolours, from which Father Odescalchi would never for a moment be separated during his last illness. The bishop was not satisfied with returning verbal thanks; he wrote a letter to Rome, sending with it a beautiful little silver bust of Pope Pius VII., of immortal memory. In his letter he declared that he considered the picture of our Lady of Dolours

as a present deserving in return all possible gratitude on his part. Their imperial majesties the Emperor and Empress of Austria likewise esteemed and venerated him as a saint. They sent to beg in the most pressing manner, that he would recommend them to God in his prayers. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Parma wished very much to have him for her spiritual director, and often called him a great servant of God. His Excellency the Count Olry, minister from the King of Bavaria at the Sardinian Court, went to Verona expressly to testify his profound veneration for him; as soon as he saw him he fell on his knees, kissed his feet, and remained for some time with his hands joined in a posture of most humble supplication. The illustrious and most noble Lord Peter Albertini, founder of the noviciate at Verona, had experienced, (and a great number of persons have declared the same thing,) that the mere sight of him sufficed to excite them to devotion, as if by the effect of some secret virtue. Continually, and from all quarters, came entreaties for a piece of paper bearing his autograph, or for any trifling object he had made use of, and these things were as much valued as the relics of a juridically canonized saint. The number of such requests continue even still to increase, and we have to satisfy the wishes, not only of most illustrious personages, but of whole religious communities. It was often remarked, that before and after his sermons, persons who had stationed themselves close to the pulpit, would watch the

moment of his ascending or descending the steps to raise the border of his cloak and put it to their lips. Others would fall on their knees when they saw him approach. Peter de Stefani de Legnano, so well known for his extraordinary benevolence to the poor, having succeeded in obtaining a distribution of time, written by Father Odescalchi, placed it between two crystals in a very valuable frame ; he considered it a most precious relic, and when showing it to his friends, never failed to say, "That is the most valuable piece of furniture in my house ; I would not part with it for all the gold in the world ; it is the most precious treasure I have to bequeath to my children." I cannot silently pass over two little facts which will justify the title of this chapter better than anything we could add. They are mentioned in the notes of the novice-priest to which we have already referred, and shall be transcribed in his own words : "Having concluded the retreat in the episcopal seminary at Cremona, and being on the eve of our departure, the rector of that house politely appointed one of his domestics to conduct us about the town, that we might pay such visits as were required by duty or civility, especially to the bishop and to the hospital of St. John of God. This man led us through several narrow streets ; from one alley we passed into another ; I thought he did so by way of shortening the road, but all at once we past through a door and found ourselves in a garden : our guide taking off his hat, stammered forth, 'Father—your Excellency—your Eminence—this

is my home, my wife and my five children, all little ones, live here. Since you are so good, dare I ask a favour of your charity? it is that you would please to mount this stair-case, and give your holy blessing to me and all my family.' At this unexpected proposal, at these words uttered with that eloquent emotion which moves the heart, though it cannot be conveyed in words, I could scarcely restrain my tears: Father Odescalchi smilingly answered, 'O most willingly! let us only go up.' A moving scene took place. The good servant hastily assembled his whole family, not excepting the youngest babe only a few months old; he made them all kneel down, and with tears in his eyes pointing to Father Odescalchi, he said, 'Here he is, of whom I have so often spoken to you, he is come to bestow the blessing of our good God upon our family; let us receive it very devoutly.' Father Odescalchi blessed them with great tenderness, repeating three or four times, 'May God bless you, God bless you.' He then edified them by a few words of moving piety, and inquired the names of each one of those little children, who crowded round him and loaded him with their infantine caresses; one seizing his hand to kiss, others pulling him by the cloak, whilst he at the same time recommended them to be very good and very obedient."

A few lines lower in the same notes, the novice-priest relates a second little anecdote, not altogether unlike the first: "When we had concluded this same retreat, the coachman who drove

us from Cremona to Verona, had no sooner found out, (I know not how,) that Father Odescalchi was in his coach, who he was, and what he had been, than he became a subject of continual amusement to me for the remainder of the journey. He first glanced his eye at his horses, then into the coach, he did nothing but peep, reflect, and weep alternately: every now and then he stopped his horses and came to the coach door to inquire if we wanted anything, no doubt only that he might have an opportunity of seeing and hearing a man, who according to his judgment must have been an extraordinary and supernatural person. However, all this could not satisfy our excellent driver's devout heart. When he had nearly reached Verona, he again stopped, and taking off his hat said with a sigh, "Ah, holy father, before you leave me you ought at least to give me your holy blessing: if you bless me, if you bless me, I am sure our Lord will preserve me from all accidents, and keep me in good health, and my horses too, so that I shall be able to earn bread for myself and family." The father very willingly blessed him, and with words full of unction encouraged him to place his confidence in God.

That we may not exceed our brief limits, we will only relate one more circumstance, which shall conclude this chapter. We observed at the end of the first chapter that the Rector of the college at Modena, accompanied Father Odescalchi to the noviciate of Verona; on his return, he asked an audience of Francis IV. Father

Odescalchi had begged him to see his Royal Highness, to present his respectful homage, and thank him again for the honourable reception and other attentions with which he had favoured him a short time before, whilst he was still a cardinal. The Duke was highly delighted at this visit; he was most anxious to hear the details of Father Odescalchi's journey, and more especially to know how he found himself at Verona: it was impossible, in fact, that he should not feel interested about a man whose heroical renunciation of all earthly things had so powerfully struck his mind; he called him "a most wonderful man, a true prodigy of virtue given to our age, in fact, a saint." In the course of conversation he found out how limited for space we were in the newly-founded noviciate of Verona, the buildings and revenues scarcely sufficing for twenty novices; hereupon reflecting that Father Odescalchi's example would no doubt induce many persons to prefer the noviciate at Verona when entering the Society, he immediately formed a plan to assist us, and enable the noviciate to receive and maintain sixty novices. As early as the month of March, 1839, the foundations were laid, and a noble substantial building was completed in about two years. It will be a lasting monument of the love and generosity of a prince, whose many previous benefits had already justly entitled him to the gratitude of the Society: moreover, it will for ever attest the personal esteem which his Royal Highness professed for Father Odescalchi. We could not omit relating this

circumstance, as it bears upon the purposed aim of this chapter, and enables us at the same time to satisfy in some slight degree the sacred duty of gratitude.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS HUMILITY AND SELF-CONTEMPT.

THE remaining pages shall be devoted to a few details of the practical virtues of Father Odescalchi. We will begin with his humility. Humility is the basis, root, and mother of all other virtues; it was the distinctive characteristic of his life; it was his chosen companion, without which he would not even take a step. The same courage and generosity which he displayed by entering the Society, there to consecrate himself to the service of God, were followed up by the manner in which he constantly banished from his mind all worldly reminiscences; he seemed entirely to have forgotten what he had been, as well as all the high advantages he had formerly enjoyed; from the moment that he entered religion till that of his death, one might have supposed that he had always been what he voluntarily became for the love of Jesus Christ—poor, humble, and little. Those who lived with him never heard him utter a single word bearing reference either to his princely family, or to the dignities or high important offices with which he had been invested in the ecclesiasti-

cal hierarchy. If he named his relations, it was only to beg prayers for them, and always without mentioning their rank or titles; the love he bore them was become wholly spiritual. If the conversation turned on any circumstance that could remind him of what he had been in the world, (and this was often done purposely to try him,) no word could ever be drawn from him that could be construed into self-commendation, so that the snare laid for him only served to make his humility more evident. On the day following his entrance into the noviciate, he went to pay his respects to the bishop. The servant hastened to introduce him, and did so in these terms, "My Lord, here is his Eminence Cardinal Odescalchi!" The father turned quickly round, saying, "Eh, I am no longer Cardinal."

A novice-priest was conversing with him on an event which had occurred long before in one of the Venetian cities, and which had caused a great sensation at the time; whilst the conversation related only to the facts and persons concerned in the beginning of the affair, Odescalchi seemed to listen with attention; but as soon as the Papal and his own intervention was alluded to, (for the matter had been referred to them,) his ingenious humility made him immediately appear so simple and uninformed, that the novice, who was but lately arrived at Verona, might have thought him somewhat disingenuous.

The surgeon of the establishment meeting him by chance, began to compliment him on his newly-chosen state, and the heroism with which

he had turned his back upon the world. Odescalchi blushed, and by way of answer merely made a polite bow, and immediately quitted the doctor, who was much struck and edified by his humility. As he was praising, in presence of our scholastics, a personage of distinction who had taken the religious habit, he remarked, that Heaven would proportion its recompense to the greatness of the sacrifice. "If the nobleman in question," replied one of the scholastics, "is to receive so great glory in Paradise, on account of his sacrifices, your Reverence, who to enter religion must have....." he was proceeding in this manner, when the humble father, who easily guessed how the remark would have ended, abruptly interrupted him by saying, "My dear brother, I only quitted bitterness, to come here and enjoy sweetness." He made almost a similar answer at the beginning of his noviciate to one of the fathers, who in his presence observed that his entrance into the Society had filled the whole world with wonder, and formed the common topic of conversation; he said he thought he had most reason to wonder at the surprise occasioned by his retirement from the world, since he saw nothing in it but what was very reasonable and very natural.

When obedience obliged him to walk out in the town, people would point him out to each other, and salute him with great deference; his modesty was so pained on these occasions that he made them as rare as possible, and at last almost deprived himself of the pleasure of walking

out. For the same reason he always endeavoured to travel incognito, concealing his name in the towns he passed through. In one place finding that notwithstanding all his precautions his secret was made known, and that the principal inhabitants intended paying him a complimentary visit of ceremony, he set off unknown to any one long before the time appointed. Whilst he was careful to avoid honours and the esteem of men, at the same time he zealously and ardently sought and embraced all occasions of humiliation. To the proofs already given we may add the following. On Sundays and days of obligation the superior often commissioned him to accompany the priests and scholastic-novices who went to teach the Christian doctrine in the churches of St. Luke and St. Bernardine, situated in the centre of the city; this was truly a treat to him, and a moving sight to others. From the pulpit the priest gave a dissertation on the catechism to the people in general, whilst the scholastic in a chapel taught what in the country is called the fifth class, consisting of a large assemblage of young persons; and in a corner of the church seated on a bench, with the little catechism of Bellarmine in his hand, Father Odescalchi, already professed, would teach the first elements of our holy religion to a few uneasy restless children.

It is a custom in the society that the novice-priests who have to make a panegyric, preach a sermon or any kind of discourse in public, should make a previous trial in the refectory pulpit. It was a pleasure to Father Odescalchi to submit

to this trial, or in other words to this humiliation, whenever he could obtain the superior's permission; the latter, in order to add humiliation to humiliation, would sometimes send the novices to his room to point out the defects they had remarked either in the discourse itself, or the manner in which he had delivered it. He listened to them with the greatest humility, thanked them for showing him so much charity, and promised to correct himself. He often asked to have public corrections read out from the pulpit of the refectory, sometimes for spilling two or three drops of oil on the table cloth; sometimes for neglecting to pass the oil and vinegar to his neighbour, and such-like inattentions, where other people would scarcely find even the shadow of a fault.

He even went so far as to beg the master of the novices to entrust him with the vilest and most abject service of the house, that, in fine, which is most repugnant to nature; but all his reiterated entreaties were unsuccessful in this respect. In the convents at Chatillon and Cremona he put on the acolyte's cotta, and served the masses of the fathers who accompanied him when he went to give the retreats there. One of them affirmed that at Cremona this act of humility excited the highest admiration in all who witnessed it, for it was what they had never seen before. At Chatillon the nuns could not restrain their tears when they saw him thus at the foot of the altar, fulfilling the lowest ministry. In the eye of religion there

is of course nothing degrading in this office, on the contrary, it is a very honourable function; but human weakness and the worldly prejudices which overrule us, cause it to be considered a proof of profound humility when eminent persons submit to it. Bishop Grasser made a retreat of ten days at the noviciate of Verona, under Father Odescalchi's direction; when he was going away all the novices by order of the superior presented themselves to kiss his hand and beg his blessing. Father Odescalchi too placed himself on his knees in the midst of the novices, and waited in this humble and recollected posture to receive the blessing with the rest. The bishop tried to hold himself excused for a long time, but vanquished at last in this contest of humility, he was obliged to comply with Father Odescalchi's request, though he did it with great reluctance.

To Father Odescalchi's great humility may be attributed the care he took to occasion as little trouble as possible to every one. He considered himself inferior to all; and on every occasion he preferred the will of others to his own. It frequently happened that when he went to fetch his breakfast, the brother who had to provide it would be absent. If he perceived that he was taking his own breakfast, he would not disturb him, but waited behind the refectory door till he had finished. When out of the house for any duty of the ministry, even in ordinary and least important things, he would never decide without the opinion of the father who accompanied him, or without ask-

ing his advice, though his companion were but a novice, or a very young man. At the country house it was equally edifying to see him amongst the novices, always affable and condescending, answering the thousand questions which they eagerly proposed one after the other; in a word, he unreservedly complied with whatever they wished; he remained at home, walked out, or sat in the shade with them, just as they pleased, he was always ready for everything.

In one of their morning excursions they led him much further than usual, to see some particular church. The superior fearing lest he should be over-fatigued, sent a horse that he might ride home. At first he declared that he felt no lassitude or fatigue, but at length, to satisfy the novices, he agreed to mount; the horse, probably frightened by such a numerous company, to which he was unaccustomed, became restive, and would not stir a single step. Some of them tried to pull the animal by the bridle, others applied the spur; at about every dozen yards the contest recommenced, drawing of course a crowd of curious idlers round the cavalier and his charger. This occasion of practising humility was just to Father Odescalchi's heart's content; he would by no means dismount, on the contrary, he proceeded in that manner to the very door. The novices were much edified by this humility.

In every occurrence he could always find arguments and reasons for self-abasement, self-depreciation, and self-confusion, both before others and

himself: he possessed a wonderful talent in this respect, and never failed reducing it to practice. At the beginning of his noviciate, he was conversing with a novice-priest about the great retreat of thirty days which he was on the eve of making; his companion had gone through this ordeal, and remarked that these spiritual exercises, thus prolonged, were a very efficacious means to arrive at great perfection, adding, "which I have no doubt you will experience." Father Odescalchi was confused at these words, which however contained nothing but the truth, and answered, "They will more than satisfy me if they effect a real conversion."

Whilst he was ill at Modena, he once said, with a most expressive look, to two of the fathers who were sitting with him, "Oh, how happy must you be to have entered the Society when you were young! which I, poor unhappy creature, could not do till I was old, and an old sinner." Sitting once upon the grass, surrounded by the novices, one of them perceived an ant creeping on his clothes, and was going to shake it off, saying, "Allow me, Reverend Father, to free you from this little beast." "Nay, my brother," answered Father Odescalchi, "do not take that trouble, leave it alone: beast upon beast is not so much amiss!"

He continually remarked, especially during his last illness, that he was but a useless expense to the Society; an idle eater who laboured not; that he was like a broken-down carriage, past service; and that the Society had only admitted

him from pure compassion and charity. This reminds us of a little circumstance related in the notes of the novice-father from which we have already quoted: "When the retreat at Cremona was over, and we were returning to Verona, I said to him, 'From different things that I have remarked I strongly suspect, and even venture to predict, that at Bozzolo, where we are to dine, your Reverence will have to encounter a visit of ceremony!' 'Let us hope,' said he, 'that there will be no such thing: but if it should so happen, as soon as we hear them knock at the room-door, will your Reverence go and inquire what they want? if they ask for Father Odescalchi, you can say, Oh, yes, the pretty little animal is within; let whoever wishes to see him pay a penny!' After a few moments' silence he added, 'I cannot possibly explain the curiosity with which people seek to see me; what pleasure can they find in looking at me? Is there anything about me so very singular and extraordinary? The noviciate is never free from visitors; first one person must come to see me, then another. I tell Father Rector he ought to impose a tax on these curious visitors, and say to them when they ask to see me, 'The little beast is here; do you wish to see him? Very well, then pay a penny!' By these means I should bring something to the noviciate which maintains me, and which has so much difficulty in defraying its own expenses, as its resources are so limited.'"

Before we quit this subject we may observe, on

the authority of his superiors, who were thoroughly acquainted with the inmost recesses of his soul, that Father Odescalchi's humility and his love of self-contempt had continual need of being restrained by obedience within certain limits. If he had been left to follow his own inclinations, we should have seen him revive those exterior and heroical acts of humility which we admire in the life of our holy founder, and in the lives of some of the greatest servants of God.

CHAPTER X.

HIS MORTIFICATION.

LET us now direct the reader's attention to a few details of Father Odescalchi's mortification, though be it well understood we do not attempt to give a complete idea of it; we could never succeed herein, even if our limits permitted the attempt. In this matter obedience drew a boundary beyond which he was not permitted to step; moreover he was extremely careful to withhold from the knowledge of men whatever could draw on him their attention and esteem. Interior mortification, which acts exclusively on the heart, escapes notice, far more than exterior mortification; and what little of the former could be observed would give but a slight idea of the extent to which Father Odescalchi carried his. Having made this observation from a pure love of truth, we will begin by treating of the latter.

Every Saturday throughout the year, and on the eves of all festivals of our Blessed Lady, he fasted rigorously. The greater part of the portion placed before him in the refectory always remained uneaten; nay, it was often even untasted, though to escape observation he tried to cover it as well as he could with whatever he could find at table for this purpose. It was only on fasting days that he allowed himself to eat fruit. The broth and vegetables were always sufficiently savoury for him as they came from the kitchen, for he would never season them either with oil or cheese. He cheerfully endured the inconveniences of winter, which is very severe in Lombardy; he must have suffered particularly therefrom, accustomed as he was to the mild temperature of Rome, and with his very delicate constitution; in fact, we often saw him shivering, and his members quite numbed by the cold. During the most intense heat of summer he would never take so much as a drop of water to refresh himself; he was equally strict in never allowing himself either nourishment or liquid before or after preaching under pretext of restoring his strength; it was but seldom too that he allowed himself a little relaxation by walking in the garden. When in his room he was ingenious in inventing uneasy positions, to mortify and inflict suffering on himself. During summer, when the body is most enervated, he usually stood upright. We often saw him patiently endure the burning sunbeams falling directly on his head, and when cautioned to change his position, he would quietly

answer, that he felt no inconvenience as he was. It was usually remarked, that whenever he was seated, he did not seek support from the back of the chair. The father whose duty it was to make the visit during the hours of mental prayer and examen, thus speaks of Father Odescalchi: "Whenever I opened his door I found the holy man on his knees, nearly in the middle of the room, without anything to support him; only at the beginning of winter, 1840, on a very few occasions I found him with his hands and head resting on the prie-Dieu. I scarcely ever found him seated. He girded his loins with two small chains studded with sharp points. When engaged in external apostolic labours, he inflicted this torture on himself daily for the space of two hours, as we know for certain; was he more moderate when at home, or was this suffering then prolonged? We know not, and therefore cannot say. But what we can affirm is, that his use of the discipline was really terrific. The testimony of those who lodged above and near him, and who could count the blows by hundreds, leaves no doubt on this point. However, without this, the discipline itself, which is still kept at Modena, is a sufficient proof, for it is completely impregnated with blood. In fine, the painful effort which walking often occasioned, and the difficulty with which he prostrated himself to kiss the floor of the refectory, generally gave credit to the opinion that he wore some very severe instrument of penance under his garments.

With regard to interior mortification, espe-

cially of the will, Father Odescalchi prized it so much the more highly, as it is the most noble and the most important to the progress of virtue. All those who lived familiarly with him, and observed his manner of speaking and acting, have unanimously declared that he possessed it in a very high and perfect degree. All doubt here again would be impossible. In effect, that constant and unvarying fidelity in conforming with the most scrupulous exactitude to all the rules and most minute observances of the noviciate; that vigilance which kept him perpetually on the watch to seize every opportunity of combat, or rather to war unto death against self-love and all inordinate attachment to creatures; that abnegation which led him always to prefer the will of others to his own; that immoveable calmness and tranquillity of mind; that unalterable serenity of countenance, even under the greatest contradictions, notwithstanding his vivacity and extreme natural sensibility; all this in a man who quitted the world and entered religion at the age of fifty-two, after having spent so many years, holily it is true, in the midst of a luxury so remote from the mode of life of a son of the Society, attests an interior mortification, beyond which imagination scarcely carries us; however, we will relate one other circumstance before we conclude this chapter.

Towards the end of October, 1840, in consequence of reiterated entreaties, Father Odescalchi was appointed by his superiors to give the exercises of St. Ignatius in a certain place, dis-

tant about two long days' journey from Verona. He had acquitted himself of this task with great zeal, and seen his labours for the good of souls crowned with full success. The day of departure arrived, and a coach was prepared for his return; but it was in a most delapidated condition, open to the wind and weather on all sides. It was moreover at a very early hour on a November morning, when the cold in Lombardy is intense. The holy man, to whom so little gratitude was shown, and who scarcely met with common civility, made no complaint; he did not even seem to perceive this want of courtesy. On the contrary, he set off with a cheerful countenance, as if he received this opportunity of suffering from the hand of God in recompense of his labours. During three hours he travelled in this manner, when Divine Providence was pleased that he should meet with a nobleman of his acquaintance, who seeing him livid and almost dead with cold, insisted on his accepting a seat in his carriage, where at length he was sheltered from the inclemency of the weather; if this had not happened, there is no doubt he would have persisted in enduring the severe cold, until his physical strength was entirely subdued, and he would have done so with that wonderful and unalterable patience which is the best proof of interior mortification, carried even to heroism.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PERFECTION WITH WHICH HE OBSERVED THE
THREE VOWS OF RELIGION.

To follow the usual custom, we will begin with the vow of poverty. We may say that Father Odescalchi possessed this virtue in perfection: truly he loved it as a mother, according to the spirit and rule of our holy founder. When he entered the noviciate, he was not content to have renounced whatever savoured of worldly grandeur, he desired likewise to despoil himself of the least and most trivial things which he had brought with him; in order, that being admitted through compassion, and as the poor of Jesus Christ, he might receive from the charity of the Society the same alms that she allows indiscriminately to all her children. He even gave up to the novice-master a small silver medal of the immaculate conception, which from devotion he had worn round his neck for many years. He thought it somewhat contrary to perfect poverty, to use holy pictures as marks in his Breviary, and therefore made the sacrifice of them. On the eve of his taking the habit Father Odescalchi found in his room everything belonging to the dress of the Society; wishing to enjoy by anticipation the pleasure of wearing it, he immediately began to gratify his pious eagerness. All went well till he came to the shoes, but here he was stopt at once;

they were so deplorably tight that he tried in vain to remedy the failing by replacing the coarse woollen stockings by some of the thinnest silk that he had brought with him : all his efforts were useless. This unexpected contrariety afflicted the good father beyond expression, so anxious was he to resign everything connected with the world, or which had the slightest appearance of propriety. In the midst of his dilemma, the novice-master and some others entered his room ; they joined their efforts to his, but all they could gain was the infliction of real torture to his feet ; they advised him, therefore, to be satisfied and wear his own shoes a day or two longer ; but on the following morning they perceived he had contrived to get on the identical shoes, and over the serge stockings too. They were of course surprised, but asked no questions on the subject. Some time afterwards he owned to a novice-priest, to whom he frequently confided the secrets of his heart, that though he had at length succeeded, it was not owing to strength or skill, as might perhaps be supposed, but to a special favour of our Blessed Lady ; for when the novice-master and the others left him, he addressed a prayer full of confidence and fervour to this good mother, entreating her to help him in his affliction ; and at the very same moment he accomplished with facility what before had appeared impossible to them all.

He always accepted indifferently and without remark whatever clothes were given him, either good or bad ; if he showed any preference it was

for the worst and vilest things in the house. He considered that he had a sort of right to them, conformably to the spirit of our rules ; and it was often remarked, that by a seeming dispensation of Providence, in order to sanctify him by satisfying his desires in this respect, those things fell to his share which were best calculated to exercise his spirit of interior mortification and self-contempt. Whatever is most displeasing and repugnant to persons who have not thoroughly overcome themselves, possessed peculiar attractions and caused infinite consolation to him, who placed all his glory in abjection and in the renunciation of honours, thereby to follow our Lord Jesus Christ more closely. A very poor bed, two straw-seated chairs, a small table, a prie-Dieu, and four common pictures fastened to the wall, with a few books for daily use, were all that his cell contained. His furniture was neither better or more in quantity than any of the other novice-priests, excepting that during a short time he had a somewhat better lamp than the rest ; he accepted it, as he did everything else, without saying a word ; but his extreme love of poverty soon made this distinction painful to him : the sight of this lamp always grieved him, and he soon discovered some plausible reason to have it exchanged for one of the more common sort used by the novices at Verona.

During that part of the year when meditation is made before day-break, he meditated in the dark, in order to spare oil, for the sake of holy poverty. He preserved the seals of his letters

and all the blank parts of them, even to the envelopes, that he might use them when occasion offered; and a formal order from the superior was necessary before he could be induced to make use of writing-paper of proper quality and size, suitable to the rank of his correspondents.

Sometimes persons making their retreats under his direction used to ask him for a little paper; but he would candidly tell them it was not in his power, because the few sheets he had in his cell had been given him for his own personal use, and therefore he could not dispose of them without the superior's permission. But we should never finish if we undertook to relate all the facts illustrative of Father Odescalchi's spirit of poverty. In the strictest sense of the term we may say that always and everywhere he carried it to its utmost limits. The following circumstances will confirm all we have previously said: they are of such pleasing interest that we will extract them word for word from the notes of the novice-priest, from which we have already borrowed so largely.

“In the morning of the 4th of February, 1840, I had the good fortune to set out on a journey with Father Odescalchi. He was going to give the spiritual exercises to the Virgins of Jesus at Cremona, and I was appointed to be his companion. Towards midday, when we had accomplished about two-thirds of the thirty miles which separate Verona from Cremona, we stopped at an inn to rest our horses. Father Odescalchi ordered some refreshment; he was my superior during the journey, and moreover he carried the purse. Ac-

according to his order, nothing appeared on the table but four eggs roasted in the embers, and two loaves which together did not weigh more than four ounces. Two or three different times he asked me if I should not like to have something more, but I admiring the perfect religious poverty of the holy man, invariably told him that it was sufficient. We reached Chatillon two hours before sun-set, Father Odescalchi spoke of dinner, but only to defer it, in case I had no objection, until night after Angelus; remarking that by this means he should gain two full hours, and so be enabled to arrange with the superioress a distribution of time for the exercises which were to commence the following day, and also to make some arrangements in the house we were to inhabit. To own the truth, this plan did not suit me at all, for our long fasting had quite exhausted me, however I could not possibly say or do anything in opposition to the wish of the good father. For that day therefore our dinner took the place of supper, or rather, we dined and supped at the same time. Fearing, and not without reason, that the day of our departure would be like that of our arrival, one of rigorous fasting, I thought I would offer a few suggestions to Father Odescalchi. Accordingly I told him I thought it would be more seemly on our return not to stop at an inn for lunch, since religious persons ought not to enter such houses but by necessity; in the present case this necessity might be avoided, by asking the superioress for a couple of rolls; and the time re-

quired to rest the horses might be employed by us in visiting some church. 'Well, well, very good,' replied he, and he repeated these words several times, to show how much he approved my proposal; but the misfortune of it was, he took my words strictly to the letter. A couple of rolls was certainly never meant to be taken in so limited a sense, either on my account or his, but much less on his. When we were taking leave of the superioress, he said to her, 'Reverend Mother, may I venture to ask you for two rolls by way of alms, one for my companion, the other for myself? This charity would enable us to avoid calling at an inn for refreshment.' 'Oh, most certainly,' replied the superioress, 'I will give orders immediately, but it is unfortunate that this is Friday; however we will provide the best we can.' 'No, no,' said Father Odescalchi, 'put yourself to no inconvenience, two rolls suffice, two rolls and nothing more.' The superioress, who looked on this as merely a complimentary ceremony, usual enough on such occasions, called a lay sister, and desired her to pack up in a basket some rolls, fruit, preserves, cheese, and other eatables of this description. Father Odescalchi interrupted her, and with a very serious countenance said to her, 'Madam, I asked an alms of two rolls, I will willingly accept them as an alms, but for all the rest I shall positively refuse it.' 'But Father,' she remonstrated, 'what are you saying? two rolls! only two rolls! I should be ashamed of such a gift! it would be the greatest mortification to me!' In

short, it was impossible to shake his resolution, so the superioress seeing it was useless to insist, sent for two fresh rolls, in order that although unable to satisfy her own kind wishes, she might at least offer so poor an alms with the greatest possible courtesy. When we were about two leagues from Chatillon, feeling my appetite awakened by the keen morning air, I turned to Father Odescalchi, and asked him whether he was disposed to attack the provisions? 'Very willingly,' replied he with great cheerfulness; 'I am quite ready to do my part.' So we both set to work. To divert my inclination to laugh, which every moment increased, I said to him, 'Father, how much I wish the cardinals and prelates of Rome could witness our delicious breakfast!' Taking up my jocular tone, he answered, 'Eh, your Reverence, I have no doubt they would find it more exquisite and enviable than the sumptuous tables prepared for them.' And, in fact, I had good reason to consider it excellent; for with the exception of this dry bread, we tasted nothing else either liquid or solid, throughout the journey to Verona. On this occasion at least, if the bread was not accompanied by eggs, the dinner was not postponed till supper; and altogether our abstemiousness was not quite so rigorous as it had been on the 4th of February."

The surname of "angel in human flesh," which was used to designate Father Odescalchi much more frequently than his own name, will at once prove the degree of perfection with which he observed the vow of chastity. It would suffice to

remark the scrupulous and continual care with which he guarded his senses, the exact modesty which reigned in his countenance and whole deportment, the austere rigour with which he treated his body, his extreme vigilance to avoid deliberately committing the slightest fault, and the tender devotion he professed towards the most holy Virgin, who is the mother of purity. In his intercourse with females, of whatever age or condition they might be, he invariably kept his eyes cast down, and he endeavoured to be as brief as possible, without however in the least failing against what charity prescribes. He was so careful in observing the rules of modesty, that in his illness, though often obliged to be assisted by others, he used all his endeavours to do everything for himself; yet at the least remark of the infirmarian he immediately submitted to holy obedience. We may truly say that he practised this latter virtue in perfection according to the three degrees established by our holy founder. During the whole time that he lived in the society, no one could ever reproach him with having failed against it, even in the least point. It was his maxim to behold God Himself in the persons of his superiors; and he was intimately convinced that those who live under obedience must suffer themselves to be guided and governed by Divine Providence, represented by superiors, to whom we should offer no more resistance than a dead body could; or like the staff of an old man, which moves according to the will of its owner. At the slightest gesture or sign of their

will, he at once either set to work, or discontinued what he was about. One day that he was going to preach in the town, on the dolours of our Blessed Lady, the superior recommended him to try and manage to be at home again for the dinner hour. On reaching the church Father Odescalchi found that he should have to wait much longer than he had expected before he could begin to preach; consequently he immediately decided on changing the whole plan of his discourse, and shorten it on account of this unexpected delay; the fervour of his zeal however drew him beyond the bounds he had so fully intended not to exceed; and he was deeply afflicted when he found he should be unable to reach the noviciate before twelve o'clock, as he had been wished to do. This same respect for the will of superiors would never allow him to change the hour appointed for the scholastics to go to confession to him; though it was at a very inconvenient time for him. When they were at the country house, the novices on one occasion begged he would obtain permission for them to communicate on the following day. He promised to do so, and during the recreation hour after dinner he very humbly and simply presented their request to the superior, who without uttering a word expressed by his looks that he was not much inclined to say yes; this was quite enough to impose silence on Father Odescalchi, and notwithstanding their solicitations and pious importunity, they could not induce him to say another word upon the subject. Once on a fast-

ing day two eggs were brought him for his collation; surprised, and in a manner horrified at the sight, he observed to the novice who was serving, that he had no need whatever of them; but these words, "never mind, eat them however," convinced him that such was the superior's will, and he immediately took them with the greatest composure.

From his fidelity in always considering God Himself in the persons of those he was to obey, arose not only his perfect submission, but also that profound respect and humility with which he was always penetrated when in their presence. Strangers would sometimes present letters to him. If any superior was there he would immediately place them in his hands; and though they were instantly returned, he would not open them without a formal order. In a spiritual conference with the scholastics the Father Rector asked him whether he had any remarks to offer. He answered with great humility, "When the superior speaks the inferior is silent." With equal punctuality he obeyed the first sound of the bell which regulated the beginning and end of the exercises of the community. It was to him the voice of God, intimating what he was to do. As soon as he heard it he immediately dismissed the scholastics who were consulting him on spiritual things, and without finishing the sentence begun, would say to them, "Go, the bell rings." During his last illness he acted in the same manner towards the infirmarian, whom, without great necessity, he would never allow to continue his care and

attentions to him after the signal had been given. He was then left entirely alone, and he tried on these occasions to pay his debt of obedience too. One day, when he was already attacked by the illness of which he died, he heard the bell summon the fathers to conference on moral cases. His weakness and the swelling of his limbs evidently dispensed him from attending, though he had no express permission to remain in his room, nor had he positively been forbidden to walk. The room in which this conference took place was situated on the third story. Well, no sooner did he hear the voice of holy obedience than he hastily rose from his seat, and supporting himself with the greatest difficulty, succeeded in reaching the appointed place. The fathers seeing him appear amongst them in a state of such exhaustion, occasioned by this painful effort, were struck with astonishment, and the superior testified how deeply he regretted it; but Father Odescalchi thought it a thing of no consequence, and assisted at this exercise of theology with that calmness and sweetness of temper which never quitted him.

To all that we have hitherto said we may add, that in the height of his illness there was no better means to rouse him from a profound lethargy than to whisper in his ear the words Obedience or Superior. We have already remarked elsewhere, what a scrupulous observer he was, not only of the rules, but also of the least usages of the noviciate; it is needless therefore to revert to the subject. One more instance will suffice here. Father Odescalchi had examined a secular

priest on his vocation: the latter was soon afterwards admitted to the noviciate; and seeing Father Odescalchi in the corridor he very innocently began to speak to him. The father politely returned his bow and immediately quitted him. The new-comer, not understanding the cause of this hasty retreat, followed him, talking all the time. Odescalchi almost ran, and only said to him, "I have no permission!—I cannot speak to you—later, when I have asked leave!"

CHAPTER XII.

HIS LOVE OF GOD.

THE various titles under which we have hitherto classed all that we have said of the life and virtues of Father Odescalchi, may in reality be referred to this one. We have merely considered his love of God in several different points of view. It was from this love, and from his ardent desire of being more and more intimately united to God by charity, that he drew the motives of all his actions, and all his acts of virtue; such as a continual attention to walk always in the presence of God; his extreme dread of offending Him, from which sprang the admirable innocence of his life; and finally, that facility with which he applied himself to prayer and contemplation; all which things specially constitute the perfect union of the soul with God. With regard to the

exercise of the presence of God, we may say that the remembrance of this divine presence had become familiar and habitual to Father Odescalchi; his mind seemed naturally to gravitate towards God, and repose in Him. He used his exterior senses as powerful means to facilitate this sublime exercise. The pious pictures in his cell and about the house continually recalled him to God; he saw Him in all His creatures, which are so many images of His perfections. God, in fine, and the things of God, formed the only subject of his conversations; to them he always directly or indirectly led those who conversed with him, for he possessed in perfection this ingenious and discreet art, which is the peculiar property of souls inflamed with the love of God, that is to say, full of God Himself. From the love of God, when true and sincere, there necessarily follows a sovereign dread of offending Him. What has been previously said will suffice to show how carefully he guarded against everything that could be the least displeasing to God. Moreover the following fact will tell how studiously he combated even those defects which can scarcely affect the conscience. We will again let the novice-father speak: "As we were travelling towards Chatillon in February, 1840, Father Odescalchi said to me, 'During these few days that we shall spend together, father, you may do me a great charity. For some time past, Father Rector has admonished me that I often walk with my head leaning too forward, and he wishes me to lose this bad habit for the sake of my health;

moreover, to tell you the whole truth, perceiving that I have hitherto profited but little by his advice, he has desired me to make it the subject of my particular examen, in order to oblige me to be more attentive. Be kind enough then, will you, to take notice of it; for with the best will I shall find it impossible not to commit a fault which I fall into so inadvertently and without perceiving it, unless some one will correct me at the very moment.' He frequently said to me, 'Do you think I am sufficiently upright now? How will this do? Do you perceive any amendment?' &c.

We have spoken of Father Odescalchi's union with God, and of the bands which made it so intimate and close; to give in detail as perfect an idea as possible of his eminent gift of prayer and contemplation, we cannot do better than transcribe what the father who was at the time Rector of the noviciate at Verona, and also his confessor, has left in writing on this subject.

"Father Odescalchi had reached a very high degree of prayer and union with God; throughout the day his mind and heart were commonly fixed on God; as to his meditations and prayers, he may be said never to have had a distraction, or even a passing wandering of mind." Upon the whole we need not be surprised that our Lord deigned to grant him such signal favours. Besides the extreme purity of his heart, void of all earthly affection, which was well calculated to draw down on him choice graces of predilection, he brought with him to prayer a most ardent

desire and a most lively eagerness to converse with God, and to unite himself with Him by charity. This was like a burning thirst which consumed him. The following occurrence took place at Chatillon, on the first day of the spiritual exercises. Deceived by the clock, which had stopped in the night, he arose an hour too late. His first reflection was, that he should be unable to make his morning meditation; turning towards his companion, he exclaimed, 'Ah, Lord! Ah, holy Virgin! must we then begin these holy exercises without having made our meditation? God knows how much this afflicts me; I feel quite ready to weep!' Although he was quite satisfied and consoled when his companion remarked, that as there would be no confessions on the first morning, the intervening time between the introduction and the first conference might be consecrated to their meditation, yet he could not help reverting to this unfortunate mistake several times during the day."

His tender devotion to the adorable Sacrament of the altar, may be given as a fresh proof and effect of his love of God. He visited It several times every day, and never failed remaining there as long as obedience would permit. In the country one of the scholastics asked him how he liked being there; he replied in a tone which would almost inspire compassion, "All goes well; one only thing distresses me, and that is being unable to pay frequent visits to the blessed sacrament, for here we must go out of doors for this purpose." He was very punctual in observing the

pious practice which has for its object to honour the sacred Heart of Jesus; even after his profession he begged the superior's leave to be informed by the novices, as before, which of the nine offices composing this exercise of piety fell to his share. On the first Friday of every month, on all the more solemn festivals, and generally on all those days which adorers of the sacred Heart love to spend in redoubled fervour and in certain practices of piety, he might be seen devoting more time than usual in the tribune which overlooks the altar, holding in his hand the little treatise on devotion to the sacred Heart, and reciting the reparation of honour, and the acts of consecration contained in it.

To nourish and increase his devotion to the sacred Heart, he often had recourse to the meditations composed by Father Borgo of our Society, and once, without intending it, he owned that he had made ten or twelve meditations consecutively on the hidden life of our Lord Jesus in the blessed Sacrament.

After all that we have said, it will be easy to judge with what attention and fervour he celebrated the holy sacrifice. A declared enemy of whatever could excite or attract attention, he studiously endeavoured to conceal from the knowledge of men the holy ardours which inflamed him whilst he celebrated mass, by giving no intimation of the interior visits he received from his God in this surpassing mystery of His love: yet his countenance and whole deportment breathed such affecting and tender devotion, that

it even passed to the souls of the spectators, to many of whom, merely seeing him at the altar afforded consolation. His thanksgiving was always prolonged throughout another mass, which he heard kneeling, with his head uncovered, and his eyes modestly cast down or closed. At the moment of consecration he fixed his eyes on the most blessed sacrament, and never for an instant withdrew them, apparently transported beyond himself in presence of this divine object of his affections. When illness deprived him of the happiness of saying mass, he endured a torment similar to that caused by hunger when it cannot be appeased. On one such occasion, a scholastic came to speak to him almost immediately after receiving holy communion: "Oh!" said he, "how happy you are now, having just received our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom I have been severed for several days." A few days afterwards, the doctors having allowed him to say mass, the same religious hastened to go and congratulate him on the occasion. "Yes," exclaimed Father Odescalchi in the excess of his joy, "you may well rejoice with me. Having been for some time unable to celebrate the holy sacrifice, I can truly assure you that I feel indescribably happy at being able to resume that duty: in fact, it is the fulfilment of my most ardent wishes." We learnt from his own mouth, that during the first week of the long retreat, he had not once failed saying mass, contrary to the usual custom of the novice-priests, so great were the consolations he derived from it, absorbed as he

was in the salutary love of those first meditations.

The love of God is inseparable from the love of our fellow-creatures: hence, Father Odescalchi could not contain within his heart the burning charity which consumed it: he experienced an imperious necessity to labour incessantly for the good of his neighbour, but above all, to consecrate himself with an ever-increasing zeal to the salvation of souls, in the employments of the apostolic ministry. We have already alluded to this elsewhere: we may just add here, that when already ill and overwhelmed by the weight of his infirmities, he took the resolution of offering himself to the superior, that he might be added to the number of labourers, so small in proportion to the multiplied demands which everywhere required their presence: he depended, he said, upon obedience, which could work miracles. The most inveterate and most guilty sinners were the special objects of his zeal. He gained their confidence by gentleness; and then with tender and ingenious care, bestowed with the most paternal affection, he closed their deep wounds, and healed their cruel ulcers. It was his maxim, as it is the maxim of every one penetrated with the spirit of the gospel, that preachers and confessors, if they wish to gain souls to God by their ministry, must endeavour to enlarge the hearts of poor sinners, and treat them with more kindness than others, because they have greater need of consideration than others: he took a pleasure in often repeating this truth.

One of his most ardent desires was to be employed on foreign missions, and it formed the common topic of his conversation: he never spoke of it but in transports of holy enthusiasm; it was on these occasions that the flames of his zeal and charity were allowed to transpire. Sometimes the novices and scholastics would say to him, "Since you have so great love for the foreign missions, Reverend Father, why do you not at once ask our superiors to send you thither?" To this question he usually answered, "Ah! my children, you who have entered the Society young may in due time, if our Lord inspires the wish, present such a request to your superiors; and in fact, perhaps some amongst you may be destined to carry the faith of Jesus Christ to barbarous nations; but, for me, who am a poor old man fit for nothing, how could I ever think of asking? I should be considered presumptuous or insane, and with good reason too. My beloved brothers, my desire to consecrate myself to these missions is very great, but I have neither boldness or courage to solicit such a favour. It is sufficient for me to offer my poor desires and prayers to God; I dare not venture further. Nevertheless I can assure you with great sincerity, that if our superiors of their own accord appointed me to those missions; if at this very moment letters were remitted to me, desiring me to set out for this destination, I would start immediately without a moment's hesitation." Charity induced him to succour his neighbour in corporal infirmities likewise. Pity for the suffering

members of Jesus Christ seems to have been born with him: from year to year it became more fully developed through childhood, youth, and mature age. Many times he solicited as a favour to be allowed to serve the poor sick in the hospital, but his superiors did not judge proper to allow it. His acts of virtue therefore in this respect were limited to the pious desire; as for the merit, he lost nothing of it, because in the sight of God an efficacious wish to perform a good deed has the same price as the deed itself.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER ODESCALCHI'S LOVE AND DEVOTION TO THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN.

WE may say that Father Odescalchi had always had a most tender and affectionate devotion to our Blessed Lady. He usually called her his mother; and next to Jesus Christ, he placed his whole confidence in her. He acknowledged himself to have received innumerable favours, both for soul and body, from this Mother so full of goodness. The one which he looked upon as the most signal, and which he attributed entirely to her help, was having at last succeeded in overcoming the obstacles which opposed his entrance into the Society, the object he had so long desired. Conversing with one of our fathers on devotion to Mary, he said, "Father, I believe there may

be some who love the Holy Virgin more than I do, but as to confidence in her, I yield to no one!" In his exhortations, in all his discourses, whatever might be the subject, he never failed to exalt the glory of the Mother of God; and to exhort his auditors always to have recourse to this Mother of mercy in their troubles, doubts, and necessities, both spiritual and corporal: he recommended sometimes one, and sometimes another devotion to her, but especially devotion to her dolours, and her immaculate conception. He frequently gave as a memoral to those who made the spiritual exercises under him, this text from the book of Tobias, which he applied to our Lady of Dolours, "Remember how much she has suffered for thee." He gave it in his own writing to one of our fathers, who asked him for a little pious memento: he keeps it now as a precious treasure.

Father Odescalchi was not content with introducing our Blessed Lady in his own discourses, when he gave retreats from home; but he would also have his companion do so too, at least in the colloquies; neither would it suffice him to have her appear merely in a passing manner; but to use his familiar expression, he would have her introduced with becoming dignity in her carriage. When the novices and scholastics asked him to say something about the Mother of God, he often answered, "You attack me on my weak side; well! what shall I say? I shall never know when to stop on this subject." The conversation one day falling on the first apparition of our Lord to

His Blessed Mother, he said to his interrogator, a novice-priest, "The manner in which our blessed father St. Ignatius proposes this meditation, pleases me very much; and the exclamation, Are you also without understanding? seems to me very graceful and natural; moreover I am of opinion, nay, I hold it for certain, since there is nothing to contradict it, that Jesus Christ dwelt under the same roof with His mother during the forty days he remained on earth after his resurrection; and that His separation from her was but at intervals, to console by short apparitions the holy women, the apostles, disciples, and the others who saw Him after He had risen from the tomb."

He had a little common print of our Blessed Lady of Dolours, to which he bore a singular affection. In his journeys, at home, or wherever he might be, it was always with him. During the day he placed it on his table, that it might be continually under his eyes; and every night he put it at the head of his bed, as several eye-witnesses have stated, that he might not be separated from it even in sleep. As a necessary consequence, the name of Mary was perpetually on his lips, for it held a most distinguished place in his heart. A thousand times a day he saluted her with affectionate invocations, and fervent ejaculatory prayers. We have already observed that he fasted in her honour on Saturdays, and the eves of her festivals. He daily recited the office of the immaculate conception, which he knew by heart. In the midst of

his most serious and multiplied occupations, he could always find time to pay this cherished debt of devotion to Mary. It was Father Odescalchi who asked and obtained for the churches of Rome the privilege of adding in the preface of the Mass of the Conception, the word immaculate, to be said thus: *Et te in immaculata Conceptione, &c.* As a last proof of Father Odescalchi's tender devotion to our Blessed Lady, we will relate one more instance. The companion who assisted him in giving the spiritual exercises to the Virgins of Jesus at Chatillon, was giving him a slight sketch of the manner in which he intended to propose the meditation on venial sin. Amongst the proofs by which he designed to expose the intrinsic malice of this sin, he reasoned thus: "If by an impossible supposition one single venial sin should sully the soul of Mary, at that very moment Mary herself, that is to say, the Mother of God, the Queen of Angels, &c., would be expelled from Paradise, and removed from the sight of God." At these words Father Odescalchi with an inflamed countenance suddenly stopped him, and exclaimed, "Ah, father! father! I do not deny the correctness of your proposition; but as a favour do not introduce our Blessed Lady; if you wish to employ this hypothesis, you are at liberty to take an angel, a seraph, or what you like, but I entreat of you not to let the Blessed Virgin even be named in connexion with sin." The other very willingly yielded to this moving request, and highly admired the delicacy of the sentiment, as well as

the fervour of his affection. May Heaven grant us likewise grace truly to love and honour this most holy Virgin, that thus being secure of her amiable and powerful protection, we may experience its happy effects in life, in death, and throughout all eternity !

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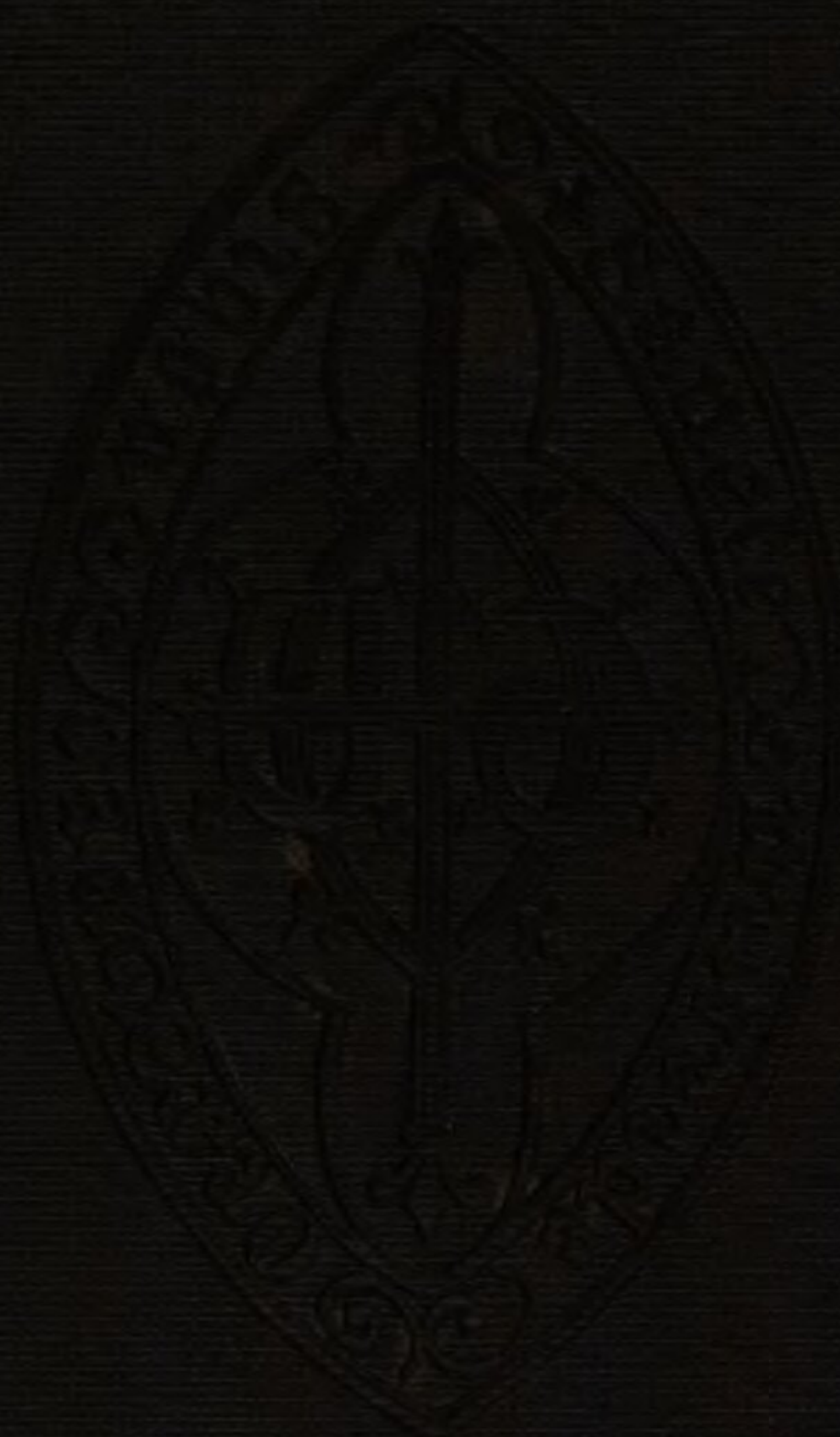
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